

JONATHAN HUTCHINSON  
L I F E   A N D   L E T T E R S

# JONATHAN HUTCHINSON

Life and Letters

BY

HERBERT HUTCHINSON

With a Foreword by

J. JOHNSTON ABRAHAM

*“ The secret of all noble life lies in belief, and the characteristic of all noble minds is the vigour with which they believe that which is true ”*

*“ To sweep distemper from the busy day  
And make the chalice of the big round year  
Run o'er with gladness ”*

WORDSWORTH.



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# FOREWORD

BY

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I can still vividly remember the first time I saw Jonathan Hutchinson. It was at the Polyclinic in Chenies Street, and he was addressing a gathering of medical men. He was then almost a legendary figure to most of us, for had we not all had drummed into us as students the clinical signs of congenital syphilis associated with his name—signs at that time still of the utmost importance for diagnosis and treatment, since the spirochaete had not yet been discovered and the Wasserman reaction was unknown.

What we saw that day was a tall bent old man with a great dome of a head, dark eyes looking benevolently through steel rimmed spectacles, and a long straggling white beard that came down well over his chest. He was dressed in a suit of black broadcloth and looked like an absent-minded professor, though there was nothing in the least absent-minded about his delivery. Round him he had pinned up rows and rows of coloured pathological drawings, mostly of rare skin diseases.

I do not remember what he talked about that day—but he held us completely for an hour. He spoke rather slowly and solemnly, and what he said was clear and logical. There was nothing scintillating about it, but you felt he was speaking out of an immense knowledge. Occasionally he illustrated his point by some unexpected simile, and there was a distinct north country intonation in his voice that seemed somehow to make what he said more trustworthy. I remember how very deeply impressed I was, and it has always been one of my regrets that the Polyclinic founded by him closed for want of support soon after and I was not able to sit at his feet more often. He had wanted to make it, and London, a great postgraduate centre; but he was then, and even now forty years later, much before his time.

People used to say of him that he was the most famous *general practitioner* in the world. What they meant was that his mind was incapable of the narrow specialism that was already creeping into the profession, that his interests ranged over the whole gamut of medicine, and that there was almost no aspect of disease in which his opinion was not worth seeking. He certainly was a notable pluralist in the matter of hospital posts, for he held appointments at the Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, Blackfriars, the Metropolitan Hospital, the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital and the London Hospital. In most men this would have been a sign of grasping greediness, something to be deprecated. In most men also it would have produced a dissipation of energy fatal to good work. But in Hutchinson it was justified, for he became world famous as a dermatologist and a syphilographer, an ophthalmologist and a pathologist, besides being a good general surgeon and an authority on neurology.

He must have been marked out early as a coming man for his chance came in 1859 at the time when Mr. John C. Wordsworth, assistant surgeon to the London Hospital, complained of the rule that assistant surgeons must live within a mile and a half of the hospital. The Committee refused to alter this rule, and Wordsworth resigned in consequence. Quite possibly to his surprise, the Committee accepted his resignation and appointed Hutchinson in his place, although he had not yet obtained the Fellowship of the College of Surgeons. Three years later, in 1862, he was elected to the Fellowship. By this time the hospital authorities knew they had been very fortunate in their choice, and so they elected him full surgeon in 1863.

It is frequently forgotten that for the next twenty years he did all the onerous work of full surgeon to this great hospital, operating and teaching, day in day out; for, of course, his surgical reputation was overshadowed by his world-wide fame as the greatest living authority on every aspect of syphilis—dermatological, ophthalmological, neurological.

"Hutchinson's triad"—interstitial keratitis, labyrinthine disease and "Hutchinson's teeth"—are known as such throughout the world. Less known are "Hutchinson's facies," the mask-like face in tabes dorsalis, and "Hutchinson's pupils," the unequal size of the pupils in meningococcal haemorrhage. According to Fournier, his discovery of the real meaning of interstitial keratitis did more than anything else

to drive home to the medical profession of the world the far-reaching consequences of congenital syphilis.

Throughout his long life his ready pen was ever active in the cause of knowledge. He edited the *British Medical Journal* for several years, and started what has now become one of the most interesting items of the Annual Meeting of the British Medical Association the pathological museum. He founded the New Sydenham Society and acted as its secretary during its entire life time from 1859 to 1907.

He wrote on every aspect of surgery. He was in no haste to adopt Listerism, but he was one of the first to recognise the great advances it produced, and he followed its principles closely in the early days of antiseptics, operating under the carbolic spray.

He was undoubtedly one of the great figures of Victorian surgery.

When he became an examiner at the Royal College of Surgeons he decided that to be fair to the candidates he should ask each the same question, and he only gave up the system reluctantly when he found that the outgoing candidates told the waiting students what the questions were.

As President of the College in 1889 he was on the side of the reformers. Perhaps that is why he held the post for one year only instead of the customary three or four, which carried a baronetcy on retirement. It is known that he refused a peerage offered him by Asquith, and only accepted very reluctantly a knighthood, in his old age in 1908, in deference to the opinion of his many friends who persuaded him it would be in the interests of science.

"His role," says Nettleship, "was in observation, collection, comparison and the cautious use of a rich imagination."

Sir Frederick Treves said "Hutchinson was without question a great teacher. He attracted, I believe, a larger number of students to his demonstrations than any other surgeon of his time in London. He had a great following."

His courage was as great as his honesty. Although he was a convinced advocate of vaccination which was then done from arm to arm, he admitted that it was possible to acquire syphilis in this way; and, when he published a case he had seen in his own practice, he was misquoted and gloated over by the anti-vaccinationists and, worse still, attacked by many in the profession for supplying ammunition to the enemies of science. But he felt he was right, he refused to be silent; and it stopped arm-to-arm vaccination.

Another example of his courage was his lone fight, against the

general scientific opinion of the world, for his belief that leprosy was caused by eating ill-conditioned fish. He formed this view as early as 1855 and held it firmly all through life. Even after the "mycobacterium leprae" had been discovered, he still maintained that the eating of badly cured fish was the predisposing cause, and he visited India and South Africa in his old age to collect evidence in favour of his views. This evidence he presented so convincingly that he persuaded many to entertain its possibility

These manifold activities were part of the outer life of the Hutchinson known to the world at large. But the inner life, the Quaker upbringing, the deep religious nature of the man, the family life, the impact of Darwinism on his mind, his love of the great English classics, his life-long friendship with Hughlings Jackson, Nettleship and Waren Tay, his museums, his popular lectures, his farming adventures, his town planning are described in the following biography, fully and adequately now for the first time, mainly from his diaries as a young man and his letters to his wife

It is for these reasons that this biography is so important, and why it is necessary it should be given to the world, for it presents a new and rounded picture of the man behind the world-famous figure, and it makes one understand why he should have asked to have carved on his tombstone the words—

"A man of Hope and Forward-looking Mind."

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## PREFACE

In venturing to present a life of the surgeon and teacher, Jonathan Hutchinson, the feeling of incapacity for the task is very present with one. No attempt will be made to compete with those admirable notices of him which appeared shortly after his death from the pens of such men as Sir Rickman Godlee, Sir George Newman, Edward Nettleship, and Sir Thomas Barlow, which saw the light in periodicals of the day or in the proceedings of learned Societies. None of these however dealt adequately with his general, as apart from his medical teaching, and none had access to the mass of private letters which reveal his deepest thoughts. If there is anything to justify the present life, it would be his letters written to his wife. They must speak for themselves. At an interval of thirty-two years from his death a general comprehensive review of a peculiarly active and varied life may not be unacceptable, as recalling to those who remember him those happy days before the great catastrophe of 1914. It is hoped that no susceptibilities will be wounded after this lapse of time, by the intimate and homely details here recalled; and that quite unimportant as these are, they may serve their purpose as a foil to more serious parts of the book. It was Jonathan Hutchinson's criticism of some books of letters of his grandfather, published after his death, that they left out all the interesting topical (if unimportant) details, that our curiosity would now enjoy. It is hoped that the lapse of time will have roused this curiosity somewhat, that those who know modern Haslemere for instance, will not resent references to it seventy years ago, and that these records may have even more value as time goes on.

The writer is not medical, and he begs the profession not to expect medical knowledge on his part. This life is intended to be a very human record. One word as to the penultimate chapter. This is intended as a recapitulation and review of the previous narrative; and an opportunity for introducing fresh matter in a more picturesque form than was suitable for the life history.

Finally, the writer would plead with his readers to accept this book as embodying a very definite message for our generation. Not a theory merely, but a life, inspired by a conscious purpose.

H. HUTCHINSON,  
KINGSLEY GREEN,  
HASLEMERE.



*To our children :—*

*George, Jonathan and Christopher*

*Margaret, Hugh and Mary*

*Rachel and Laurence*

*A Golden Wedding token.*

*H.H.—E.H.*

## Ch. I.

### EARLY FAMILY HISTORY

Jonathan Hutchinson was born at Selby in Yorkshire on July 23rd, 1828. He was the second son in a large family of twelve.

The growth of Industrialism in the North had brought his father to the banks of the Ouse at Selby, where he played the part of middleman between the Yorkshire farmers and the Leeds manufacturers, who purchased flax for making linen. The big tidal river, with its canal communications, was the *raison d'être* of the old Selby, just as the junction of the York and Hull lines constitutes that of the modern town. The old house, called the Quay, is right on the river; and the old Abbey buildings had been adapted for warehouses.

Here a childhood was spent of which little record is left. He never went away to boarding school; but got a good education with governesses, and at the school kept by Mr. Beilby in the town. A school-fellow writes, "The memory of his tall figure at his school desk is quite distinct."

His teachers at home were the Miss Proctors, later to become the founders of Polam Hall School, Darlington. A vision of him snow-balling his elder brother Massey, and beating him; of his teasing his girl cousins, for there was another large family of Hutchinsons at Selby, of his being rather a domineering boy both at home and at school, is about all that is left to us.

His father, Jonathan Hutchinson, was a prosperous business man, and the home was one of comfort and ease, without anxiety or ambition to disturb it. He was principally anxious about the dangers of the swirling river, which bounded the garden, for his children's sake; and for consistency to the Quaker discipline. Week after week the two large families of cousins met, generally in silence, at the little Quaker meeting house, and great care was exercised that the shape of the hat, the cut of the coat, the grave and serious demeanor, should proclaim to all the world that they were Quakers.

There was nothing in the family history pointing to the boy Jonathan's pre-eminence in science. Both on his father's and mother's side the family had lately risen in wealth and status, and had adapted itself to the changing industrial conditions of the early 19th century. Only a generation or two ago both families had been narrowed down to an only son, and the

family wealth had become concentrated in a single representative; hence their rise in position

The father, Jonathan Hutchinson of Selby, was partner to perhaps the richest man in Selby, Thomas Procter.

His father, Jonathan Hutchinson of Gedney ("the good man of Gedney," as he was called by his neighbours), was a man quite apart from the farmers round him, for culture and easy circumstances

On the mother's side William Massey was one of the principal house and land-owners of Spalding, besides owning estates at Fleet, Willoughby and Gedney.

But when we go back a generation or two, we find in all branches of the family Yeomen farmers in humble circumstances, living on the rich soil of Lincolnshire, or in the Yorkshire Wolds and Dales.

In 1714 we find Joseph Massey setting up as schoolmaster in the village of Beckingham, Lincs., in his seventeenth year; and being prosecuted under the Five Mile Act by John Hillingfleet, priest of Beckingham, and imprisoned for ten weeks. We have no other record of the Teaching propensity showing itself in the early days of the family. Perhaps it was there, but not an object of persecution. There is no record of a doctor or a lawyer, much less of a soldier, or a clergyman; in fact we do not know of any member of the family having been at a University until quite recent generations.

They had risen to affluence on the wave of agricultural prosperity due to the Napoleonic wars and they sank as quickly with the coming of Free Trade. Again, with the development of Industry in the West Riding, Procters and Hutchinsons had moved to Selby as go-betweens with the farmers and manufacturers, and again the steady economical habits of the Quaker had achieved worldly success. From this pinnacle Jonathan Hutchinson, the subject of our memoir, struck out a new line; that of professional life in London. It is remarkable that, of his brothers, many of them apparently as able men as himself taking up a profession, or manufacturing business in the North under the most promising circumstances, none achieved a permanent success; and they have all reverted to Agriculture or dealings in landed property in some sort.

Along the old lines followed by the family in past generations for so long, they have done well in all corners of the British Empire, where their families are well established.

Jonathan Hutchinson himself, in the midst of his professional

duties and his Educational fervour, reverted to farming, which he did on a fairly large scale, with the help of a bailiff, for many years; while the tendency to own land and to build houses, which he may well have inherited through his Massey mother, was a striking feature in his later life. His innate capacity for the observation, classification, and inference from natural phenomena, and his ability to teach, we must look upon as a transformation of inherited powers rather than as directly derived from any of his ancestors.

About the time of the accession of James I, in 1603, was born a certain Robert Hutchinson, Yeoman farmer, who lived at Sutton St. Mary's, near Gedney, in Lincolnshire; who married a wife named Elizabeth in 1630 and who died thirty nine years later

He left a will, which is of much interest, for showing the narrow means of an apparently well-to-do farmer of those days, one who owned his own house and farm, but who left only five pounds a year in four several payments to his wife, and ten shillings to his brother. He mentions in detail every brass and pewter pot, every chair and table, table cloths, napkins, towels. He even leaves to his wife the "two featherbeds which was her own."

He must have heard the new and stirring message of the first Quakers, when they came to the Lincolnshire villages. His two sons John and Richard joined the new Religious Society. They were important men in the village—overseers, guardians, Dykereeves—as their successors were, generation after generation. They ceased to have their children baptized, or to come to church, and were publicly denounced "ex communicate" by the Vicar of Gedney, Peregrine More. Then they were fined, and put into prison. In 1680 Richard Hutchinson, imprisoned in Lincoln Castle, writes to his wife:—

"Deare and loving wife. My dear love remembered unto the  
' and all my children and I desire the to beare my seperation from  
' the patiently and I doute not but the Lord whom I submit myself  
' unto will bring us together againe. I desire the to let the ewes  
' of(f) the marsh that are near lambing be gotten of(f) and put them  
' into the six acres and gett Thomas Elgood to loose then of(f) the  
' marsh and get John ffinsh to turn youre hay for the hoges when  
' they want and put the maire into the six acres.

' from thy loving husband,

' RICHARD HUTCHINSON.

' Lincoln Castle,  
' ffeb. 4th, 1680."

Richard died in 1700, a much richer man than his father, leaving his property divided up carefully among several children. To one of his younger children, William, then nearly 21 years of age, he leaves about 22 acres of land and £40. This William died thirty years later. He had married a second time in the last year of his life, and in his will left £60 to the child whom his wife was expecting.

She died a few days after her son, called John, was born. This forlorn little orphan, born with a legacy of £60 round his neck, but no father or mother to take care of him, grew up to be a prosperous farmer at Gedney; thanks to legacies and the allotment of the common lands thereabouts, which took place during his lifetime. He had 100 acres at his death, and left nearly all of it to his only son Jonathan who became the well-known Quaker Minister, and to whom we shall refer at some length later.

Let us turn back to John Hutchinson, left an orphan in 1730. He married Lydia Turner, the first wife in the Hutchinson genealogy whose ancestors we can trace. She came from Oustwick in Holderness, a village in the Yorkshire Wolds, and was of good family. They had suffered much in the persecutions of the Quakers in the 17th century, being often fined and imprisoned for years in York Castle for non-payment of tithe, or for holding meetings forbidden by the Conventicle Act, and for refusing to swear. Robert and Grace Barwick were among the first apostles of the Quaker faith in Yorkshire, witnessing in writing and preaching, in life and in death, to the New Light that was within. Their history is well worth recalling, but is too long for this place.

Robert died in prison, the first martyr of Charles II's reign. Grace made her way into the Royal presence at Whitehall, to present a petition in which she did not mince her words of condemnation and exhortation.

Jonathan Hutchinson was her great-great-great-great-grandson.

The Quaker testimony found a prominent exponent again in the person of the Minister, Jonathan Hutchinson of Gedney, the London surgeon's grandfather. He lived through the period of George III's reign, nearly till the accession of Queen Victoria, following the calling of farmer, or rather grazier, and giving up much of his later life to travelling in the ministry of the Society of Friends.

He died in 1835, and his grandson records in his Life Register, "My grandfather Jonathan Hutchinson died, in his 76th year,

of Angina Pectoris, at Gedney, funeral on the 7th July. I well remember being told of my grandfather's death. We were, I believe, then staying at Cleethorpes." The little boy was then nearly seven years old. In later life there was no-one to whom he looked up with so much love and veneration as his grandfather, whose letters he cherished and read constantly. He wrote a long and carefully considered appreciation of "the good man of Gedney."

"I must not attempt to estimate my grandfather Jonathan Hutchinson's life, without such an expression of reverence for his character as shall in itself imply a sense of my unworthiness for the task. He was, I believe, a man who habitually 'walked with God.' By constant effort and by the scrupulous exclusion, so far as possible, of all disturbing trains of thought, he had attained to a perception of the presence of the Creator in all that surrounded him. Christ his saviour was ever before him as an example and teacher, and the voice of the Holy Spirit was heard from day to day and hour to hour in his heart. I may believe that what he really heard was the voice of his own sensitive conscience trained and informed by the labours of many previous generations; and that his conviction of present Deity was a perception of the beauty of the forces, moral as well as physical, of nature. It matters perhaps but little how we interpret the creed; it is beyond doubt that to him it was a real one; and that it supplied motives for conduct which were of great force. In some respects it may have crippled his usefulness by restraining him from active exertion in various fields of educational work and social benevolence, but it accomplished the extinction of all human vanity; and it uprooted all selfishness. Under its influence a life was produced which was full of sympathy and love, and which (if only in a somewhat passive mode) yearned for the best happiness of others as earnestly as for its own.

'The restraint of activity, to which I refer, was the consequence of a deep and reverent sense of the Divine government of the world. Although orthodox in every particular, my grandfather was what many would term a mystic and a quietist. His faith led him to believe that God in His own good time would accomplish His Own Will; and that human agency, however useful when called for, was no essential in the work. Earnestly as he desired to be found faithful when called upon, he was no less earnest in the desire to avoid what he would call 'laying unhallowed hands on the ark of God.' Although a most diligent reader of his Bible, familiar probably with every verse of every Chapter, and able to give the correct turn to every expression in the English version, he yet had scruples as to joining the Bible Society: and I believe never did so. His fear probably was that in the prominence thus given to an invaluable book, however valid its authority and claim to direct

‘inspiration, the great truth far above that claim might be lost sight of : that God has given his witness of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of all men.

‘Somewhat similar feelings restrained him, as indeed they did the Society of Friends as a whole at that time, from participation in missionary work. However warmly he might approve the motives of those who did engage in such work, he could not escape a feeling that they manifested a zeal which partook too much of merely human thought, and that they had not been sufficiently careful to wait for a divine mandate. That mandate he was fully prepared at all sacrifice to obey, but it must come to him directly, and not through the intervention of quoted texts. It must be borne in upon his heart with the immediate authority of his Divine Master, who alone could give a blessing on his efforts.

‘After my grandfather’s death, three separate collections of his letters were printed and circulated. The fact that these private letters had been preserved by the various persons who received them, is an indication of the value attached to them, and the desire of many to possess them in printed form adds further weight to this suggestion. Yet they are not easy to read now. The present generation has ceased to be familiar with terms of expression which half a century ago were pregnant with meaning. The selection was on too narrow a basis, and letters dealing with matters of general interest, which would have been more acceptable in the present day, were omitted. We find hardly any reference to the events of the day in which the writer lived.

‘It was, I have been told, in private visiting in Friends’ families that my grandfather found opportunities for much usefulness. He had considerable insight into character, and directness of address and deep sympathy, and these qualities enabled him to address his words of affectionate counsel with an appositeness and in a manner which received a grateful reception. More especially he could adapt himself to the young. He had been through many trials and temptations himself, and what he had to say came from his heart, and usually went direct to that of the person addressed. I have been told that he was much loved by many friends, both old and young, who had met him only on these occasions of his visits ; but who looked up to him ever afterwards as a spiritual father. That was the case with his young friend, Joseph John Gurney. I have been informed also that it was chiefly on these occasions that his nature found its happiest scope of energy.

‘At home and with the young persons of his own family, although always obtaining the respect and affection of all, his mind did not always maintain the warmth and expansion of loving sympathy, which the company of strangers elicited. Away from home he was genial and sympathetic. Under the monotony of home life, and with possibly some slight sense of disappointment in former efforts, he was apt to become a little melancholy and silent. This



SARAH (BATEMAN) MASSEY,  
1766—1854



WILLIAM MASSEY OF SPALDING  
1763—1846



JONAIHAN HUTCHINSON  
OF GEDNEY  
1760—1835



ELIZABETH MASSEY,  
1803—1869  
(Mother of Sir J Hutchinson)





' tendency increased in him as age advanced, especially after he had retired from all business, and when he had from morning to evening no occupation but his own meditations, and some slight tendence of his garden. Of the latter he was fond, and I believe, cultivated Auriculas with success. He was also not without his family griefs—his eldest daughter Mary died in her fifteenth year, and Lydia in her twenty-sixth, leaving him only Rachel, who faithfully tended him till his death—and if under such circumstances old age found him sometimes in low spirits, and not cheerful company for young people, there is nothing that should surprise us, or cast any cloud upon the nature of the faith which had cheered him through his long course.

' To meditative minds, never accustomed to seek or find pleasure in little things, the advance of age often brings some shade of despondency. Such was its effect upon William Wordsworth, one of the most resolutely hopeful men who ever lived.

' I have no reason to believe that my grandfather's last days were overclouded to any serious extent, and when, at the age of 75, the last hour came rather suddenly upon him, he died in full possession of his faculties, with, it might seem, some vision of his imagination opening before him; and his last words were, 'Oh. Beauty, Beauty,'"

After the death of Jonathan Hutchinson of Gedney, farming declined, and the family left the neighbourhood. The little meeting house still stands opposite the beautiful perpendicular church, and still shows a monthly rose planted at the wedding of his daughter Rachel, who had faithfully nursed him in his last illness. But she died with the advent of her first baby, as her elder sister Lydia had done six years before. A few friends still meet Sunday by Sunday in silent worship. Selby to which the family, in the main, removed, has also long since given up its meeting house, as the members of the two Hutchinson families have migrated to towns or to the Colonies.

Jonathan, the Selby flax merchant, had married Elizabeth the eldest daughter of William Massey of Spalding. Of the latter his grandson writes:—

" William Massey I remember as a tall well-favoured man dressed in a dull maroon coloured suit. He lived in a good house, and had an exquisitely kept garden.

' He had his own carriage, but was unostentatious in his way of life. We, as children, stood in great awe of him, and I remember that we never stayed more than a day or two in his house. He had a 'Museum' which was one end of a very long room used as dining and general sitting-room. From this room the Museum was separated by glass doors which were often open. The Museum contained curios of all kinds in beautiful order and spotless cleanliness. We were always delighted to be allowed to inspect it,

'but I do not remember that any of the objects were ever explained to us. The chief anxiety was that we should not touch. In addition to the Museum, my grandfather had also a good library, but of this I was not in his day old enough to make any use. I remember my mother's constant anxiety lest we should get into mischief. I have been in many trim houses and gardens since then, but I never saw any that were kept in more perfect order than were my grandfather's.

'I remember being taken by him to meeting, and afterwards to visit his "Islands." In the street on the way to the meeting there was a publichouse with a swinging sign representing three heads of men, and inscribed below, 'We three Loggerheads be' This amused me, and in passing it I called my grandfather's attention to what I considered one of the funniest things in Spalding. I shall never forget his reprimand, 'Don't look at it! Don't look at it! Nasty thing! Nasty thing!'

'Meeting over, as usual in silence, and consisting of not more than a dozen persons, we went on further in the same street to the outskirts of the town, to visit what were known as the 'Islands.' They were a great source of enjoyment to me. I am sorry to say that, on visiting Spalding fifty years later, I found that the place was known as 'Mr. Massey's folly,' and that the trenches and moats which had made the islands were almost wholly filled up. Some traces of my grandfather's taste in architecture still remains, and the milkman lives in a little house with castellated battlements and Gothic windows. These Islands must be allowed a few paragraphs, since they were indicative of the age and the man. Some two acres of meadowland had been sacrificed, and at great labour hillocks had been thrown up, and broad trenches dug between them, over which rustic bridges had been thrown. The hillocks had been planted with shrubs, and on one of them a cave had been excavated, with a wooden arbour-like construction in front of it. In this dwelt a hermit also of wood, life-size and painted; with a bowl and other articles of suitable furniture. As children we visited the hermit's cell with feelings almost of reverence.

'I believe that my grandfather went to his islands every day; and woe betide the young companion whom he took with him; for he would linger for hours in the cold and damp, without seeming to feel them.

'He had spent much money on these constructions, and he got out of them much quiet enjoyment. They were really very pretty. The neighbourhood of Spalding is flat and unpicturesque, and the attempt to produce artificially a thing of beauty in its midst, however near it might approach to the grotesque, and to a failure, is yet worthy of a certain share of our admiration.

'My grandfather's attempts, both in building and laying out pleasure grounds, remind me of what may more often be seen in Holland than anywhere else."

But we must turn from Wm. Massey and his Islands and Hermit's Cave at the Capital of the Fens, and from the old farm house at Green Gedney, and follow Elizabeth Massey, the eldest daughter to the banks of the Ouse at Selby. The big red house, known as the Quay House, to which her husband, Jonathan Hutchinson brought her, is still there. Gone is the old life of which the second son, the Jonathan of this Biography, born in 1828 had many lively boyish reminiscences. Like the inn sign at Spalding it was the quaint that attracted—"the funniest thing in Spalding." He remembered seeing men in the stocks at the Gowthorpe end of New Lane; and a novel (or shall we say primitive), method of divorce by public auction in the Market. It was supposed by a certain very low class of people to be a proper method of legal transfer, much cheaper and more expeditious than in a Lawcourt, to put the wife up to auction at the Cross, and he would see a bid of 5s complete the transaction.

Then there was the milkman known as "Down Bullhead down." He used to dilute his milk from the pond, and on one occasion had ladled in a tadpole (a "bullhead") by mistake. Going his rounds with a large can of milk the tadpole *would* keep coming to the surface, and he was heard addressing it (accompanying his words with a blow) "Down Bullhead down."

"My father's life was one of home quiet. He had his warehouses for the storage of flax, linseed and cheese in some extensive old buildings, which had formerly been appendages to Selby Abbey. He visited all the market towns round Selby regularly to meet the farmers and buy of them their flax. This was delivered in small parcels at his warehouses, and there they stood until a buyer from Leeds would come over and take what suited. I have been told that it needed half a lifetime to become a good judge of the quality of flax; and that such judgment, when once obtained, was invaluable to its possessor.

A group of gentlemen, engaged in a flax sale, presented to a looker-on a rather ludicrous spectacle. The orthodox way was to take the head of the bundle between the knees, and holding it firmly gripped, to stoop over it in a good light, and turn about the fibres with both hands. I have often seen my father, Benjamin Marshall (the Leeds Buyer), and one or more of the warehousemen, all busily engaged in these attitudes at the warehouse door. If the price offered were not good, little reluctance was felt in declining it, for the loss of interest was the only consideration. The flax would improve with keeping, a favourite maxim of the trade being, 'You may keep line (flax) to silk and wool to muck.'

He was a zealous politician, always on the Liberal side; and a keen advocate in turn for the Reform Bill, and for the Repeal of the

'Corn Laws. I well remember the rejoicings for the passing of the former, and my boyhood was passed during the hottest part of the fight respecting the latter.

'A reform which however claimed my father's interest in a degree even surpassing that which he felt in politics, was that of temperance. From the day that he took the pledge my father devoted his best energies to the promotion of the cause of temperance. He attended all temperance meetings in the town, often took the chair, subscribed liberally to the funds, and frequently entertained lecturers at his house.

'The temperance platform of that day was, quite apart from its special object, a most efficient means of social education. It roused the consciences of all who came within its reach: continually appealing to reason against prejudice, and endeavouring to train and strengthen the highest motives for conduct. Not a chord was left untouched, and its lecturers were often able to employ pathos and ridicule with equal effect. Some of these professional lecturers were really eloquent, and could hold their audience in rapt attention through an address of an hour or an hour and a half.

'People went to hear them for the mere pleasure of listening to a good, racy speech, and without any special interest in the subject. When these men visited Selby the public room was usually crowded to overflowing. Amongst those whose names I best remember were Dr. Grindrod and Dr. Beaumont, neither of them in the first rank, however, as regards their ability to gain converts, and much overtopped in this respect by Thomas Whitaker, Edward Grubb Gough, and a man who delighted to be known as 'the Brumagem Blacksmith.' I could fill pages with reminiscences of these occasions, the arguments which were enforced, and the anecdotes which were told. My present object is, however, to insist that the movement was in itself a grand agent for the awakening of the moral sense; and to refer to the part which my father took in it.

'Meetings were held weekly; others with better speakers, once a quarter; and at least once a year there was a Grand Temperance Festival with crowded meetings every night for three or four nights in succession.

'The movement spread rapidly. Almost all the known drunkards in the place were brought to sign the pledge, and were assisted to keep it by example on all sides. For a time it seemed likely that soon the whole town would be abstinent. The clergy, however, coldly held aloof, or even said bitter things in opposition, and the Wesleyan Ministers, although their leading supporters were zealous, were, I believe, seldom found in the camp of the abstainers. Nor, of course, was there wanting a certain residuum of quiet but determined opposition on the part of some of the upper classes in the place. Neither the doctors nor the lawyers nor the hotel-

‘keepers joined the ranks. Nor do I feel sure that any of the  
‘licensed houses were really shut up; although, when the move-  
‘ment was at its height, their profits must have been very seriously  
‘curtailed.”

And if after perusing the record of the Temperance movement and the Flax business, we are tempted to think, on comparing it with young people’s lives at the present day, that life by the Ouse at Selby was rather drab, we are probably very far from the truth. It is true the old people lived in the same house, at the same trade, all their lives. They never went abroad; never saw a theatre or heard a concert, never saw or played a game after childhood probably, never read a novel; never went to any entertainment or party except family gatherings; yet we have seen that they entered with the utmost zeal into Reform movements of all sorts, they owned estates and farmed them, and the discipline of life was always that of individual conscience, warmed by a glowing affection.

Jonathan Hutchinson’s family was of twelve children; his brother John’s, living near by at Selby, was nine, so that there was plenty of scope for family life.

## *Ch. II.*

### THE APPRENTICESHIP

But childhood must come to an end, and the narrow circle of the Selby home expand into the great world of active life. The eight surviving sons of Jonathan and Elizabeth Hutchinson must each choose his profession and launch forth

Massey the eldest son chose to be a dentist ; while Jonathan elected to be a doctor ; and was apprenticed to Caleb Williams of York, "apothecary and surgeon," for five years from January 22nd, 1845 ; to learn "the art profession and mystery" of a Surgeon and apothecary. He was to attend lectures at the York School of Medicine, and the practice of the York County Hospital, during the two last years of his apprenticeship. His master would find him in meat, drink and lodging ; while his father would find him in good and sufficient wearing apparel and washing

Caleb Williams had perhaps the best private practice in York, and was a minister of the Society of Friends. His pupil has left us no account of him. A few references in the diaries show the deep respect he felt for him, both as his master, and in his ministry at meeting. Occasionally, very rarely there is a note of rebellion ; but long after he spoke publicly of the great advantage that it was for a young man to learn under such a master. When his pupil had attained celebrity as a London consulting surgeon Caleb Williams would bring cases up to him for consultation and operation. He would begin as Surgery-boy, his work varied by the preparation of medicines, and by the attainment of some knowledge of their properties. Later years would be devoted to learning the business of conducting a medical practice, making out his master's accounts, and the art of talking to his patients. No matriculation examination was passed preparatory to such a course ; in fact Jonathan Hutchinson never did pass any such examination in general subjects. Towards the end of his apprenticeship he was advised that he should matriculate at London ; and he set to work at Euclid and Latin etc. for a short time, on the top of his hospital duties, but it never matured. He kept up his school studies assiduously while at York, reading in French, Latin, German and Greek, and making extracts in a commonplace book in all these languages. He uses the Greek and German New Testaments side by side, in order to learn both languages, and read

the Bible at the same time. His extracts from Montesquieu, Mirabeau, Pascal, Virgil and Sallust etc. are chosen for their teaching, as well as for their language. He quotes many dates of Ancient History. His favourite English authors are Dr. Arnold, Romilly, and Sir Jas. Mackintosh; although later, poetry takes the place of prose, and he writes out long extracts from Byron, Hood and Young. One of the first entries, Jan. 21st 1846, is significant:—"Resolved always to do whatever I may have to do to the very best of my ability; believing it to be a tolerably sure way of making gradual improvement." Todd's Student's guide was his constant companion in these days.

After this first earnest resolution, we are not surprised to find the next entry an abstract of a sermon to young men by J. Pease. Many were the sermons which he listened to, and afterwards made notes of, and this first recorded one may be worth copying.

"Heard a very impressive sermon from J. Pease on the text, 'Whosoever falleth on this stone shall be broken,' in which was 'laid down with great force the necessity of being made wholly 'subservient to the Will of God, and of being willing to be anything 'or nothing as pleasing in His sight, and the danger of endeavouring 'to chalk out for ourselves our ways, and choosing our own paths; 'and that, although we might imagine that they were chosen in the 'fear of the Lord, and in a high degree calculated to promote His 'glory, and the good of our fellow creatures, yet if not expressly 'ordered by Him, we should often find our brightest expectations 'doomed to disappointment; and that our duty called us to pursue 'a way which we had not wished for, and to walk in paths that we 'had not desired. 'When thou wast young thou girdest thyself, 'and walkest whither thou wouldst, but when thou art old, another 'shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldst not.'

'J. P. ended his soul-stirring address by an appeal to such young 'friends as had been favoured in any degree by a manifestation of 'Divine Love, that they should by all means be careful to grow in 'grace, etc."

His next entry is a passionate praise of Byron's poetry, copying out long passages from the *Bride of Abydos*, followed by equally long entries of repentance for waste time. Then comes a First day, and sermons, one of which "although I listened with both ears, was quite unintelligible." Then a sermon at the Wesleyan chapel, which elicits the resolve to show "that I am not in the least ashamed of the glorious gospel of Christ."

From this point the entries in his diary are fairly regular,



being introspective. Enquiries as to the use of his time, and resolves for the future.

"5th mo. 5th.—Having a slight headache, excused myself from all more serious studies, and spent most of my leisure in reading 'Miss Bremer's *President's daughter*, which is most reducingly interesting." A new note is struck on:—

"5th mo. 8th.—Got up at 6 a.m., and had a most delightful walk on one of the most beautiful May mornings that ever was; gathered some May in flower, and heard the cuckoo: both for the first time this year.

'After supper had another pleasant walk by moonlight.'

"5th mo. 10th.—First day evening. Just returned from a weighty and exceedingly interesting meeting in which we had three sermons, the first from Caleb Williams—"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way, etc." In the course of it some rather ambiguous remarks as to the primary authority of the Holy Scriptures were thrown out, as well as some on the great advantage of having stated seasons for retirement and prayer; and it was distinctly asserted that it was impossible to retire within ourselves, and commune with our own hearts in a satisfactory manner, amidst the activity and bustle of life. James Backhouse next followed with the same text, which he expounded in a much more impressive way. After him came Celia Wilcox, who commenced an attack on Caleb Williams' remarks as to the relative supremacy of the 'Holy Spirit' and 'the Word' as a rule of life, thus introducing a controversy which, in my opinion, would have been much better kept out of the meeting. For that, however, she made ample amends, by dressing C. Williams' opinions as to private retirement, etc., well over, exhorting us never to rest satisfied with anything less than knowing the seal of Christ to be stamped on our foreheads; and that all action were ordered in His fear, and according to His holy law; and also that, if we would grow in grace, we must have our hearts wholly or solely fixed on him, 'even amid the activity and bustle of life.'

He likens the three ministers to Tory (C. Williams), Whig (J. Backhouse) and Radical (C. Wilcox). There is no doubt he is on the Radical side, in spite of the jar of controversy.

"5th mo. 11th.—Rose at five and walked through Acomb, . . . was fortunate enough to find *Veronica Triphyllos* and *Vicia Cathroides*."

"5th mo. 18th.—Rambled over Hobmoor before breakfast, found the *Asperula Odorata*, also some gigantic specimens of *Cochlearia Officinalis*."

"5th mo. 20th.—Received a letter from Massey (his elder brother) with invitation to meet a party of Selby sportsmen at Gunby to-morrow. As W. Payne (his fellow pupil) is ill, I must reluctantly decline it."

- “ 5th mo. 23rd.—This morning Dr. Payne, who arrived last evening to see his dear son Wm., who has been rather poorly, has thought it necessary to take him home, and they accordingly set off  
 ‘ I have very little expectation of seeing Wm. P. again at York ; and independently of its not being very pleasant to me to return to the junior pupils’ duties, after having been elevated, am sorry to lose him, as he is an amiable well-intentioned young man.”
- “ 5th mo. 29th.—During the whole of this week I have read very little, having been pretty much occupied making Tinctures, Pills, Syrup, etc., which Wm. P. has allowed to get rather into arrear.”
- “ 6th mo. 2nd.—Much as I am attached to the doctrines of Friends, and firmly as I am convinced of the truth of the majority of their more essential points of dissent, yet I cannot help candidly thinking that some of their minor peculiarities are mere ‘ foolishness.’ ”
- “ 6th mo. 10th.—Had the pleasure of seeing Father, Mother and other Friends at the Monthly Meeting.  
 ‘ In the evening Father gave me a long piece of fatherly and affectionate admonition on the subject of dress, with especial reference to a new and *unfriendly* hat, which I now wear, and which I am very sorry to perceive appears to have given him great offence. My duty of filial obedience is the only argument which at all concerns me. About the old orthodox Quaker argument I am quite easy ; for having thought much, and I believe, seriously, on the subject, my deliberate conclusion is, that the peculiarities of Friends with regard to dress and language are a piece of the most absurd folly ever intermingled with the religious system of any Christian sect.”

With regard to this rebellious sentiment, we must mention that only a month before he had been showing a party of relatives and friends (amongst them the young lady he was in love with) round York Minster, and had “ out of respect for father’s wishes,” refused to take off his hat when entering the Cathedral. As a consequence he had ignominiously to withdraw. He consoled himself with an interview and a walk with the young lady that evening. Of course one result of his father’s attitude was, that only women “ Friends ” entered a Church or Cathedral. The men *never* did. His father had said when his fourth son wanted to be an architect, “ Why thou’lt want to be planning churches,” an unheard-of thing.

The Medical student tried to draw a compromise between his sense of filial obedience, and the ridiculous vagaries of the Religious Society “ whose general principle I love,” by determining to keep to general “ plainness of speech, behaviour and apparel.”

But this did not suit his father.

"6th mo. 12th.—Received this morning a long and affectionate letter 'from Father, expressing a great wish that I should at once go back 'to the original 'form and dimensions' of my hat, and 'make no 'half-and-half compromise."

"6th mo. 13th —Concluded and sent a letter to Father in answer to 'his of the 12th, as to going back to a broad brim again. I feel that 'it is impossible. . . . I fear it will give him great pain to learn that 'he has a son so weak, but really after having once taken the step ' . . . ' Most sincerely do I regret that I ever took it. 'What 'have I gained by it? I have lowered myself in the opinion of those 'whom I most love . . . I have raised myself in the opinion of 'none.'"

Then came the paternal request that he should spend next First Day at home "I shall of course write back to accept 'the kind invitation with pleasure." But again the direct issue on a point of principle between father and son is confused, as it had been at York Minster a month earlier. For was not Selby the home of the beloved young Quakeress, as well as of the insistent parent? So he relapsed into poetry in his Diary to relieve his feelings :—

"There are moments in life though alas for their fleetness," etc.

The story of his youthful affection for a Miss Backhouse is told as a "Dream of his Youth" in another place. It lights up his life during two years of his apprenticeship, and is a very beautiful thing. "It did me a lot of good," he writes of it thirty years later. He went, with much misgiving, to Selby that weekend. What happened at the interview we do not know, but he consoled himself with seeing "Zuleika" at meeting, and shaking hands with her afterwards.

His conscience was perfectly free over this "Hat" business; and he never went back on his decision, as his grandfather had done forty years previously. His filial affections were however wounded, and he sought to heal them by a new and closer object of affection

Fortunately, early in July following, there is a diversion from these absorbing matters in the permission of his master "to commence reading a little medicine," "*to my inexpressible pleasure.*" A few days later comes the entry :—

"7th mo 23rd.—My eighteenth birthday, but I am in too bad a 'humour to attempt making any useless moralizing reflections on 'that fact."

A gap of a whole year occurs in his diary, when apparently medical studies absorbed all his energies, and introspection is crowded out. In October 1846 he entered the York School of Medicine.

When the diary entries recommence in September, 1847, they are on a manlier plane altogether.

After a fortnight's holiday at Selby and Lincolnshire he returns to his "old and pleasant duties" invigorated and cheerful. He proposes early rising—to be up by 4 o'clock, to dissect. Then it is that he proposes to go to London to take Matriculation next Summer, and commences studying Classics and mathematics in the evenings. His friends tell him this is impossible, but "impossible is the adjective of fools." "I have strong faith that nothing is denied to well-directed industry."

In the dissecting room he is considerably annoyed by the disgusting conversation of some of the students, and would like to leave the theatre. "Evil communications do, without doubt, corrupt good manners" In fact he is inclined at this time to find fault with his fellow pupils and the students, and takes refuge and consolation in Caleb Williams' reading one morning of the 37th Psalm. "Cease from anger and forsake wrath. Fret not thyself in any way to do evil."

"9th mo. 11th.—Rose at 4. Dissected nearly all day, was fetched from the dissecting rooms at 6 p.m. with the news that my companion Payne was gone to bed ill. . . .

'I am resolved for the future never to undertake any duties but such as, if exempt from the influence of unforeseen influences, may and ought to be performed; and having undertaken them, to regard them as real duties, about the performance of which there is no longer any choice.'

"9th mo. 13th.—Have had a very busy night, up five times. Began university studies by reading a portion of Sallust. How I should enjoy going to school again, to have what are now relaxations become my only duties!

'Busy with a very tedious labour case, which has been on ever since yesterday morning, and is not yet over. It is the first at which I have used the plain language, which I am sorry to say I have left off for so long, that it sounds quite strange even to myself, especially when used in a coterie of old women.'

"9th mo. 30th.—Went to hear a lecture on the exceedingly interesting subject of ragged schools. . . . He (the lecturer) recommended that if the scholars were young, i.e., under 12, the sexes should not be separated, as he believed they had a beneficial influence on each other, the girls exhibiting a certain softness of manners, easy obedience, love of order, and altogether an amiability of character which has a very good effect on the rougher more turbulent boys; while these in their turn reciprocate the kindness by showing the depth of thought peculiar to their sex. . . . I fully believe that the fair sex were intended as our companions and civilizers in child-

'hood, as well as in more advanced life, that female companionship and sympathy are, in all ages and ranks, elevating to the character of the men."

"10th mo. 1st, 1847.—Attended the introductory lecture to the winter session by Keyworth (The Anatomy Teacher), which I did not think very good. He told us that, in his opinion, our success in after life did not altogether and wholly depend on our industry and talent, that there was a 'tide in the affairs of men.' which, if we neglected, went past never to return. He also threw out a hint that he did not like to see a student with pale and haggard looks, and earnestly recommended attention to health."

"10th mo. 4th, 1847.—Attended the Introductory lectures to demonstrations in Medecine, Anatomy, Materia Medica, etc. Went at 12 to an inquest on a patient under my care who died very suddenly yesterday morning, took an affirmation for the first time, and was subjected to a close examination, C. W. corroborated my statements and said that the practice pursued was judicious."

"10th mo. 6th.—Attended my 23rd midwifery case this morning (he is nineteen years old), I have had them pretty frequently. I intend to get as many as I can. Large practice gives you confidence and assurance, which nothing else can."

"10th mo. 11th.—A. Keyworth examined his class this afternoon, and found me in a woeful state of ignorance in all that regards the tissues, 'I really must endeavour to master them more thoroughly.'"

"11th mo. 19th, 1847.—Monthly meeting. I talked a great deal of nonsense to-day. This I am sensible is one of my besetting sins, and one of the most frequent causes of that self-disgust and condemnation which, on reviewing the past day, it is so often mine to feel. I speak when I ought to be silent, and am silent (sometimes from fear of man), when I ought to speak. Not only for idle words but for idle silence must we give account."

"11th mo. 12th.—Took a chessboard to the dissecting room, and played several games. Entirely as my time ought to be occupied with severer studies, yet I do not think an occasional game of chess will be any waste of time. . . . It teaches concentration of thought, which I very much need."

We have ventured to give a considerable number of extracts from the diaries in this year, 1847, because it is an important year in his mental development in which he takes important decisions. In December of that year the attraction to the young friend at Selby came to a head, we do not know how; except that long after he says that he laid the matter before his parents. Probably they dissuaded him. On the 9th of January after a long passionate poem, headed "Forget thee," he records that "serious consideration has completely changed my intentions."

During the next two years his time is fully occupied with definitely medical studies, which we propose to pass rapidly

over in outline without much direct quotation, although one sees many embryo-ideas coming forward at this time, that suffered considerable development in after life.

In January 1847 he hears Emerson lecture, and is not much taken with him. Reading his Essays afterwards, he is shocked at the cool philosophical way in which he speaks of religion and religious subjects. "I shall be very careful how I open the book again." It is at this time that he definitely realizes that he has a great ambition. He decides to save 10 or 15 minutes every morning on dressing "It will teach me alacrity of movement and determination of character." One could learn two languages in the time taken in shaving.

In February, his brother Alfred died, and he went home to the funeral. He is very unhappy and depressed—"a most miserable week"—a state of mind increased by the pressure of preparing for matriculation. It occurs to him that he may utilize Sundays for this purpose, but he is torn between two impulses.

He sees the Hospital Surgeon perform an operation in a very rapid way, afterwards saying that the usual method was a great waste of time and trouble and "all gammon." "I am very much inclined to think that whether this plan of operation is 'all gammon'—(I cannot see how it is)—time and trouble are things which, in a case of life and death like this, should never be allowed to influence a surgeon's practice." Entry after entry shows him low spirited, and inclined to find fault with his fellow pupils and teachers; and while he struggles after earlier hours in the morning, he mourns over his matriculation work, and bitterly repents his outbursts of temper. He finally breaks down with "Irish typhoid" and is sent home for ten weeks in April and May.

After his illness he returns a stronger and a happier soul, but more determined than ever to dedicate himself. He has had long weeks in which to meditate; and ends a deeply searching question with the words, "The Spirit is willing." He gives up all thoughts of going to the University. And it lessens the burden on his mind. "I intend to work vigorously at the practical part of my profession, to take notice of cases etc."

He resolves never to indulge in jokes and conduct of a light and over familiar character in the wards, especially the female ones.

Caleb Williams encourages the overburdened student "not indeed to make thee study harder, but to make thee more devoted to thy Lord and Master." "He spoke kindly of the

influence of my example both in the Surgery and the dissecting room."

He is reading Sydenham's elegant Latin on "Variola," a little amused at one remark that "of acute diseases God is the author; of chronic one's, ourselves."

Here is a typical day.

"7th mo. 26th—4th day.

'6 o'clock. Read the last two chapters of John, and part of Book III.

' "Night thoughts (Young),"—"Cure for the fear of death."

' Carpenters' physiology.

'8. Midwifery lecture.

'9. Patients.

'10. Meeting. Though silent, for myself, I believe, I may with devout thankfulness, record that a minister was there.

'12. Posting and Patients.

'3. Went to the Retreat to see a most extensive case of sphacelus.

'4.30. Craigie's Anatomy.

'7. Pathology.

'9.30. English History.

'11. Bed.

'One evening after supper at 11.30 coming up the street met

'Ed. Fox. After some trouble got him to come home with me;

'and eventually took him back to the Retreat. Poor fellow! I

'pity him exceedingly." (The York Retreat is the Mental Hospital of the Society of Friends).

In August 1848 he is offered the position of house Surgeon a very responsible situation, during the absence of the regular man. It is two years before he will obtain his diploma, and he is only just 20 years old. He accepts, however, eagerly. He writes, "It is very easy to look on and see patients prescribed for by others; but to examine in the midst of bustle, and surrounded by a number of quizzing students, a large batch of cases, many of them puzzling ones, and to give impromptu, and record on the books a highly responsible opinion, both as to the Prognosis, Diagnosis, and treatment of each, is no slight work for the intellectual powers; and I think I scarcely ever entertained a more humble opinion of myself, than at the conclusion of this morning's work."

Of relaxations he records, "Spent an hour in a way which I enjoy exceedingly, reading in the garden, English history."

"Looking over my expenditure, boating appears to be the only luxury in which I have of late indulged, and I believe that a little spent in that way is really not wasted."

The following are a few extracts from his diaries which show his seriousness of mind.

Diary. 23 1.48.

"Speaking of Elihu Burritt at tea, Caleb Williams remarked that, "As he had not as yet devoted his attention to any scientific, or indeed to any one subject in particular, if he should die soon, his name would not long outlive him."

"This, perhaps, is true, but if it be, I never knew an instance in which the difference between fame and true immortality on earth was better marked. Though the name of Elihu Burritt might possibly be blotted from the page of World's Biography, his spirit, his influence, will undoubtedly live, breathe, and extend itself throughout endless ages"

31.7.48. 1st day.

"My attention was directed to the search after Truth, and to the 'universally-obtaining duty of every one to uphold, advocate, and practise, that which he is convinced is true, however contrary to custom, disagreeable, and apparently disadvantageous to his and others' interests it may be, leaving all consequences in implicit faith to the God of all Truth. Some of the peculiarities of Friends next came under review,—as, how far they were connected with Truth; and on this subject I was favoured to see more clearly 'I think than on any previous occasion.'"

23.10.48. (He copies out a long poem called "The Light of Home.")

"Yesterday rode over to Selby for the day, and spent a most delightful one, and returned as I almost invariably do, with a heart warmed and refreshed, humble, hopeful, and trusting, and full of good resolutions, which I have this morning risen (at 6 as usual) with the most deeply prayerful desires, for ability to practise. Grant oh merciful Father, that through this day I may be enabled, whether its duties consist of doing or suffering, to live entirely and wholly to thy Glory, that so I may walk before men in deep humility and love; and, escaping the temptations and allurements of this world, lay aside every weight, and press forward towards the mark of my high calling in Christ."

17.11.48. 6.30 a.m.

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God."

'Read Shelley on Life and a Future state, and felt deeply grateful,—no,—immeasurably thankful, to a Beneficent Creator for Revelation, being fully convinced that, without it, not the most comprehensive mind, to say nothing of the wayfaring man, could come to the slightest knowledge of our future end and destiny. His reasoning of future existence is conclusive. Nothing in ourselves, except the desire to be forever as we are, leads to a belief in it."

10.12.48. 1st day.

"After dinner, read with a degree of admiration and delight, surpassing what I ever remember on any previous lection, Cowper's *Charity*.



' 'All zeal for a reform that gives offence  
' To peace and charity is mere pretence.'

' 6.30 p m. Locke on the Understanding  
' Resolved that Truth being an emanation from God, and  
' inseparable from our ideas of Deity, it is my Duty to love it  
' with my whole heart and soul."

13.12.48.

"Dr. Laycock: a real treat to listen to,—some good observations  
' against materialism."

21.12.48. 7 a m

"Read the 11th Chap. of Hebrews, a most eloquent and beautiful  
' chapter, which I think I never before recollect to have admired so  
' much. My supplications were poured forth at the footstool of  
' Almighty Power for an increase of Faith, lest, privileged to live  
' under a great and glorious covenant of Mercy, I might by any  
' means fall short of the better things which God has provided for  
' us."

16.11.48.

"North contended that energy depended on physical constitution  
' only, and that no moral conviction could produce its results in an  
' individual destitute of strong animal powers. I doubted much  
' whether his position was correct. (North was a fellow pupil at the  
' Hospital.) A *great* and a *large* mind. Is there any difference  
' between the two? Edwd. Allen gave it as his opinion that a *great*  
' mind includes correct moral principles, which a *large* mind does  
' not. The difference is only convention."

23.12.48.

"Let us go forth therefore to him without the camp *bearing His*  
' *reproach*'"

26.12.48.

"Teach me thy way O Lord, I will walk in the truth, unite my  
' heart to fear thy name."

The year 1849 opened in this cheerful spirit, but in February he was again laid up with fever, and spent a month at home. But in the main the year is uneventful. A few diary entries on serious subjects, during these two years, will illustrate the development of his mind, and point out the direction in which it is moving.

27.1.49.

"During the operation of dressing thought over an idea of, I  
' think, Carlyle's (at least of some transcendentalist), and which I  
' have at times been half inclined to adopt; that the human race,  
' that is its better half, is being progressively developed under the  
' process of refinement; and the power of evil is being gradually

‘lost. Until in the lapse of ages, man and his motives would, without any special Divine intervention, become all that is beautiful and pure, and fit for the immediate presence of its maker.

‘Having lately read Foster’s essay on Romance, some of his arguments were forcibly brought to my mind, and, after some deliberation, I have almost concluded, that a just knowledge of the laws which have hitherto regulated human progress, of the fact of the universal dominion of Death, (and almost of Evil), and a right estimate of the relations in which man and his creator stand to each other, so far from rendering his conclusions probable, all tend to prove them equally absurd and presumptuous”

30.5.49.

“Procter’s lecture. In conversation after, he recommended taking notes on one’s reading. I cannot give up a point which I have long held and acted on, that notes tend to weaken the memory, and do not increase the power and habit of always associating and linking any new fact or information with what may nearest relate to it in that already stored. This refers to taking permanent notes. Great good may result from making a kind of condensation either on paper or mentally of what is read, and destroying it (if on paper) I intend to make it more of a habit. It will force the mind to achieve a clear idea of each subject before passing on.”

2.6.49. (Seventh day).

“7.20 p.m. Round the wards and dispensed. In the front wards the view was most glorious, it entirely took my attention from the patients. The sun, yet considerably above the horizon, shone with such brightness in the clear evening sky, it seemed more beautiful than I almost remember to have seen it.

‘Dispensing till the shades of evening, and I could not see.

‘9 p.m. Came to my own little room, from one window the last rays of glory from the just setting sun were seen. The other window, overlooking the city, revealed the minster towering up into an atmosphere most unusually clear and bright; in which one appeared to look almost into infinity, its turrets and the surrounding house-tops were not gilded, but silvered over, a star was just visible; and the whole presented a scene of the most transcendent softness and placidity. And this methought is the language in which Deity speaks to man! How beautiful in itself, how sublimely elevating in its tendency! How ignoble must be the spirit of the man who in sight of such a scene before him could cherish one unworthy thought. . . . Nature’s lessons are ever the same, at once simple and glorious, majestic and impressive. The fault is not in the book, but in the reader, not in nature, but in the human heart. Oh! the unutterable mercies of Revelation without which the book of Nature is a blank!

‘Read half the book of Job—the latter part—and a few chapters of Galatians. Retired to bed at 11 15.”

14.8.49.

“ It appears that the principle of Faith, i.e., full assurance that ‘ the thing promised revealed or expected, because of the supposed ‘ sequence of events, will happen, is innate in the human mind ; ‘ and that it is only when applied to the promises, indications ‘ and revelations of God, that it partakes of the character of ‘ a virtue.

‘ It even may, and doubtless often does, when exercised on ‘ that which is not true, stand in the place of a vice, and hinder ‘ faith in Revelation. A man may have a strong faith in some ‘ falsely assumed principle in poetry, which may give his mind ‘ such a bias of sentiment, that he may through its influence be ‘ quite incapable of admitting some different, perhaps opposed, ‘ religious truth.

‘ The term faith is usually applied to “ Belief in Revelation.” ‘ This exclusive application would appear to have arisen from ‘ the fact that it is with regard to these truths alone that the ‘ human mind appears capable of strongly exercising this pro- ‘ perty, and of clinging to its results with an assurance, firm, ‘ certain, undaunted, down to the hour of death.”

In the Autumn of 1849 he had a fortnight's holiday at the Lakes ; and writes to his father of the probability that Caleb Williams will have another pupil which will involve his going to London, an event which however did not take place till the following Spring.

### *Ch. III.*

#### THE FIRST YEARS IN LONDON

In the Spring of 1850 the two eldest boys, Massey and Jonathan, came up to London, lodging in Wharton St., Lloyd Square, and prepared for their professions, Massey to be a Dentist, and Jonathan a Surgeon. A month later their father joined them with his next son Henry, in order to go to the Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends ; and on his return home wrote them an affectionate letter, solicitous for their welfare, and urging them to prize their birth-right membership in the Society of Friends.

These two eldest brothers were nearer to one another in ability and tastes than to other members of the family, though Jonathan was the leader. They kept up correspondence throughout their lives, which diverged widely, Massey deserting his profession in 1860 and going out to New Zealand, where he became a large land-owner and successful sheep-farmer. He was a man of great energy and application, and in his attitude to Religious problems closely resembled his brother Jonathan, who in these early years often speaks of the pleasure of his company in York and London.

Jonathan studied at St. Bartholomews' Medical School under James Paget, and in August, four months after having come up to London, passed his examination for Membership of the College of Surgeons (M.R.C.S.) ; and in September that at the Apothecaries Hall (L.S.A.). On August 24th Massey left London to start in practice as a dentist, leaving his brother to record :—" I shall feel his loss considerably in my somewhat lonely condition." He consoles himself with the resolution to apply himself to social betterment in this " Metropolis," with scathing remarks on the Christianity which can allow " with practical indifference the existence of the present state of things."

The brothers were joined again that September in a holiday tour in France, of which no record is forthcoming. It was the first time either of them had been abroad.

The year is one of great importance in his life. The ordeal of obtaining his Diploma and becoming a Doctor, and the experience of travelling abroad, are accompanied with the feel of the great city and its vast problems. In September he is teaching in a Ragged School in Clerkenwell, laying the foundations of the now extensive work of the Bedford Institute, and

much interested in a Working Man's Institute in Westminster. He is a constant attender at meetings, writes reviews of tracts, and is much engaged in writing and distributing tracts. A tract by him entitled, "Is there among you any growth in grace?" is probably of this year. If so it shows a great mellowing of character and broadening of sympathy. It is very well worth reading.

The loneliness of London was not to last long this time, for in the Autumn of 1850 a vacancy as House Surgeon occurring at York County Hospital, he applied and obtained the post, getting back to old haunts, and rejoining the family circle.

In the beginning of 1851 the question of his future is to the fore, and he decides against a private practice. He wants to do work among the poor, either as Medical Officer of Health, or to some institution, with fixed duties and a regular salary. Such a course would avoid the temptations to make money, and to court popularity by unworthy means. Social problems loom large, as they do to most young men at this stage, and he feels a distinct call in that direction. There is no evidence that he ever contemplated Missionary work in the ordinary sense. It was as a medical missionary and probably among the poor of London that he saw his future.

In March his father writes him a characteristic letter on the subject of his future. It is a long letter, almost entirely religious in purport. Though meant to be of practical service, the only practical advice given is as follows:—

"We unitedly think that it is not desirable or expedient for thee 'to perplex thyself with endeavouring to see too far forward. We are not disappointed, and I think thy dear mother at least not sorry, that thou art likely soon to leave York; shall be very glad to see thee at home, and to forward our views as to London, Halifax and elsewhere, that may seem for the best.'"

However, it was to be London; and on April 10th he took a ticket for 12 months at Moorfields Hospital for diseases of the eye. He was still a student of St. Bartholomews Hospital under James Paget.

He shared lodgings with a young Friend, Daniel Hack Tuke, later the well-known "Alienist" doctor, in Carthusian St., Charterhouse Sq., close to Peel Meeting House. He was soon interested in social and religious work and became superintendent of the First-day School at Quaker St, Spitalfields, under the general supervision of Robert Forster, who corrected the reports which the young surgeon drew up. He knew William and Joseph Forster and Peter Bedford. On one

occasion he went to lunch on Sunday with Peter Bedford—"a very philanthropic little man—at Croydon "

His inspiration in these early years was James Paget, his teacher at St. Bartholomew's Hospital ; who was also warden at the Student's Hostel there ; a man of very high principle and noble character. Paget had made the same approach to the Medical Profession that Hutchinson was to make, writing for the medical journals, and lecturing often in face of poverty and discouragement ; a man of infinite patience and imperturbable calm. " I knew Paget first when he was resident warden at St. Bartholomew's, now more than half a century ago," he writes in 1900 " To him I owed my first introduction to work which enabled me to remain in London, and for long his relations with me were such that no elder brother could have exceeded him in kindness. No expressions, which gratitude might prompt, could surpass by one iota what I honestly believe to be due to his intellectual attainments and moral worth."

His first appointment in London was to the post of clinical assistant at Liverpool Street Chest Hospital, which interfered with his attendance at Moorfields, as they were at the same hour.

We have hardly any record of the next five years. In May 1852 he writes to his mother a full account of Yearly Meeting. Its tone is very different from that of his previous letters and diary entries on religious matters. His brother Mark has been stopping six months with him, and " has learnt much in London. He is now gone to the Academy Exhibition." It is evident that he is a regular attender at Yearly Meeting, and a keen judge of its doings.

In July 1853 (he is just 25 years old), we hear for the first time of his high ambition to be a consulting surgeon in London. He is giving up all idea of a general practice, still less of a medical officer to a charity ; and means to take his place in " the higher ranks of the Profession "

Past successes have given him self-confidence. He is absorbed in his work, although he says that it is lonely, and " morally unhealthy." He has only medical friends and companions, lives alone, and thinks all day, and " very anxious, often dreaming, about my projects all night, scarcely resting on First Day ; reading almost nothing but medical books." He is thinking of getting married to end his unsocial existence.

He writes to his father :—" I have become well acquainted with almost all who are noted in town for their professional attainments."

This is exactly three years after taking his diploma in 1850, and it is evident that he is going ahead.

There were at that time quite a number of Members of the Society of Friends in the Medical profession. Hodgkin was at Guy's, Peacock at St. Thomas's (who in 1846 had assisted to found the New Pathological Society), and Joseph Lister, Wilson Fox and Buxton Shillitoe were at University College. He must have known all of these.

At the end of 1852 he was elected a member of the Pathological Society, of which he became president in 1879.

He was also member of the Abernethian Society at Barts, and soon became its president.

He became a member of the Hunterian Society in 1853, and its president in 1869. It was through these societies that he became known to the Profession, and came to entertain hopes for his future career. His first paper, read before the British Medical Association, is in February 1855, on the excision of the elbow joint. Dr. Buckwell of Slough writing in 1903 says :— " Were you not in the habit of attending the Post mortem room of St. Barts very systematically in 1854 and 5 ? " In January 1855 his friend Hughlings Jackson came to London.

His first paper, read before the Hunterian Society, on Dyspepsia and Phthisis, afterwards published, was in 1855. In 1856 followed one on the Transmission of Syphilis from foetus to mother, when he also exhibited specimens of cancer. In 1858 he read two more papers at the Hunterian, and introduced the " clamp." Every year after this, for the next 60 years, he is constantly before the learned medical societies of London, with cases of special interest or new ways of operating ; building up for himself among his fellows in the profession the great reputation which he was afterwards to acquire. He was a keen debater with a marvellous memory for cases which had come under his notice in the past, and with strong and original opinions, which he did not easily relinquish.

Hence we see him forging ahead in his profession, while his practice is almost nothing, and his income depending on reports to the Journals etc. But he is becoming a known man.

In the autumn of 1854 the Crimean War had broken out ; and in the following April he proposed to take up an appointment which is offered him, of investigating the diseases prevalent in the Civil and Military Hospitals in the East end of the Mediterranean, and of preparing a report for Government.

He writes to his father :—

" It will last 5-6 months, and the salary is £100 a month. All

‘expenses paid, etc., and four assistants allowed. One large part of the work will be the performance of post-mortem examinations at different Hospitals, and I am to have liberty to travel from place to place, and to remain a longer or shorter time as may seem best to myself.

‘Viewed only from a professional light there can be, I think, no doubt as to the desirability of the plan, and all my friends, Dr. Peacock, Dr. Jenner, James Paget, Buxton Shillito, Dr. Bristowe, etc., advise me most emphatically to go. I should have an unequalled sphere of observation opened to me, should have, in the authorship of a Government report, an excellent opportunity of becoming known; and should probably, in knowledge, health, and I think in every respect, gain greatly. From witnessing only its horrors, there would I trust be no danger of imbibing the war spirit.

‘As the engagement is purely a civil one, and has for its object the saving of life, and the mitigation of suffering, I have not myself the least scruple about the propriety of undertaking it. . . .

‘As, if we agree, I shall have to start at once, I intend to be with you on First day to bid you farewell.

‘P.S.—A reply by return of post will reach me before final arrangements, but please do not advise me not to take it, unless you feel *very* strongly on the point.”

But a letter came by return, putting forward every possible reason for not accepting it.

“It has the appearance of evil. It would give pain to very many tender consciences: would be a stumbling block to the weak and wavering. An instrument of reproach in the hands of revilers and cause of exultation to the advocates of war. It would be an altogether unnecessary and unjustifiable subjecting of thyself to evil influences.

‘The very horrors of war are amongst the most powerful means of unchristianizing its subjects, and besides, the mangling of human bodies by no means constitutes the horrors and evil of war.”

“To conclude, thy dear mother and I most anxiously hope thou wilt give it up. It would invest our future thoughts of thee with a heavy cloud, to know thou hast accepted a position, which we deem so inimical to thy best interests.”

Duty to his parents prevailed, and the appointment was given up.

He turned to his small Black book (his diary), of contemplation and introspection, and wrote: “Resolved that I will, if possible, devote every day, the hour from eight to nine, excepting the time required for breakfast, to religious reading, meditation, or prayer; and the hour from ten to eleven every night to the same purpose, and a review of the day.”

After this the entries in his diary cease, except for two con-



secutive ones in 1856, when he is shortly anticipating marriage —

“3rd mo. 17th, 1856.—May I think more of that most cogent truth, ‘To be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace.’ What for some years past has been the state of my mind?”

“3rd mo. 18th.—Read Romans VIII. May it be my momentary care through this day to retain the spiritual state of mind. It can only be done by keeping constantly in a prayerful one.”

But the immediate question of a livelihood must have been constantly pressing, and in 1855 he obtained an appointment on the staff of the *Medical Times and Gazette* (a rival of the *Lancet* in those times), probably by the advice and influence of James Paget. In this connection he worked under Mr. Spencer Wells. He had to attend as reporter all the most important cases and operations in the London Hospitals, and attend meetings of the medical societies, and report on the cases brought up; not only to the *Medical Times and Gazette* but to other periodicals. He never wrote shorthand, though he had tried to learn it at York, but found it quite possible to write sufficiently quickly. The work was of immense educational value, not only in introducing him to all the leading doctors in the Metropolis, and to all the most interesting work being done, but in making him a ready and easy writer, ready with thought and expression. He learnt to collect and arrange statistics, and to form judgements on a broad basis.

Speaking in 1895 he says :—“ I was every day in the operating theatre of one or more hospitals, and in constant, confidential communication with the hospital surgeons of the day. In this way I was enabled to form strong and clear opinions on various points in practice.

“ Spencer Wells as well as myself regarded the operation of ovariectomy as not much removed from manslaughter. We knew of fourteen cases in succession, at different institutions, every one of which had issued in death.”

His principal income during those four or five years, from 1855 to 1859, was from medical journalism. In June 1856 he moved from No. 33 to No. 14 Finsbury Circus, put up his brass plate and endeavoured to obtain a practice. But it came very slowly, and two years later his income from London patients was only £100. He eked it out with a salary from the New Sydenham society and his *Hospital Reports*. He tried writing for the same object in 1856, just after marriage, practically rewriting “*Shaw's Medical Remembrancer*.” (reviewed as able and discriminating editorship).

#### *Ch. IV.*

### JANE PYNSENT HUTCHINSON.

In December 1855 he writes to his parents, saying:—  
“ I am very busy, almost exclusively amongst the poor, and at the Hospital. I have this morning a severe and rather fearful operation to perform. Some of my cases have lately done remarkably well I do not speak boastfully but I hope thankfully.”

In the same letter he announces his engagement to Jane Pynsent West, whom he had met some time previously at the house of her friends the Abbots at Hitchen.

She was the youngest daughter of William West of Leeds, a distinguished chemist, founder of the firm now known as Reynolds and Bramson Ltd. of Leeds. At the time of her marriage Jane Pynsent West was living with her widowed mother Jane (Bracher) West at Stoke Newington, in somewhat straitened circumstances. Her father had died five years before, and the business had passed out of the family.

It was under shadows of failure in business and health that Jane Pynsent West's youth had developed. She had known her father chiefly in his old age, when, a victim to asthma and suffering from the loss of two thirds of his property in Railway Company failures, he was much depressed.

“ I remember him as stern in manner, very conscientious, slow of speech, and exceedingly careful to weigh his words so as not to exceed the truth, and that others should do so also.”

He had been articled as a chemist with William Allen at Plough Court in the City, and had thus come under influences, both scientific and religious, of the very best kind. There is a striking similarity in the conditions of their early professional training, between William West and his future son-in-law Jonathan Hutchinson, both to attain to the honourable position of Fellowship of the Royal Society. To that early training, especially on its religious side, Jonathan Hutchinson attributed much that he valued most highly in after life.

In 1816 William West went to Leeds to start in business, travelling by the “ Waterloo ” Coach. It was only one year after the battle.

It took about thirty hours to do the journey from London to Leeds. At Leeds he saw “ the steam carriage which brings up

the coal," and later "walked about three miles along the railway, and had opportunity to inspect a little the steam-engine."

He is a man of great energy and refined culture. He writes a beautiful hand, introducing phrases and expressions which betray careful education. He is much interested in the Greek Marbles, lately brought over by Lord Elgin, and housed in Burlington House.

His business at Leeds succeeded. He became Public Analyst, Lecturer in Chemistry to the Leeds Medical School, a Fellow of the Royal Society; and one of the first promoters of the British Association for the advancement of Science.

He was always a member of the Society of Friends and his character is described in the "Annual Monitor" for 1853. "From earliest years he was the subject of deep religious impressions, yielding to the conviction of duty. He retained simplicity in religious things, and held clear views, to the last, of the spirituality of true religion."

Literature and art had influenced the West family for many generations. They were mainly south-country in origin, printers in the City of London, of which Samuel West, William West's father, could boast the proud title of "citizen." "Citizen and Skinner" he calls himself "of St. Helen's Place." Previously they had lived in Paternoster Row and on London Bridge; and the family had owned Skin-mills at Eashing near Godalming and Iping in Sussex. In this respect there is a striking contrast with the north country family of Jonathan Hutchinson, narrowed by the influence of their occupations, farming, generation after generation, in the secluded fen country, or the wolds of Yorkshire; or trading in flax at Selby, to provide the growing industries of the West Riding.

The influence of a common spiritual religion reacts on both, and to the Society of Friends both families are consistently loyal. But while the North country family contributes in Jonathan Hutchinson strength of character, the South Country Wests can boast greater refinement and taste.

It was at Briggate, Leeds that Jonathan's future wife was born in 1835, the same year that his grandfather, the venerable minister, died at Gedney. She was brought up in town surroundings, and although loving the country, never had real country tastes. It seems a strange chance that brought her, thoroughly South Country in origin, to be born and educated in Leeds, not far from Selby and York. She was educated at the Moravian School at Fulneck near Leeds, a place of much

beauty among the hills. There she imbibed a deep love of music. "I never felt so near Heaven as one Easter morning at Fulneck, when the great chorus of song went up from the worshippers at 6 o'clock in the morning." There she drank in a love of Romance, and of monastic seclusion, in neither of which traits did her husband share. When travelling with him in Germany, nothing stirred her like the Castled Rhine, while two of her daughter's names were culled from the Golden Legend of Longfellow. Stories of the Schonberg-Cotta family appealed to her deeply, as did Angélique Arnauld and Port Royal. Writing an essay on her religious convictions in later life, she entitled it "on a certain sisterhood." After the Moravian School she went for two years to the Friends' School called "Castlegate" at York, now "The Mount." She has left us a long account of her school days. She slipped into writing prose and poetry very easily and wrote well.

This facility of writing, and in recalling reminiscences of the past is perhaps a characteristic of the Wests. It was accompanied by a shrinking from society, and from the present, which had a beautiful side to it; but was apt to lead to morbid introspection, disappointment, and loneliness. In the main, however, it was a deepening and enrichment of life.

When, after the summer holidays of 1849 the bright school-girl of 13 changed the beautiful Fulneck with its worship of song for the Plain of York—the Quaker School, and its worship of silence—it was "an unwelcome restraint that rested like lead on her spirit." A certain pinky-white satin ribbon, that reposed peacefully at the side of her Tuscan bonnet, must give place to a "curtain and string" as became a Quaker school-girl. And when she listened one evening to a band playing outside the Castle gates, with her window flung wide open to the sounds which were "irresistibly sweet in the night air"; she was severely reprimanded, brought to tears and shame, and her bedroom changed to one which she shared with three of "our *best-principled* girls."

Jonathan Hutchinson, just at that time, had returned from his tour in the Lakes; and had taken up his duties for the last few months at York Hospital—still living with Caleb Williams—before going to London to take his degree. He would attend York Meeting regularly, and listen to the same sermons from his master Caleb Williams, as the group of 35 Castlegate girls, amongst whom was his future wife. One night she watched a blazing warehouse opposite the school and some young men (among them the medical student), throwing water into it. He

left York for London soon after, and they never met ; but, a year or so after, she visited Selby.

“ The great excursion of the year was that taken each spring, by the girls who were to leave in the Summer, to Selby monthly meeting. It was in that little town once a year, and we always tried a feeble ‘cram’ on the new girls from the South, that we Northerners held and attended a yearly meeting of our own. There were two houses, where we were kindly and hospitably entertained. The boys went to Jonathan Hutchinson’s, and the girls to the house of his elder brother John. (Boys from Bootham Friend’s School also attended Monthly Meeting.) It was a small meeting house, and the short forms, the thin wooden partition which divided the women from the men, and the meeting consisting so very largely of the two very large families, were among the points which made a little fun aside for us. We always went to the grand old Abbey Church in the afternoon ; and had our feet outlines cut on the leads of the tower, and read the odd epitaphs, and said how flat the view was all round. There was no railway then between York and Selby, and the drive there and back was no small part of the great pleasure of that day. The meeting house was closed some half dozen years ago—only a voice from the past for goodness and truth, and the beauty of Quakerism ; and even more than that, for an earnest Religious life ”

It was in January of 1856 that Jonathan Hutchinson was engaged to Jane Pynsent West, and on July 31st they were married at Stoke Newington Meeting House, Robert and Christine Alsop being their “Caretakers.” (Caretakers had the duty of looking into the young people’s clearness from “entanglements”)

A letter from Margaret Hutchinson, “my favourite cousin” as Jonathan calls her, to welcome the new relation, gives an interesting picture of the two Selby families, and what they thought of themselves.

A letter of 1860 recalls the happy days of the engagement which had probably been maturing a twelve-month before it came to a head in 1856.

A third letter of 1859 introduces us to the bride’s mother, Jane West.

Then follow three letters of early married life, which speak for themselves.

The last tells us of the intense earnestness with which these two young people entered on the serious tasks of life, and what a halo of happiness surrounded them.

## MARGARET HUTCHINSON to JANE P. WEST.

‘ Welbourne, 1st mo. 16.56.

“ My dear Friend. Not one moment will I waste over making ‘ apology for addressing a stranger uninvited, on a subject in which ‘ my heart is so deeply engaged as the one now before me. Thou ‘ art, I am told, the chosen of one to whom I owe a great deal : one ‘ who is bound to me by the strongest ties of friendship and kinship. ‘ Allow me then to indulge a hope that the time is not far distant ‘ when we shall learn to love and know each other.

‘ Thou wilt find among the Hutchinsons,—and under this name ‘ thou must learn to include both families, as we are not in the habit ‘ of regarding ourselves as separate in anything where it is possible ‘ to be united,—thou wilt find then among us—striking peculiarities ‘ bordering (low be it spoken) on exentricities, strong family likeness, ‘ equally strong contrasts, a fair share of self-respect, no mean opinion ‘ of themselves, much family pride, considerable reserve, a weakness ‘ towards clanship, a considerable vein of common sense, running ‘ throughout, a general taste for literature, an appreciation of the ‘ beautiful to a certain extent, an earnest desire after truth, a perfect ‘ disregard for the established rules of etiquette, and warm hearts ‘ when once reached. May I ask thee to step freely in amongst us, etc.

‘ thine sincerely,

‘ MARGARET.”

Margaret Hutchinson was the eldest of several sisters in John Hutchinson’s family. She was never married, living in Nottingham, keenly interested in social, educational and political questions. Perhaps more than others, she was the companion of her boy cousins at the Quay house, with the eldest of whom there were serious thoughts of her engagement. We shall see how mercilessly she chaffed cousin Jonathan on his love affair. She taught the younger ones at the Quay for several years as governess, and with her sisters kept a small school at Selby in early days.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Sept., 1860.

My dearest love,

I wrote to Father an account of the shipment of our emigrants because I think he will be pleased to receive one direct.

(This alludes to the sailing of Massey Hutchinson and his wife to New Zealand).

By book-post thou wilt receive, I hope, a copy of the Idylls, which please accept as a little memento of a walk we had some five years ago on the Gravesend pier. Does thou remember it? Watching the moonlight on the river?

I was there yesterday evening just about the same time and the moon, as formerly, shining from the same part, and through broken clouds.

I could realize very clearly my then feelings, and felt unclouded gratitude to the giver of all good for the many blessings and the large additions to my daily happiness, which He has since granted me.

I expected the "Wild Duck" would sail this morning about six or seven, but no one seemed to know. Farewell, my dearest, with warmest love

Thy affectte. husband,

JON. HUTCHINSON.

FROM HER MOTHER to J. P. HUTCHINSON.

J. W. to J. P. H.

6th, 1st mo., 1859.

My beloved Janey,

And now, my precious one, I wish thee many happy returns of thy natal day, with fervent desires that beyond all wealth thou mayest seek and obtain the "Pearl of Great Price," and become a faithful and loving disciple of a faithful and loving Lord.

And I cannot sufficiently praise and adore the goodness of God in bestowing on thee a Partner, who by nature and Grace is eminently calculated in every way to encourage and strengthen all that is right in thee.

When thou next gives Jonathan a shake it must be for his over-hospitality.

Thy affectionate mother,

JANE WEST.

Letter from J. H. to J. P. H. on her 22nd Birthday.

1 mo. 6. 57.

Twenty-two years ago, and I have no doubt the sun shone brightly, and the birds celebrated the event singing most merrily; at least, if they did not, they ought to have done. How I should like to know what I did that day and whether there was anything in the actions of the youngster which at all indicated a sort of consciousness that the day for him had peculiar gladness. Possibly not—but if not, it is but another illustration of how often we are utterly without perception of the blessings which are in preparation for us. Probably I had a good snow-ball match with Massey in the morning, and the poor fellow was utterly beaten, and discomforted, for the day had no luck for him; then went out a sliding, and returned home merry but tired, and spent a loving evening not far from my Mother's chair. It was not one of the days in which I was enticed into all sorts of ill tricks, and exhibited no end of ill-temper. No, a preserving influence was about me and everyone remarked, "What can have come to the boy? How I wish he was so every day!"

Well, my dear, dear wife, and thus one tries to look back into the past, but shadowy as it is, we yet can make some sort of guess at what took place, and can approach more or less nearly to its truth. How different with the future! Where shall we be, what doing, how in reference to each other, to-morrow twenty-two years?

An answer full of bright confidence may be given, but it is a conditional one. There is an if in the way. I am certain we neither of us doubt that the promises are sure and stedfast; and we on our parts have but by prayer and watching, to maintain that spirit in which we may look to our Heavenly Father, and say "*Our times are in thy hand,*" in order to speak with confidence of the future. That maintained, wherever we may be, our spirits will be in happiness and unison. I say not in perfect happiness, for unalloyed happiness is not an earthly fruit. Still, whatever may be our surrounding circumstances, and whatever of anxiety time may have brought us, if our hearts are right we shall have all that is needful to render us at least as happy as our Father may see good for us. Let us pray and pray together,—let us strive and strive together. It shall be a twofold cord, and of double strength.

On a second and pressing solicitation I have actually promised the Committee of the Quarterly Meeting to give a lecture sometime in 2nd month on,—now what? "*Comus*" and "*The Faerie Queene*"!!! So there's for them.

J. H. to J. P. H.

14, Finsbury Circus,

1 mo. 2, 1857.

TO Selby.

My dearest J.,

I had not forgotten, though I did not allude to, the way in which we spent the early hours of the first of the past year. Its expiring minutes were occupied in reading from the beautiful New Years' gift thou gave me, that most excellent Psalm which has since become such a favourite. Indeed, my dearest, with thee I see no reason whatever why this year should not be a happy one—a very happy one—to us both. Although we have not commenced it together, yet we shall I hope, not be much separated during its course. And we shall I trust, earnestly seek to be more and more a strength and support one to the other. I am sure thou hast been so already in a great measure to me. But in the future we must be more watchful still. The excitement and novelty of the wedding year has passed, and we must settle down yet more steadily to the real duties and pleasures of domestic life. It is indeed most true that only by sincere earnest prayer can we be enabled to fulfil those duties aright, and to find them pleasures. It is only by seeking constantly to walk in the narrow way, and strenuously resisting all temptations to diverge from it, by acting up to the light afforded, and thus by careful attention to principle, even in little things, making of our daily life a continual prayer for further help. Do not think I write thus without feeling at the same time a deep sense of my own unworthiness to do so; not I trust from any conviction respecting great sins, but from the knowledge of a long-continued coldness of soul, and apathy in seeking after help. But for the future, I humbly trust to experience some betterment, and we must, my dearest wife, in the



coming year most earnestly strive together to help each other forward in the Heavenward race.

Believe me to be always,

Thy loving husband,  
J. H.

J. H. to J. P. H.

14 Finsbury Circus,  
8th mo. 18, 1858

My dearest Jane,

I have just sent a letter for thee to the post and will now add a post-script. . . .

I have been forced to fear that the wife's doom to become like her husband, was in our case being too rigorously carried into effect, and that in some very important respects, thy feelings and tone of mind and spirit were assimilating much more closely to mine than is for thy good or happiness. We are one and we must suffer or rejoice together.

For me to advise thee to maintain always a temper of Christian cheerfulness and energy, whilst myself always exhibiting to thee an opposite example of depression, coldness and languor. . . . Our union would not be one of hearts if thou could easily follow my advice. Mind I say *easily*. I do not doubt in the least, but that to Divine grace everything is possible; nor do I of course wish in the least to diminish thy sense of individual responsibility in seeking its help.

Most earnestly have I over and over again striven to find the cause in myself of that state of mind and spirit which has been the source of so much want of happiness to myself, and in its influence upon thee has I fear also deprived thee of much which was thy right. Is it physical? Is it a penalty of disobedience? Or is it a needed discipline to prevent an undue attachment to things of time? I will speak to thee, dearest, as if I were speaking to myself. I have little doubt but that it is the whole of these. An over-strained nervous system, an ambitious and therefore anxious spirit, over-clouded by the shadows, and a long course of very partial obedience to conscience, might well explain it. But beyond these, I cannot but hope that there is a direct and merciful purpose of our Heavenly Father.

It is due to thee my wife that I should here say that the state of lassitude and depression, which I know has so often pained thee to observe, is not of recent origin or increase. Two years ago I married the loved one of my heart, and one whom I not only loved but honoured with my whole soul. Two years of experience have most fully approved the step, and I love and honour her more than ever. If her influence has not yet dissipated all cloud, it has done much.

I believe thou art aware that at one time nothing was further from my thoughts than a career of personal ambition in London. Not that I am not naturally ambitious. As a boy, just after my choice of a profession, I well remember that my thoughts were continually running upon the attainment of high position,—how I would sacrifice

everything to it, etc. Then came however a better mood, in which for several years the line of duty was pretty clearly seen, and there was, I trust, a tolerably continuous endeavour to be found in it. When I first came to London, it was with the intention of qualifying myself for missionary work at home rather than abroad.

Only by degrees did I begin to feel myself at home in London work, and the possibility of success *here* dawned upon me. I have not to accuse myself of any unfaithfulness at that time. It seemed to me that amongst medical students, and in the truth-loving unselfish pursuit of medical science, lay a large, perhaps the largest, sphere of Christian usefulness. The way gradually opened without any previous decision on my part. Then came the deception. I worked hard, too hard. I wished to show that, at the call of duty, and without seeking his own interest, a man could do as much and more than from lower motives, and that religion nowise disqualified for the pursuit of science.

I found a slow-working head pitted against others much more brilliant, and by degrees I gave up more and more of time to my pursuit, and devoted less and less to the keeping alive of the fire on The Altar. Flattery came, my boyish ambition rekindled, and thou wilt easily conceive the result. I soon found myself jealous of reputation and earnest in the pursuit of fame. My mission was gone, my heart was cold, my arm palsied, a ceaseless round of duties, requiring the utmost exertion of my mind, and leaving very little time or fitness of temper for the cultivation of better things, has been my lot ever since.

And now as to the future.—If I felt that I had done wrong in staying in London, . . . I would retire with thee to some remotest village, and there find a life in many respects more easily made productive of happiness.

I have never however felt that such a step would be right, but have always on the other hand had a secret conviction of duty, to more earnestly seek for strength, rightly to occupy the much harder post in which I at present am. I believe that were I to abandon a London career from a wish to escape the temptations of ambition, I should feel ever after like a soldier who had doubted his master's strength, and left the post of danger. . . .

One thing however I am resolved upon as a matter of duty, and that is, I will relax both mind and body more oftener. I have now two regular salaries, which will almost cover expenses, and which, eked out by what fees I get, will, I expect, be amply sufficient. For the future, I have every reason to be hopeful. At any rate, nothing can repay the sacrifice of bodily mental and spiritual health, in a too strenuous determination to be quickly successful.

Thy affectionate Husband,

JONATHAN HUTCHINSON, Jr.

Writing in 1913 of her mother, J. E. Newman says:—  
“ Though it is a quarter of a century since she passed away, the thought of her is vivid still. And the more one thinks of

her personality, the more it seems impossible to describe her." Jane P. Hutchinson has left us in an account of one who is obviously herself, "A character and fortune told by Palmistry looking at both hands," and in it she expressed her own estimate of her character as follows :—

"Your affections are strong and also your enjoyments. You love 'a great deal, and what you do like and enjoy, you find *intense* 'pleasure in. You love nature and flowers in no common degree. 'These things make your companions and friends, finding a real life 'and friendship in them more than many. You are very social. 'Your husband is of very opposite tastes to you, and you will not 'succeed in life alone without his guidance and judgment. You 'are very active, *must* be doing, and you go on doing, not because 'you do things well, or because you want to do the thing particu- 'larly, but because you must be doing; and having once begun a 'thing, you do not like to abandon it.

'You can work too hard, and if you work the brain too much you 'will bring on ill-health. You cannot bear heavy strain. I lay 'the greatest emphasis on your social capacities."

Such were his wife's soliloquies about herself, and she was a good judge. On the mother's side she was aristocratic, descended from Pynsents and Carringtons etc, on the father's scientific and refined.

The Society of Friends does not discriminate between men and women in their ministry, and Jane Hutchinson was a "minister" (if not acknowledged as such) with a very clear message. Her convictions were as strong as any man's. She wrote rather than spoke. She was deeply versed in modern poetry, as well as in the Bible; and her thought was in the very front rank of that of the Society to which she belonged. She sat at the feet of the Theological teachers of her day, Bevan Braithwaite in the Society of Friends, Page Roberts, Dr. Geary and Canon Farrar ("thy Farrar" her husband called him) in the Church of England, but she was by no means a passive listener. The idea of Eternal Torment in Hell was as repugnant to her as to her husband, but she did not follow up her thought to its logical conclusion as he did. She wrote thanking Canon Farrar for his bold stand on this doctrine, substituting "Eternal Hope" for Everlasting Torture. She fought step by step the Christian doctrine of personal Immortality, and of the Divine revealed in Christ, with all the arguments of the Theologian. She found in the Christianity, which she had inherited and learnt—and where could be found so fine a school as in enlightened Quakerism?—the point for stepping off in any possible further advance, and by no whit to be relinquished.



JONATHAN HUTCHINSON OF SEIBY  
1797—1872

PROCTOR HUTCHINSON—JOHN  
HUTCHINSON

(brothers of the above)



ELIZABETH HUTCHINSON (née Massey),  
1803 --1867,  
with her grandchildren Kathleen (left)  
and Elsie



She saw in Natural Religion and in the doctrine of Heredity, steps not in advance but backward; and, as substitutes for Revealed Religion, and the direct intervention of the Divine in Human life, she vigorously opposed them to the end. She found scope for religious work on the Home Mission Committee, and the Peace Committee, of the Society of Friends, in Sunday School teaching, where she was superintendent of the morning school (she had taught Sunday School since nine years old), and in Mothers' meetings. She was on the Committee of the North Eastern Hospital for children for many years, and took great personal interest in the children. Her latest writing, copied out for her in the last days of her illness, was an article on the children's ward at the London Hospital with photographs of the children taken by her son, then a house surgeon there.

The following is part of a poem written on "one of our little patients in the North Eastern Hospital, 'Edith' died aged  $2\frac{1}{2}$ ."

"Little white hand on the quiet breast,  
Tiny hand with its sweet white flowers,  
Symbol of peace and innocent rest,  
Sign of a "hush"! in the busy hours.

"Small white robe! O'er the wasted form  
Worn and frayed at its edges now,  
Worn by the friction of life,—and joy,  
As the mother laughed o'er her baby's brow.

"Worn and frayed, yet her own poor best  
One more turn it will serve to wear,  
Smooth out its folds, then take your rest  
She calls no more for to-morrow's care.

"White little soul! We thank thee Lord  
For thy wondrous gift, for the love untold  
That has borne this lamb in thy stainless robe  
To Thy blissful peace in the Heavenly fold."

If it were the man's part to understand and to heal, it were the woman's to sorrow and to sympathize.

In her zeal at one time she would get early breakfast on Sunday morning and be off before the family was up, to superintend the morning Sunday School in St. Martin's Lane. But in all home things she was a devoted wife and mother. She recorded the baby characteristics of each of her ten children with extraordinary insight, confirming in a remarkable way the saying so often quoted in that household, "The child is father of the man."

“HOW, WHEN AND WHERE.

- “How does Mama love baby ?  
 How and how much now, I say ;  
 Oh, she loves with wishes, thoughts and hopes,  
 And when she kneels to pray.
- “But how *much* would fill so big a ship ?  
 The Captain could take no more,  
 And then he would say with a wondering sigh,  
 There’s most of it left on shore.
- “When does Mama love baby ?  
 Now tell me that, I pray.  
 Oh, when baby lies within our arms  
 And cannot walk or play.
- “And when she thinks her turn is come  
 And tries to say a word,  
 And when her little pattering feet  
 Along the floor are heard
- “And when the stars are twinkling  
 All through the quiet night,  
 And when her eyes are opened wide  
 As soon as morning light.
- “Where does Mama love baby ?  
 Where best ?—Why no one knows.  
 I kiss her lips, her eyes, her chin,  
 And her little button nose.
- “Her fingers are like rosy buds,  
 Her ears are like a shell,  
 Her eyes—the life that comes from heaven  
 Within their light doth dwell.
- “And so I’ll fold her in my arms,  
 And cuddle her right well,  
 And hide within my heart of hearts  
 The love no words can tell.

She comments pointedly on the very different training and circumstances surrounding the first and last half of a large family. For the first, the strenuous, if somewhat inexperienced energy of the parents ; for the second half, easier circumstances, and more luxury possibly, and the example of the elder children. The elder children know the older generation, the old-fashioned discipline of grandparents. “In 1869 our dear mother Elizabeth Hutchinson died, and the sunny Selby times were only memories. I think it is a great gain for them to have known their grandparents, and one that it is cause for regret that the younger ones can never have.”

There were ten children, six sons and four daughters. All

survived her but one son, the youngest, who died in his tenth year of lock-jaw, to the deep grief of his parents.

She was a good hostess, both in their London House and at Haslemere ; both to a large circle of her own friends, and to the many doctors whom her husband would ask to dinners and to their country home. She was very sociable, and thoroughly enjoyed entertaining ; even on the scale that her husband's professional position involved, though the strain often left her longing for a respite.

The following lines were written on the occasion of their silver wedding in 1881 :—

Rest for a day in the journey of life,  
We have crossed the hill and over the brow.  
Sunrise and noontide for work and strife,  
And the path leads downward now.

Rest for a day and there's time to look  
On the devious way of the bygone years.  
The way oft hidden and sometimes lost,  
The landmarks of joy and tears.

Not all in sunshine the early days,  
Not always hopeful and brave or strong.  
Failure, mistake still checked our feet  
As we trod the path along.

Nor is the downward of life's hill-side  
Easy and smooth, as it looked from far,  
Not always is wisdom seen clear to guide,  
And there's many a slip to mar.

But the new lives given in the bygone days  
Were ever a gladness beyond the rest  
And the good and true in our children's ways  
Of all future good the best.

Backward looking each child, God's gift,  
Is a gem in the silver wedding's crown.  
Forward-looking our hearts we lift  
Tho' our own life's path leads down.

For the faith and hope and the constant prayer  
Is that God may welcome " the Children " home,  
That no gem may be lost or injured here  
In their lives that are yet to come.

Brighter still shall their crown outshine  
In the land where sighesth no failing breath.  
Eternal life is their gift Divine  
Who are " faithful unto Death."



And so the years go on, very happy years on the whole, though full of care and labour for the mother. The shadow of religious differences with her husband fell in 1866 for the first time, and was never after to wholly lift.

Jonathan Hutchinson was a man who never really rested. He did not seem to need the holidays that most men need. If he went abroad, it was probably to visit the hospitals in foreign capitals. At home he was always at work, even at meals, educating his children. His prominent position in his profession often involved a good deal of entertaining to dinner-parties etc., and that put a large strain on the capacities of domestic arrangements, already fully taxed by the presence of a large family. The children were usually educated at home, or at day schools. Boarding schools relieved, only to a small extent, the pressure of so many children about their devoted mother. Her attentions were divided between two establishments :—the great house at Cavendish Square (or previously at Finsbury Circus), and the house and farm at Haslemere, both requiring their servants ; and it is no wonder that she broke down under the strain. Had she been a woman of purely domestic capacity and of great administrative ability and nothing more, all might have been well ; but she was intensely conscientious, anxious for the spiritual welfare of her servants and of the young medical students in the house as well as of her children ; and with very high ideals, to which she sacrificed herself. But, more than this, there was the constant urge of her artistic temperament, and her longing to work. So she became Secretary of an Essay Society called the “Portfolio Society.” She had lessons in painting, both watercolour and oils, and followed up art in serious earnest. She studied decoration and wood-carving, and had furniture made for her to paint in flowers and bird-life. She painted large spaces of the walls at the Haslemere house. Her ambitions seemed to know no limits. Even the doors were painted with pictures, both at Cavendish Square and Haslemere. She loved the open air and the country ; and none would enjoy a day’s picnic as much as she. It was a rich, full life with all her children round her, loved by so many, rich and poor, and able to do so much of permanent and beautiful work. But the strain seemed to grow ever greater as time went on. The differences between herself and her husband were (except in one particular) such as would have been complementary, had she known how to limit *her* own interests in face of *his* constant activities.

<sup>a</sup> We have had occasion to quote from Quakerly epistles

before, sometimes of a narrowing tendency, but the following, with its delicate warmth of feeling, must not be omitted. It is from a dear friend, Anna Brown, very well known to the family in its younger days, and a constant friend of Jane Hutchinson, both at Finsbury Circus and at Haslemere. She always retained the beautiful old dress and the bonnet, and the "thee and thou" of the Quaker. The picture of her is still vivid after a lapse of sixty years—a very precious memory. Jane Hutchinson had written in great trouble, describing herself as a "broken reed." The letter is dated 8.1.82, from 315 Goldhawk Road, Hammersmith W., and after alluding to the death of Edward Harris, a nephew, continues :—

"Dear Jane. I can't take up the 'reed' theory at all—I call thee 'rather a 'bonny sheaf,' with rich ears of corn, though they may 'have been gathered with some pain and sorrow. No. dear, thou 'must not give way to this feeling. It is delicate and difficult to 'allude to—but do take what there *is* of good and help, if it is not all 'thee want. And it seems to me above all things, don't shut thyself 'away from such as there is,—don't if possible put up barriers. 'They are so hard to take down again,—do forgive me and burn this 'directly—and, dear, don't look too much at thyself—look to Jesus 'always at thy side, with His yoke to make things easy. I was very 'naughty myself—did not want to face the New Year—hung back 'tho' I felt all the while that where *He* leads us we must follow ; 'and His hand will be extended, if only we have faith to grasp it. 'Let us both hold tightly on through all,—in the morning (for these 'thoughts were in the night watches) I was comforted with the '121st Psalm. Read it for me. It is a favourite of mine, and go on 'in faith and patience, doing thy best. 'I will lift up mine eyes 'unto the hills.' Farewell my dear friend. May God help and 'bless thee and *thine*.

Ever fondly,

A. B.

Anna Brown's grandchildren were at Haslemere several times, revelling in the lovely country and the moors of Hind-head. One year they "camped out" at Combeswell for the holidays.

It had been a pact between Jonathan and his wife before their wedding that marriage should not limit her individual interests and activities ; and we have seen that it did not do so. Music, art and literature had full sway, in addition to all the family cares ; and she longed for rest ; when she herself, and her active sensitive temperament, were the principal bar to any real repose.

She had never followed her husband in his clear lead for a

religion based on the scientific knowledge of life. There were some real differences of thought here, and it could hardly have been otherwise. Such differences should have co-existed with harmony. Jonathan Hutchinson was most patient, he never pressed his views on others, except in indirect ways, so that they might come of their own will to see as he saw. If others did not see the light, he would wait till they did. In her own religious surroundings Jane Hutchinson was blessed with all that one could want. The religious life of Cavendish Square was wonderfully rich and full.

The Morning Sunday School and the Afternoon—at both of which her children were teaching; the vigorous Westminster Meeting at St Martins Lane—where Joseph Bevan Braithwaite usually attended, and spoke in the ministry—which Quaker Members of Parliament would attend during Session, where the ministry was rich and varied, and where sometimes Antoinette Sterling would sing in her beautiful deep voice.

What if Jonathan were spending his Sunday writing his next address in the quiet of his study, or taking the children to the Zoo, or arranging some of his endless illustrations of “cases.” His heart was wholly with her. He was always insisting on women having a different sphere from men; and he left her free in her sphere. And splendidly she filled it. “Men should know, women should feel.” “My dearest, we have ten children, and we must consecrate ourselves to them.”

It is a circumstance very fortunate for us that between the town and country house husband and wife were often separated, and he wrote his deepest feelings to her in letters which have been carefully saved, and are at our service. Extracts from these letters will more than anything else, tell of the essential harmony that was betwixt the two; and of the high thinking which accompanied those two strenuous lives. It is a tragedy that none of her letters have survived, or we should have a much more complete insight into a religious problem than we have.

Then the life at Haslemere, with the farm, and the beautiful country, the big pond in front of the house for fishing and boating and skating—it was the rendezvous for the whole neighbourhood when frozen over and what glorious hockey was had there—the shooting and ferreting and riding for the boys, the long walks and picnics—there were huts where the children could camp out at “Coombeswell” and the “Lord Russell” at Hindhead; the sketching, the choral society, and the occasional wholesale invasion of the place by medical students and doctors. And the mother the centre of it all—

"Few beings have, I should think, more sedulously endeavoured 'to do the day's duties, and to bring light and brightness to all around 'them than you have," said her husband in 1879.

Of course no one could keep up with *him* ; but there was no need to. He knew that he out-distanced those who worked with him, and did not complain. He did not haste, because he never rested. He was a confirmed optimist, rejoicing in things as they are, and determined to make them better.

He had no place for a Heaven elsewhere, because heaven was here. He had no use for another life, other than the life of his children, and of all who would come after him, made better by his life-work. And because his love of happiness was so strong, and because he could be happy in the happiness of others, he worked, while others played.

His wife worked, but outdistanced, and more and more dissatisfied that she did not do more ; more and more tired with her manifold exertions, longing for that rest and comfort which she could not take, and over-emphasizing the differences of outward belief between herself and her husband.

In the winter of 1884-5 she seemed so overdone that a lengthened tour to the Mediterranean and Corsica was arranged. They took their daughter Ethel, and enjoyed the complete change in the beautiful sunshine of the South, and Jane Hutchinson kept her 50th birthday at Evisa. It was one of the only really long holidays, that were not medical excursions also, that Jonathan Hutchinson ever took.

The following December she was very ill again, and her illness dragged on during 1887, until August, when she died at Haslemere. She was only 52. She had loved much—had had much to love. She had aimed very high. "You have had a happy marriage and life will grow happier. You will probably have a vigorous old age," she had written this of herself some years before. But it was not to be.

"We must not look so much at what we do, but be attentive 'rather to our soul's growth in faith and hope and patience. The 'oldest religion was the worship of beauty and courage. Then came 'the perception that these were but brute endowments, and the "'worship of sorrow" took its place. Will not the next step be to a 'religion of patience ; a consent not to realize all in our own persons, 'but to know that much is kept back for the future to reveal : a 'consent to the much that is so lamentably imperfect, as knowing 'that for the present, it can be no better :—A willingness both to 'live and to die, and a constant desire *to let patience have her perfect 'work ?* "

So had her husband written to her in 1879.

“I have never seen how life could be viewed in any light without  
‘its tinge of melancholy. But it is a beautiful tinge, and is perhaps  
‘half its charm I have no wish to live always in the blaze of the  
‘sun.” (Letter of 1871).

And if towards its close his wife’s life seemed to droop and  
to end in unrelieved sadness, we must look back to those thirty-  
one years as a whole, and judge them in the fulness of their joy.

## *Ch. V.*

### EARLY MARRIED LIFE

(at Finsbury Circus and Frensham)

With 1857 comes that larger, calmer view of life which in its religious aspect he calls his conversion, which was the result of his marriage, of settled ways, of clearer grasp of his life's work. It was then that he wrote a paper for the Stoke Newington Mutual Improvement Society, a social circle of friends in the Meeting of which his wife had lived, and where he was married.

The connection was kept up until long after. He became president of the Society, and in after years read to it some of his best papers, developing his deepest thoughts on Knowledge and Wisdom, and on Cheerfulness. In his Museum lectures of later days he spoke from notes in a conversational way, but in the three papers that we still possess, written for the Stoke Newington Society, he wrote out his thoughts very carefully.

In the year that we have now reached, just after marriage, he chose for his subject "The influence of Civilization on the physical welfare of man." It is a long paper, and is reported at length in three sections in successive weeks of "The Friend" journal.

One feels that a broad cheerful optimism has taken hold of him, as a counterpoise to the rather cramped city life, with its minute absorbing study of disease and human weakness. One must remember that he lived in the centre of the big city, on the hub of civilization, in the midst of poverty and crime, and that his mind was constantly set on such. His work was so far almost entirely with the poor and that in the study and cure of diseases, the result of dirt and vice. He had studied much on syphilis and was to become the greatest authority of his day in that protean disease, the effects of vice, which fill so large a part of the hospital practice of a medical man. He was making it his speciality, studying it in all its symptoms, in eyes, nerves, skin, combining each of these specialties in the one great aim of conquering the disease for the benefit of the poorest, most degraded of mankind. This broad somewhat vague optimism, with regard to civilization, probably arose about this time; and without it he would hardly have been able to formulate the simple creed that he did later. There would still have been the great world, the seething mass of humanity, that would seem to need another world, a Heaven and Hell, to set it right. He scrupulously avoided using the word for the latter place, and

tried to think and speak hopefully of mankind in the mass. It is in this Stoke Newington address, in which he approves of civilization, that he adopts the text from the *Excursion* which he made his motto, and which more than any other represents his attitude to life, his sense of personal duty, and his trust in the great world

“ To sweep distemper from the busy day  
And make the chalice of the big round year  
Run o’er with gladness.”

Civilization is good, modern representatives of mankind present a stronger, healthier, happier race than corresponding classes in the past, whether we see them on the farm, in the city, or fishing on the deep

What vast improvements in temperance ! How tea has raised the standard of life ! Even tobacco has been a great influence for good ! He looks forward to universal education (even as Wordsworth did), thirteen years before it became the law of the land, “ The real influence of religion is essentially connected with progress in knowledge ” That is the new development of his mind ; to grow stronger and stronger as years went on. Enunciated now in his twenty-ninth year, it is, also, the motive power of all his work, both in medicine and in general education, during the next fifty years. The real influence of religion, he sees not in the cultivation of feeling, emotion, much less in ritual or dogma, but simply in progress in knowledge.

He longs to set men’s minds free from the disturbing influences of selfishness and ambition, at liberty to love truth for its own sake. That liberating influence he had just experienced in the event of the previous year, and he looks forward confidently to the great work of his life—“ We should pursue the race of science and of social improvement.”

The year 1859 saw the accession of the first of those notable men who were to figure as his disciples, Dr. J. Hughlings Jackson. He was far more than a disciple—a life-long friend, “ the nearest to a genius that it is my privilege to have known,” as J. Hutchinson described him in 1911.

Jackson helped with New Sydenham Society and other work ; and probably the influence of the two friends on one another was deep Jackson would wean Hutchinson of some of the last traits of narrow sectarian thought that still lingered, would promote a more philosophical outlook, and give greater clearness to thought There is a very marked contrast between the first Stoke Newington address in 1857 and all that followed.

To the August of 1859 belongs a letter describing an expedition to Leith Hill. It is interesting because it records the first experience of Surrey moorlands and views, an experience which was to be so much enlarged in later days at Frensham and Haslemere. They had lived three years at Reigate, yet had never been to Leith Hill before. Probably, except for the tour to the Lakes when a boy of sixteen, he had seen little of hills, and he had to explain to his father that Leith Hill was a quarter the height of Helvellyn, but "level enough to remove every shade of danger." The whole family went, his wife, and his invalid sister Deborah, his eldest daughter (Elsie) aged barely two years, and Jossie the eldest son aged three months. The nurse and perambulator of course went. It was in the days of wide spreading crinolines, and it must have been a picturesque cavalcade

"We had often promised ourselves this excursion, but had never before managed to get a day for it . . . Elsie danced with delight when she was first put down on the summit. It was quite a treat to see her enjoy herself . . . To-day no-one seems any the worse for the exertions made: though poor Elsie's face is blistered by the wind and sun. The excursion is much easier than I had expected." It is a pleasant peep into those early years of family life.

Until 1860 the children's grandmother Jane West was living at Stoke Newington within easy reach of the new city home to which they had moved in 1859. The children had been a great pleasure to her, although she was not naturally at all fond of young children; but being so strong and healthy they used to enjoy her lively nursing occasionally; and Elsie and she were excellent friends."

But in 1860 after a long and painful illness, the grandmother died; and the home at Woodland Terrace, Stoke Newington, came to an end. That September also, Massey Hutchinson, the Dentist, sailed for New Zealand with his wife. On their departure their aged father writes a farewell letter from Selby which is peculiarly characteristic of his quietistic religious attitude. He envies them the monotonous life of ship-board for many weeks, so favourable for contemplation.

"Keeping in view the uncertainty of this life and the certainty of the next—that this one is only a preparation for the other:—

"This Truth how certain when this Life is o'er  
Man dies to Live, and Lives to die no more."

"How necessary it is . . . that we should embrace every opportunity for communing with our own hearts and in the silence of flesh



‘listening to those gentle insinuations of the Holy Spirit, by which  
 ‘we are warned, reprovèd, comforted, directed and encouraged’  
 ‘There is no joy like a Heaven-centred mind at peace with all.  
 ‘Farewell my dear children, may this peace ever be yours and  
 ‘mine.

‘Your ever affectionate Father,

‘JONATHAN HUTCHINSON.’

This letter, perhaps, better than anything else, expresses the Quaker mentality of the prosperous Flax-merchant of Selby, the father of that vigorous family that was to carry the Hutchinson name to the four corners of the globe. It is not everybody’s religion. It is, even for this active business man, who never took vocal part in Meetings, a thing of contemplation, of disciplining the mind in silence. What a splendid opportunity a four-months voyage to New Zealand would be——, in preparation for a life where business would no longer press!

“There is no joy like that of a heaven-centred mind,” however much the contemplative life might seem to be in the gloom. That is the true Quaker attitude, which we must always bear in mind, if we would understand the young surgeon’s future development

In July 1861 the family moved from No. 14 to No. 4 Finsbury Circus, a much larger more convenient house, to which they became very attached. There was the Square Garden for the children to play in, with swings and see-saws. To the mother it was *the home* where six of her children were born; and which she left for the West End house in Cavendish Square, with great misgiving and reluctance. They were years of simple life and strict economy. Holidays were generally taken with the Selby grandparents. During those first three years Hughlings Jackson lived with the family at No. 4 Finsbury Circus. Then another young doctor, Mr. Greenaway, took his place. In 1863 he developed small-pox in the house, a few days before the fourth child Procter was born, necessitating prompt vaccination.

“Then we had Mr. Tay,” writes the mother with her growing family of young children round her, “and the household was still comfortable”; but later she longed for the quiet of her own fireside without any strangers. By 1867 they had ceased having students, financial matters being easier. It is interesting to think that of the three eminent men who grew up around Jonathan Hutchinson, his pupils and later colleagues, Jackson, Tay and Nettleship, the first two lived for years with the family; while the last, Mr. Edward Nettleship and his wife were on the most intimate terms of friendship not only at

Finsbury Circus and at Cavendish Square, but at Haslemere, where he built himself a beautiful house on Hindhead. At Cavendish Square there was always reserved "Mr. Nettleship's room." What these three very quiet medical men, all absolutely absorbed in their medical work, thought of their colleague's lively family is not recorded. They must have, in their reserved way, mingled occasionally in family pleasures, parties and picnics etc.

The "Holiday book" of 1871, full of sketches and essays etc., counted among its members Mr. Tay and Mr. Nettleship then living together at No. 10 Finsbury Pavement. Holiday books under various names were a great family institution; an outlet for the rising genius in art or literature to display itself. The "Haslemere Times" of 1865; the "Butterfly net" of 1873 were two of its earlier manifestations. A magazine which went by the name of "Hoi Polloi" (not spelt with Greek letters) took their place later, had a larger range of subscribers, and was on a more intellectual plane. Such books range over a period of nearly thirty years, and are a mine of faintly humorous reminiscence, which carries one back to the days of croquet and crinoline, records great matches at football and cricket, many a delightful ramble, walking-tour and picnic, and are full of caricature and nonsense. Two portrait caricatures of Jonathan Hutchinson—"the professor" as he is called—show him engaged with his microscope studying botany or geology.

The indefatigable mother was the soul of all this literary and artistic effort; as she was of innumerable writing games, intended to stimulate composition and spelling. Endless was the doggerel verse of these occasions; but sometimes quite serious and thoughtful papers were produced.

The two young professors Hutchinson and Jackson took a walking tour to Alton and White's Selbourne in 1862, and, as they sat in the Inn Parlour at Selbourne, joked one another on their ambitions.

Many were the excursions of the two friends, when they would write their lectures or medical papers in the quiet of a country inn and discuss them on long rambles.

In 1863 it was Frensham near Farnham, and one Sunday they walked South over Hindhead, and took train up to London from Haslemere, having discovered the beauties of Surrey's "Lake district." Two years later the family found lodgings at Mrs. Newman's farm house at Haslemere for the Summer. That was a great discovery, and they went to Stootley Farm, as

it was called, often during the next nine years, until the Inval property was bought, and the big house built. To the mother and her family, Stroatley was a joy. There was a walled-in garden, a croquet lawn, endless barns and farm buildings and a quite rural country, with the moor within easy walk. One year the holiday is taken at Hunstanton instead, with a visit to Selby on the return home. That summer Stroatley farm house was taken by a gentleman of the name of Tennyson with his wife. He liked to wander "in the lanes about," as Mrs. Newman, the farmer's wife said. It was great excitement to Jane Hutchinson to find a poetic gentleman with long hair and a long cloak standing on Haslemere station platform.

*Ch. VI.*

LETTERS, 1866-71.

J. H. to J. P. H.

4, Finsbury Circus,  
Thursday, 1865.  
To Stootley.

My dearest Love,

Thanks for thy two welcome notes. I am very glad to hear that you enjoy the location so thoroughly, though I had not much misgiving about that. I quite intend to come on Saturday morning, irrespective of visitors.

I have bought thee thy first carriage, not a very magnificent one, but still likely to be useful. It with harness, etc., ought to arrive at the station to-morrow. You may enquire about it, and fetch it up if you like. The harness is to be returned if it does not fit, so please be very particular that whoever tries it on, does it no damage.

I think the carriage will just fit the pony.

I have asked Dr. Jackson to come down with me but don't know if he will do so.

If you fetch the carriage be very careful that no accidents happen. If you prefer it you might bring the pony to meet me on Saturday morning and then I could help you.

I hope to see you all looking much better when I come.

J. H. to J. P. H.

July 3, 1866.  
4 F. C.

... We had some most glorious rainbows during my journey home yesterday. At Godalming the church stood just in front of the foot of a very bright bow: the cross upon the colour. It was very beautiful and a curious conjunction of the earliest and latest symbols of Promise.

I see that Blackwood says that the author of *Ecce Homo* does not shew any great depth of thought, and is, after all, only a wolf in sheep's clothing. To some extent the criticism is, I think, just.

J. H. to J. P. H.

July 18, 1866.  
4 F. C.

... No special news extant. The war still goes on, but as the Prussians are now close to Vienna it must soon end.

The Jacksons seem to think it quite possible that they may come to us for the anniversary of their Wedding Day.

J. H. to J. P. H.

July 25, 1866.  
4 F. C.

It seems likely that terms have been agreed on to end the war.

There has been an attempted Meeting in Hyde Park and a riot on a small scale. John Bright again with a most injudicious letter. The cholera I am sorry to say is spreading, especially in the Eastern districts.

J. H. to J. P. H.

To Haslemere,  
Sunday Afternoon,  
4, Finsbury Circus.

Mrs. Newman told me she had no news, all very quiet, but before we left she enquired whether we had decided as to coming again next summer, as a gentleman wished to take the house by the year. He had been staying there for a week after we left . . . and now prepare for a shock of news. Mrs. N. said he was a poet, the poet laureate or some such name, and she believed his name was Tenson. In fine it is really the fact that Tennyson himself with his wife stayed a week in our rooms, and was so delighted with the locality that he wished to take it permanently. He told Mrs. Newman that he wanted to visit "the lones about," at least so she understood him: mind, the word is "lones" not lanes, and is poetic for lonely places, at least so Mrs. N. considers. He does not wish to live altogether at Haslemere, but to have a place where he can go for quiet when he likes. It is rumoured that he intends taking part of a house somewhere near the fishponds.

He has left a relic with Mrs. N., a pipe. No doubt some passages in his next poem will be descriptive of scenery about Stootley. . . . I told Mrs. N. that we quite intended to go there again when the spring is well established.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Aug. 16, 1866.  
4 F. C.

I was very much obliged by thy kind and candid letter, which I received at Chester. I have written a long reply to part of it, called Heaven's Gates, but have not found time yet to make a legible copy. It is very curious to see how two minds looking at the same facts from different points of view, arrive at such different impressions regarding them. If I were to compare thee to Mrs. John Bunyan, trying to persuade her husband to remain at home, and believe as his neighbours did, it would strike thee as very unfair. Yet such is perhaps not far from the fact. I have no doubt that Mrs. B. before her conversion was a very excellent woman, only she has a less keen appreciation of the abstract and unseen than he had. But my Dearest, while I have the firmest conviction that there is a glorious sunrise breaking round us, and whilst I covet most earnestly for thee an early perception of the light, I have not the slightest wish to persuade thee to acknowledge it before thou sees it. Let it be sight, real sight, or nothing; on that



JANE PYNSENT HUTCHINSON  
1835—1887,  
with her two eldest children, Elsie  
and Jonathan



JONATHAN HUTCHINSON OF LONDON,  
1828—1913  
(Photo 1862)



only can firm faith be grounded. In the mean time I would say read the Bible, I had almost added prayerfully, but I should not mean by that word what others mean. I mean, *earnestly, with an open mind, anxious to know as far as possible, what the several authors really intended to convey*. Read the Old Testament as well as the New. At the same time look candidly at the state of mankind at present.

With dearest love to you all.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Holme-next-the-sea, Norfolk,  
Sep., 1868.

We are enjoying our holiday very much. Imagine Tuffen with a shrimping net over his shoulder tramping down to low water. We were to have had one each but decided that one would be plenty, and we could take turns at work. We got more than we could eat to tea.

I have been out at sunrise each morning and all day long till after dark each evening. Once I had to grope my way among the sandhills in extreme darkness.

T. has found numberless curiosities and is most zealous scientifically. For my part, I am too tired when I come in to do much. I have got lots of game. To-day we are going to shoot from a boat. I have done scarcely any writing. Science is after all useful to social life. T. has found a place where water cresses "undergo spontaneous etiolation" which much improves their quality, and brought home a basketful.

It is such a pleasure to have a companion who takes pleasure in various things. T. never comes in without expressing his delight at some discovery. "I was so interested in it" is a constant expression. He is a capital fellow.

I have not been able to persuade him to go inland at all yet. He came for sea, he says

(NOTE.—Tuffen West was his wife's eldest brother.)

To develop the constructive powers ought to be a main object in education. Children should be encouraged to make and to build, and if possible to design. The proneness to destroy without object should be steadily repressed.

"Time present is not nor will ever be :  
Time future is the only time for thee."

I was much impressed with John Pease's deathbed rejoicing that "I have not now my life's work to do." How distressing at such a time must be the glance back over a misused or wasted life. In one sense and the most important one, it is surely impossible to do a life's work in death-bed hours. Such work can only be done through the life and in living, and no single day of it can be supplied afterwards. I suspect however that J. P. had in view at the time another meaning of the words. He had not then to seek for the first time acquaintance



with the Infinite and to make his peace with GOD. In this sense no doubt a wonderful amount of light may come in suddenly, under the solemn stillness as regards all worldly sounds.

How very differently some of us interpret in detail "our life's work," yet how near we all come, I trust, in our real meaning

"Here, work enough to watch  
The Master work, and catch  
Hints of the proper craft,  
Tricks of the tools' true play."

We must not be hasty in assuming that we understand all.

J. H. to J. P. H.

4, Finsbury Circus,

Oct. 21, 1868.

Yesterday I attended at the Hospital to introduce the new students to the Committee. They receive a Charge and a copy of rules. We had 32; more I should think than ever before. 38 have entered.

After this ceremony our deputation met the Committee to confer as to building a new Museum, etc. I think we have nearly gained our point, and that the Hospital would do it for us. I urged on them that medical education was their most important vocation, that they were engaged in both wholesale and retail business of doing good, and that if they could only see it so, their cures effected in the Hospital were retail, whereas the sound education of medical men who would have in the future a range of usefulness of incalculable extent, was really their wholesale department. I think this was a fair way of putting it. The longer I live the more I feel as if my vocation would be in medical teaching. One can thus scatter seed all over the world, seed too of a kind likely to grow.

It seems to me that to be spiritually minded is to have one's personality (materiality so to speak) merged as far as may be in the desire for general and future good. That is life, and the opposite is death.

J. H. to J. P. H.

4, Finsbury Circus.

... I have had a busy morning, and am feeling fairly energetic again. It seems a general impression that my attempt to resuscitate the London Hospital reports will fail. Oh the lack of zeal! What would Dr. Rutty have said? He used to bewail the sloth of the Dublin Apothecaries, who would not meet him at six o'clock in the morning to botanise.

... I think I shall write an essay on Zest of Existence, Appetite of Life, or some such title. Also one on "By what Tests should Faith be tried." But my head is a perfect muddle of schemes and ideas, and I no sooner sit down to one than another presses in and interrupts its fulfilment.

J. H. to J. P. H.

May 28, 1869.

4 F. C.

I had a very pleasant evening at Mr. Simon's\*. Coventry Patmore came in after dinner. He was very quiet. They know Ruskin most intimately, and have almost promised to invite us to meet him. They have quite promised to ask thee to see his drawings. They also know Tennyson well. Mrs. Simon is a great admirer of Browning. She is decidedly strong-minded. She says Ruskin has refused to read the *Ring and the Book*, "It is all true I know,—every word of it, and it would make me wretched. I hate truth."

Mr. Simon and I agree remarkably in our views on social questions, at least in some points. He is a great advocate for repression of luxury, encouragement of early marriages, etc.

Dr. D. is an exceedingly intelligent man. He sets rather too high a value on worldly success, by which I mean present success, (for that is the real distinction between worldly and heavenly, present or future now or for ever). This is a defect of character which we all have to be on our guard against.

J. H. to J. P. H.

4, Finsbury Circus,

Aug. 22. 1871.

I hope thou art gradually recovering from the fatigue of our holiday, and beginning to feel as usual again. I am getting my tone up again very satisfactorily, and with familiarity with old pursuits, hope soon to regain accustomed feelings. Travelling gives me a strange perturbation of notions, and brings about with me a partial defect of identity which it is always pleasant to recover from. Not that I do not enjoy the travelling, but I like coming home as well. With thee the nobler task of child training I expect acts yet more beneficially in restoration of normal tone of feeling than my professional pursuits do with me. By the way, I quite intend to write a reply to thy essay on women, in which I shall shew conclusively that women's pursuits are or might be far higher and nobler than those to which men are habituated. You have all the training of infant minds, and if that is not a far higher vocation, a nobler call, than stock broking or banking, I have done. Man's pursuits are for the most part more material than yours, and most men are compelled, in order to earn bread, to devote themselves to pursuits far less ennobling to the character than are all connected with education. By education I do not mean school, I mean all that concerns the development of young spirits.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Aug. 29, 1871.

I wonder whether taste for Shakespeare may be held to indicate similarity of mental constitution. Perhaps it might be used as a very fair touchstone of character, that is, of certain capacities of character.

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\*Sir John Simon (1816-1904)

J. H. to J. P. H.

Sep. 12, 1871.

An author has sent me a printed lecture of his on the first Darwin, Erasmus, that is, of Lichfield, the poetic botanist. It is exceedingly interesting. He was the originator of Darwinism, and no one can fail to trace transmitted qualities in his grandson. He deals with facts just as the Darwin of the present day does. He and Dr. Johnson met, and disliked each other. I fear thou would not like him much, but as a study of character of a powerful ingenious untrammelled sort of mind, not in the least afraid of an absurdity, it is very instructive. He had some very good notions about poetry. I suspect that the element of the sublime was left out of his nature. He was no Browning. They paid him ten shillings a line, though.

Thine always,

JON. HUTCHINSON.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Sep. 29, 1871.

I did not get time to write yesterday as I was exceedingly busy and did not get home till 10 o'clock. I had to go to Chigwell to see the son of an Alderman wine merchant whose income is, I was informed, £15,000 per annum from his business independent of other means. He is laid up with gout, one of his sons with dropsy, his wife is a nobody, and two of his sons handsome stupid; a son-in-law on the Stock Exchange has just become bankrupt and been prosecuted for misappropriation. He lives in a most splendid house and has a beautiful park with some of the finest trees I ever saw. I could not help thinking, however, how very slender is the tie between great riches and real happiness. Still I by no means despise riches, and a great many people would be far happier if they had more of them, and I wish they had.

A lady has just been with me for whose daughter I am going to do a little operation at Joseph Armfield's this afternoon. I offered to send them some books. She thanked me and said her daughter had some with her. "She is busy now reading the Daisy Chain; I daresay you know it well, it is the sequel to another work by the same author, and you know it is close reading, that." So I fear I must not lend her Browning: though not improbably Miss is in advance of Mamma in some respects. At any rate she looks intelligent, and walked over Snowden from Llanberis to Beddgelert the other day.

If St. Paul had chanced to be crossing from the Huts to Haslemere Station on Sunday evening, I should not have felt the least awkward in inviting him into the tent, and the only thing I should have had to apologise for would have been that we hadn't a fire and couldn't offer him a cup of tea. I have no doubt he would have done it politely, but I think he would not have let us escape (especially if he had walked all the way from Farnham) without a hint or two about the superstitious methods of observance of "New Moons and Sabbaths."

I see it is the Bishop of Winchester (Wilberforce) and not of Exeter who has been preaching in a Scotch church. This is indeed a sign of the times.

I have just received a life of Dr. Symonds of Bristol with a collection of his essays, etc. He was a most charming man, a friend of most of the literary celebrities, and very highly educated. I think thou wilt be pleased with the book, but he preferred Tennyson to Browning, and his son thinks more resembled Wordsworth than either. He wrote poetry himself.

This evening is our dinner. Perhaps I may manage to come to-morrow and bring you some crumbs.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Finbury Circus to Stoalety, 1871.

"And yet a mortal glance might pierce, methinks,  
Deeper into the seeming dark of things,  
And learn, no fruit, man's life can bear, will fade."

"Your hopes and fears, so blind and yet so sweet,  
With death about them."

Thou knows that I love thee too well for flattery and so I may perhaps venture to say that I am amused at the notion of thy being able to understand Browning.

"Insolent arrogant Man!" Stop a bit; I will admit that thou understands him much better than most women; but as to getting below the beauty of his imagery and his splendid descriptions of human passion, No, I can't admit that yet.

"Sagacious in a sort,  
Learned, life-long, in the first outside of things,  
Though but for blindness to what lies beneath  
And needs a nail-scratch ere 'tis laid you bare."

There, I have done it now. Perhaps I shan't come till next week, when it may be somewhat blown over.

But mind, I reverence thy sympathies, which are always with the good and true and lovely. All that I mistrust, is thy power of comprehension or of insight. Thus it becomes possible for the feminine intellect to jumble up a whole lot of discordant things and to believe firmly statements which oppose each other. There is a basis of truth and beauty in everything human, and with that you sympathise so keenly that you ignore all idea of imperfection. You are not plagued with the love of truth in the abstract as we are. I do not think that you ever ask yourselves candidly, "Is it true?" but rather is it what I had wished? what I have learned to sympathise with? You are perhaps more constant than we are, and find greater difficulty in changing the objects of your love and sympathy. Then also I must assert you are more under the influence of alarm, and lack the courage to:—

"face facts  
And not be flustered by their fume."

If thou could comprehend the facts as I do, thou would without pain, grief, or wrench, believe as I believe, and find an intense happiness in doing so. It is as I have often urged, a growth of faith, and no lapse of it, any more than it is a lapse of faith in the heathen who ceases to put trust in an idol when he sees that it has no real power

My own conversion came through thee, and I rest in confidence that thine will follow. And I often take encouragement remembering that Mrs. Bunyan did not set out with her husband, but followed him after a time. "Wait for me" is the motto of the sex in all affairs of progress, and I have no doubt that it is well it should be so.

I have confidence in our Heavenly Father that there is no hurry, and that as to little differences of insight into His designs, they will never be laid to our charge. We can know only in part, and if we honestly believe what we do believe, and cultivate a childlike willingness to be taught and to receive, (not by any means, a childish incompetence of intellect, which submits to be imposed upon by any plausible story) all will be well.

Thou thinks that Terralism, (Aims for this earth only), is an odd melancholy theory. I grant that it is melancholy, for I have never yet seen how life could be viewed in any light without its tinge of melancholy, but it is a beautiful tinge and is perhaps half its charm. I have no wish to live always in the blaze of the sun. If however Terralism is melancholy, Celestialism seems to me dreadful. Many shall be called and few saved. Strait is the gate and few find it. Where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched. If it were not for the infatuation which to the majority of us makes it practically impossible to doubt that we shall be of the few, and for the thick coat of individualism which enables us to forget to a large extent the many, no one, it seems to me, could long live under such a creed. If Celestialism taught that we all in proportion to our capabilities should hereafter be made happy, and live-on, preserving our personality for ever, I would admit it a cheerful creed, and would believe it if I possibly could. But no religious creed having holiness for its aim has ever dared hint at such a result. There must be, in the nature of things, a penalty and punishment on vice and idleness. What thou calls a "tangle of disappointments, vexations, unsatisfied longings, etc." seem after all to me to be if rightly received an excellent school for the education of the human spirit. And I contend further that it has proved a successful school, and turned out some successful scholars. I admire humanity and the more I see of it the more I admire and love it. Its aspirations are most noble, its powers of self-denial are vast, and the very creeds, from the expressions of which I am obliged to dissent, have their foundations in what I am just as strongly compelled to reverence. Once believe the divine is in man, and not outside of and independent of him, and the mystery is solved. Every fragment of nature's beauty becomes a symbol of human affairs, and the world is no longer a tangle of disappointments, but a continuous chain leading us from lower to higher glory.

Whatever creed enables us best, and with highest hope, to rejoice in time and rejoice in eternity, to give thanks for all, that creed shall have my faith, I could not help giving it, so strong is my craving for human happiness. That Celestialism, with its dreadful appendage does it, I cannot think. I do not feel as if it did. I feel as if it did not, and as a man, a husband, and a father, I do not think I should enjoy another happy moment if I thought it true.

With dearest love to thee and ours.

P.S.—Dr. May and his eldest took tea with me yesterday, and I much pleased the latter by giving him two lizards and two guinea-pigs. The lizards thrive famously. I hope if the children can catch some more, or some more slow-worms, they will secure them.

I find the same physiognomist who exalts short-sighted eyes also much prefers brown to blue ones, so now we are quits. There is that good about the phys. descriptions, that nobody has all good or all bad. Just when you have found that your chin is splendid, you discover that your nose is brutal, and so on.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Old Bridge Inn, Newhaven.

My dearest Love,

We have persevered under discouragements and are here. The evening we started was very cold and the inn at Hassock's Gate 10 miles from Brighton, where we alighted intending to walk in the morning into Brighton, was so cheerless, that we decamped and took the next train on. So slept at Brighton. In the morning we called on two medical men whom I knew, and made a profitable visit to the Hospital. Then lunched, and walked on to Blackrock, where Miss Marsh's Convalescent Home is. It consists of two houses joined, neither of them large. It is crowded. . . . All the patients are supposed to be convalescent, and able to care for themselves. We found however one poor fellow in bed and almost dying; and in another ward most unfortunately a lad just beginning in smallpox. Of the latter the matron knew nothing, and our visit was therefore a cause of great trouble to her. He had only left the London Hosp. on Tuesday, and I really think she almost suspected that I had sent him on purpose, and then come to see the plague which his advent caused. I could get little out of her but, "They ought not to send us such cases." We wrote to the medical attendant, and did our best to arrange matters, but it was an unfortunate occurrence.

Our walk over the Downs from Blackrock here was too stormy and cold. . . . We are at a cosy little inn. We intend going to Seaford, and may come by train from Eastbourne home on Monday. Yesterday it looked so dull and I had such a cold, that I seriously thought of taking the first train home, but the walk did me good.

Dr. J. has brought out the *Angel in the House*, and *Barnes' Poems*. The former I like much. It is a little sentimental, but there are some

very good thoughts in it, and a sound healthy feeling throughout. I shall quote the following in my essay on the sexes, in support of the doctrine that their interests cannot be divided.

“ Female and male God made the man  
His image is the whole not half,  
And in our love we dimly scan  
The love which is between himself.”

Barnes' poetry has some charms, chiefly those of a daring simplicity, but it strikes me as rather weak, and he is often obliged to fill up lines with words which have but little appropriateness. He has no strong thoughts, his force lying in description, and sometimes he is simple almost to silliness, in this respect far out-doing Wordsworth. Mr. Patmore recommended him to Dr. J. and spoke most highly of him, but then Mr. Patmore denies that Mr. Browning was a poet, and thinks but little of Mrs. B. so that his verdict must be taken cautiously.

The following by Patmore on our neglect to appreciate and cultivate our best treasures pleases me.

“ An idle poet, here and there,  
Looks round him, but for all the rest,  
The world, unfathomable, fair,  
Is duller than a witling's jest.  
Love wakes men, once a lifetime each,  
They lift their heavy lids, and look ;  
And, lo, what one sweet page can teach  
They read with joy, then shut the book.  
And some give thanks, and some blaspheme,  
And most forget ; but, either way,  
That and the child's unheeded dream  
Is all the light of all their day.”

What does he mean by the child's unheeded dream ? Does it imply that the sweet impressions of early childhood, unconsciously received, and the impressions of love in after life, are the two only real sources of inspiration to the heart ; or at any rate so paramount in force to all others, as to stand practically alone ?

As it seems likely to be settled fair weather, I am going to send my bag back by train, so you may expect it to-morrow unpaid.

With dearest love to you all.

## Ch. VII.

### THE NEW SYDENHAM SOCIETY

The most important medical event of the year 1857 was probably for him the commencement of the New Sydenham Society, which may be told in his own words.

"The Sydenham Society," or Old Sydenham Society, which lasted from 1843 to 1855, had for its object to publish important works not easy of access, as e.g. ancient classics. Latterly it had published modern books, translated from French and German.

In 1855 it was decided to wind it up, and the chairman Sir John Forbes, addressing himself somewhat pointedly to Jonathan Hutchinson, who was one of the only young members present, said that "If some young men thought the Society's work was not finished, they had better form a new one for themselves." Jonathan Hutchinson's was the only vote cast against closing it. He had also *spoken* pointedly against doing so. After the meeting Dr. Sedgwick Saunders came up to him and offered support. The first meeting was held at the house of Dr. Bevill Peacock. Peacock and Saunders were his chief helpers. The Old Society gave its money to the new one, and the first president was Dr. C. J. B. Williams. They elected alternately a physician and a surgeon, and their presidents included the most eminent men in the profession.

The Society owed much to Dr. Herman Weber.

The subscription was £1.1.0 annually, and entitled the subscriber to all the publications of the Society.

In 1860, only three years after its commencement, he writes :—

"I heard yesterday from our Boston Local Secretary that the 'New Sydenham Society is in such high favour that we may expect to reach 1,000 members there. If we do we shall probably get 5,000 in all, which will leave £300 for the Secretary."

He wrote that at a time when he was seriously thinking of giving up the attempt at a London practice and running a Sanatorium in Frensham Vale. "I could keep the New Sydenham, and it would constitute a little certainty." In later years the post of Secretaryship was an honorary one. In its most prosperous year, 1873, the income reached over £3,400. It got medical men generally to translate works of special value which appeared from time to time on the continent. It had



books specially written for it, e.g. Prof. Donder's work on defects of refraction and accommodation, which placed upon a scientific basis our knowledge of the use of spectacles. For fifteen years, 1860 to 1875, it issued Atlases in Elephant folio, life size, all the plates for which (after the first two or three) were drawn by Mr Edwin Burgess under Jonathan Hutchinson's supervision. In 1877 an Atlas of Illustrations of Pathology was commenced, and continued for twelve numbers.

In 1878 was completed "the Lexicon" of medical terms; a work that was the largest undertaking of the Society, and was not a great success. It was a mistake from the beginning, and lost many members. The Society came to an end in 1911. From its commencement in 1857 till the end Jonathan Hutchinson was the Secretary, (helped by Dr A. E. Russell after 1902); and the soul of the whole undertaking. The meetings were generally held at his house, and he maintained his zeal for this great work for the progress of medical knowledge during more than fifty years.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Sept. 12, 1862.

4 F. C.

I have been very hard worked during the last few weeks and have had a series of very anxious cases. Have got very little done at home being very tired and poor in spirit (not I fear in the blessed sense but in the more physical one). . . .

If things go on well I hope to have much fewer anxieties in the course of a few years.

A friend of mine said the other day in great earnestness and in perfect earnestness, speaking of another gentleman whom we both know a little, "By the way he entertains the most exaggerated notions of you." I laughed and he saw what he had said, and was forced to add in politeness,—“if it were possible,” and then to explain, “No, but really do you know, he says you will soon be considered one of the first surgeons in Europe,” . . .

We had a fairly pleasant evening at Dr. Bowman's, (to meet Prof. Donders of Utrecht). I sat between Mrs. and Miss Donders and neither could speak much English, but both were exceedingly good-natured and pleasant. I have pressing invitations to go to Utrecht. (He went twenty-six years later to the Donders' Jubilee in 1888). No wit was attained, but we had a few comicalities.

Professor Donders was loud in praise of water, and drank our health in it instead of wine,—he preferred it to champagne. Mr. Bowman told him that in medical Latin water was “*acqua pumpaginis*” I asked him if he knew why Medical Latin was called dog-Latin and explained that it was because it was curtailed.

Donders didn't see the joke, until after much puzzling he exclaimed, "Oh yes I see it, you do often abridge the little dog's tails in the same way as you do the Latin,—very good."

Bowman was the first President of the Ophthalmological Society, as Hutchinson was the second. Donders' great work on Spectacles was translated and rendered accessible to English Eye-surgeons through the New Sydenham Society, by Hutchinson's instrumentality.

## *Ch. VIII.*

### THE LONDON HOSPITALS AND MEDICAL TEACHING

1859 was a turning point in his career, for in November of that year he was elected to the post of Assistant Surgeon to the London Hospital. For the next twenty three years he was on the active staff of the London Hospital, becoming surgeon in 1863, and consulting surgeon in 1883, in which year the Hutchinson Triennial Essay prize was founded "in appreciation of his services to science and humanity." His work for the hospitals of the East End and City of London was certainly fairly large, probably as onerous as that of any other medical man of his time, due in part to his determination to master the whole of his subject—the human body in disease.

Beginning at York County Hospital, where he had temporary charge as House Surgeon, long before he had a diploma (he was only just twenty years old), and returning, after he had obtained his M.R.C.S. in London to York again for a year in the same capacity, he began his London career under Mr. James Paget at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, near Smithfield, and also entered for lectures at Moorfields Ophthalmic Hospital.

He had six years work as surgeon to the City Hospital for Chest Diseases, more than ten at the Metropolitan Free Hospital, twenty-three on the active staff of the London, and a similar period at the Blackfriars Hospital for Skin diseases—almost as long at the Ophthalmic. He might well be called a pluralist and was accused of undertaking more than he could compass.

During the year of his Presidency of the College of Surgeons he delivered the annual address at the Mansion House in aid of the Hospital Sunday Fund, and speaks with intimate knowledge of both the out-patients' room and the ward. "Many definitions may be devised for the word "Hospital." One that I like best to keep constantly in mind, is that of "an institution for the prevention of orphanhood." Let it be clearly understood that we wage no fruitless war with the divine ordinance of death, but rather accept it thankfully, as one which favours the progress of our race, and the perennial rejuvenescence of mankind. We are at war however with death in its premature and irregular forms. We *do* wish to prevent and remedy, as far as possible, the disabilities of life, the disqualifications for usefulness in its duties and enjoyment of its happiness; we *do*

'wish to prevent orphanhood in all forms and degrees. In no other sphere can so much good be done, at so little cost, as in a Hospital.'

"Medical men, like others, must live by their profession, and the circumstances of life make it, unfortunately, but too often the case, that the times of suffering to others are those of pecuniary gain to them. They are, I am assured, one and all, far removed from any wish to claim a vested interest in the physical miseries of their fellows; and would far rather encounter occasional injustice and loss, than limit the scope of that charity to the poor, which has long been their proudest boast."

"Now the good that our hospitals do is far from being restricted to their own patients. They are the schools in which medical science is cultivated, and from which those go forth who spread its benefits all over the world."

It was as a Teacher to Students that Jonathan Hutchinson's hospital work is memorable, quite as much as in Surgery and medicine. "As a suggestive teacher he was unrivalled," says Sir John Byers, one of his pupils.

Another pupil, Sir Frederick Treves, says.—

"Hutchinson was without question a great teacher. He attracted, I believe a larger number of students to his demonstrations than did any surgeon of his time in London. He had indeed a great following. He was an admirable speaker. He was not eloquent, nor did he make a practice of rhetoric, but adopted a slow, quiet, solemn and modest manner which was very impressive and effective. He made his teaching interesting by the ingenuity of his arguments, by apt illustrations and vivid metaphors, and by an occasional quaintness of expression which impressed the memory. Above all, were a solemnness and simplicity of utterance, which was almost monastic."

"Hutchinson generalized philosophically and took broad views, avoiding text book formalism. Thus his demonstrations in the old operating theatre of the London Hospital were especially valuable. He would present a case, and would describe it as a man of shrewd imagination would describe some curious object he had found by the roadside. His similes were novel and exact. It was he who first used the terms "Apple jelly" in reference to the deposit in a certain form of lupus, and it is typical of his descriptive methods.

'He would further demonstrate the case by reference to allied cases, to cases dissimilar and to conditions that were at the first showing apparently incongruous. He would then take a general view of the matter in hand, regarding the case before him as an item in a widely extending series.

'His teaching without question profoundly influenced the surgical thought of his time, encouraged breadth of view, and

'discouraged narrow-mindedness Hutchinson was in fact not only a great clinical teacher, but also an impressive exponent of the philosophy of his art.'

Sir John Byers says :—

"Personally Mr. Hutchinson was the most charming of chiefs for anyone to work under I am sure there are many who, like myself, feel how much we owe to his splendid example, his brilliant teaching and his direct personal help on many an occasion. Others will speak of his wonderful work as an authority on museums, as an educationalist, and as one who has written on the most diverse subjects. But personally I shall always remember Jonathan Hutchinson as the very highest type of clinical teachers; and as one of the most interesting, inspiring, and honourable of men it has ever been my rare good fortune to have met."

In 1873 he resigned his post of surgeon on the active staff of the London on account of health and pressure of work. With his large family also, he was feeling the need of cultivating his private practice to improve his income. His resignation however was met with urgent and affectionate remonstrances from his colleagues and the students, which may speak for themselves.

Dr. Jackson wrote :—

"It will be a great loss . . . but I think no one in London has so good a right to retire early as you, since you have done such a vast amount of work."

Dr. Woodman wrote :—

"I ask then, is there no voice of Duty which may bid you pause? . . . A man of your position has solemn and serious duties to . . . his colleague, his pupils, the patients of his hospital and the wider public of his age."

Dr. Langdon Down wrote :—

"I will not urge anything on the part of the staff, for we are selfishly interested in retaining one who is an honour to our body, and whose loss is simply irreparable. The whole profession would join with me."

The body of Students (130 in number, containing many names of future eminence), wrote .—

"There are many here who have entered solely on account of your connection with the Institution. A surgeon of your renown will ever be the means of ensuring fresh entries to the School and of imbuing the students with enthusiasm and an earnest love of their work."

He withdrew his resignation, and continued the arduous duties for a further period of ten years until 1883. In that year

the past and present students of the London Hospital, to the number of 150, gathered in his honour at a public dinner at which Sir Andrew Clark presided. Sir Andrew was not only his next door neighbour at No. 16 Cavendish Square, but was Senior Physician at the same London Hospital, where *he* was Senior Surgeon. Hutchinson on this occasion as usual, insisted on the intellectual training to be obtained from a constant study of the poets of our native land; and attributed a great part of his life's successful work to the early education he received as an apprentice to a conscientious practitioner, and as a pupil to a small medical school at York, where he alone constituted the whole class in some subjects.

It is said that on one occasion the solitary slumbering student was roused by the exclamation of the lecturer, "Wake up Hutchinson, I've finished." Whether that is history or not, it is true that some of his botany classes were held early in the morning in St. Mary's Abbey Gardens walking with his lecturer, and delightfully fresh occasions they were.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Oct. 1st, 1872.

4 F. C.

Once more the first of October has come and gone. I gave my lecture as well as I could. It was well received, and the Archbishop praised it and seemed to have been really pleased. This was something, as I had defended Development theories and Nature's theology. He spoke very nicely afterwards in a very genial manner. Between us we had a very crowded audience, throngs being around each door. As we began to a minute, several of my less punctual colleagues, Dr. Clark among the number, were unable to get in. The reporter from the Daily Telegraph was also kept out, which was perhaps of more importance. He had come for the Archbishop, however, and not for me.

I concluded by strongly recommending the merging of individuality and the pursuit of truth regardless of personality and hope of reward, so the Times has served me out by printing an abstract without any name whatever. Although I had of course thought a great deal about the Lecture I had found it desperate work getting it ready and was as usual pushed to the last minute. It might have been far better arranged and the proper relations of the different topics better brought out. I read a long bit from Browning which told very well indeed.

I hope thou will be able to call on Mr. Bridger and ask him if he can meet me at Weydown house on Saturday afternoon. Tell him that I wish at once to begin taking down the barn.

(This is the first mention of the new home at "Inval," originally known as Weydown)

J. H. to J. P. H.

1872.

I came home in desperately low spirits and fully resolved to resign the London Hospital, but I went there yesterday and got so much interested that I have not the heart to do it. If ever I do I must go abroad or stay in the country and never look at the place again.

1872.

Dr. Jackson joins with Dr. Peacock in urging me not to give up the London Hospital so I think I shall resign the lectures only.

4, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

Feb. 21st, 1874.

To his daughter J. E. HUTCHINSON.

Two weeks ago I entertained a party of students at Inval for Saturday and Sunday. Jossie (his son) helped me, and I think they all enjoyed it. We chanced on a beautiful day. In the evening we sat and talked and set each other riddles.

Young Fox (Josiah Crewdson as Mamma calls him (Dr. R. Hingston Fox, author of "John Fothergill and his friends")), was the leader of the party, and he amused them not a little by his zeal in hunting rabbits which ended in his going head foremost into a bramble-bush. All the Foxes have opinions of their own, and are good at conversation.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Aug. 3rd, 1866.

4 F.C.

. . . Dr. Jackson called this morning: he is engaged by Government to report on Cholera. I am very glad of it.

He looks overworked, and as if he wanted rest, and a walking tour. I proposed to him a "Writing Tour". to go out for the express object of thinking and writing, and using all available opportunities in field and hotel for that purpose. I think it would be a capital occupation and add greatly to the enjoyment. I want to write out a number of *tracts*, amongst other things.

The Cholera will I expect keep all one's patients away. Already there is great alarm about. So if the patients take holyday the surgeons may too. I am reckoning very much on our tour.

Altogether I fear writing is harder work than sketching, and one would have to wait more for the humour to come.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Aug. 6.

. . . I am in great hopes that I have succeeded in impressing X— with a more serious view of life and its duties. He seemed as though he could not at all see the identity between himself and his children and his interests and their interests. But I think he is nearly converted, and I am sure it will be greatly to their advantage.

## Ch. IX.

### MEDICAL WORK, 1859

We broke off the story of his medical work in the year 1859 with his appointment as surgeon to the London Hospital, to speak at length of his hospital work.

During the next twenty years he pours forth a constant stream of papers before the learned medical Societies of London, besides the regular courses of lectures at the Hospitals, showing original research in every branch of his profession, appliances for surgical operations, his main subject syphilis in all its manifestations, the eye, the ear, the nerves, the skin diseases of women and children, injuries to the head, leprosy, the use of anæsthetics, cancer, hospital plagues and the germ theory of disease. The coming of Prof. Lister to Kings College in 1877, and the discussions on the germ theory and on antiseptic surgery of the two following years, constitutes a convenient era to close the period under consideration. It is an extraordinarily prolific period, during which his position in the very front rank of the London profession became fully established.

In 1862 he gave the Introductory Address to the Students on the opening of the Medical School at the London Hospital. He gave two more addresses at intervals of ten years. It was a task that he thoroughly enjoyed, and did well. He could place himself in the position of the Students, and teaching was his calling. He liked moreover to form a broad conception of the medical profession, and to illuminate it with the ideals and language of poetry. One had no idea that in the ordeals of the dissecting room and the ward there was so much to inspire.

“In the selection of a profession a primary object of anxiety to every man ought to be as to what would be its influence upon himself. . . . Medical life made important demands on the exercise of the affections: it brought men into contact with their fellows under circumstances the most likely to call out ‘the charities which soothe and heal and bless.’

‘It called out the Imagination also. It was thought that men of science, and physicians especially, ought to repress this the noblest of our mental endowments. If the truth were so, it would indeed be a humiliating thing. But the fact was that in no avocation was ‘a healthy and vigorous power of imagination more useful.’

And then he went on to emphasise the difference between fancy and imagination, and to base the latter on *what is true*.



The paper is well worth reading, and explains the tendency of some of his later critics to say that his theories were often untenable : that they were made in an unscientific spirit. That he combined a trained imagination with a vast co-ordination of ascertained facts, and a mighty volume of daily work, is undoubtedly true ; but his imagination was the main-spring of all that comprehension and activity, and it often found utterance in poetic language. He read papers on the imagination as a factor in science before a London audience at Stoke Newington in 1878, and again before a Haslemere audience in 1894, when he claimed Prof John Tyndall, who had recently died at Haslemere, as an ally, and a chief exponent of the scientific imagination.

In 1863 he published his first important work :—" A clinical memoir on certain diseases of the eye and ear consequent on inherited syphilis." He gives a series of seventy-three aphorisms and commentaries respecting Constitutional Syphilis, and its transmission from parent to children founded on the author's experiences ; opinions often at variance with those commonly received.

In 1864 he wrote the section on Surgical Diseases of Women in Holmes' " System of Surgery," upholding the position that, though some operations had considerable danger in them, the chance of curing a large proportion outweighed in advantage the certainty of a few years of suffering entailed, if no operation were undertaken. " The object of surgery is the increase of ' the sum of human life, and the alleviation of its miseries. ' Whether this life is enjoyed by many individuals over short ' periods, or by few over long ones, is not of moment, if the ' sum of it be increased

' Suppose 100 cases operated on, of which 50 die, and 50 regain ' health. If the average age of operation is 35 and the average ' expectation of life 30 years, the total expectation of life is ' 1,500 healthy years.

' On the other hand suppose 100 cases of the same disease *not* ' operated on. None die under the surgeon's knife, and 100 ' live  $3\frac{1}{2}$  years of painful existence each. The total is 350 years ' of illness.

' All that the honest surgeon is responsible for is, that the ' prizes which he offers to the competition of his patient, shall be ' bona fide, and the sum of value far exceeding the deposits ' which he exacts."

In 1865 he gave an address to the Hunterian Society, choosing for his subject a quaint expression of Sydenham, " The advance

of Physic," meaning by Physic not medicine, but the study of Nature, more particularly human nature, with a view to ameliorating its disabilities.

It is pregnant of all his future ideals, to the development of which future years were to be devoted:—Medical Books and Journalism, Medical Education and examinations, the general practitioner and the specialist, medical history and biography, even the holidays of a doctor, all came within the scope of this address.

"How best can the human mind be kept resilient, youthful, energetic, through the longest series of years?"

"The whole difference between a man of genius and other men, it has been said a thousand times and truly, is that the first remains in great part a child, seeing with the large eyes of children, in perpetual wonder, not conscious of much knowledge—conscious rather of infinite ignorance and yet infinite power—a fountain of eternal admiration, delight and creative force within him, meeting the ocean of visible and governable things around him."

"With regard to 'Physic' we have as yet only laid the foundation stones of that temple, 'To the Glory of God and the Good of man's estate.' Chief among our means is the increased use of the pen and of the printing press. A book written with an honest simplicity of purpose, telling in plain language what we have seen or done, is still the greatest boon which any one of us can confer on the profession. There are few books which have not some germs of truth, and which do not effect some good. There is no fear from a superfluity of books,—a little extra employment given to the trade, and there the matter ends. The public and the press will know how to deal with a useless book.

Both Hunter and Sydenham used to run down reading and books, yet both published copiously. Let us follow their examples, not their precepts. When asked by a student what books he should read Sydenham would say 'Read Don Quixote, sir.'"

Turning to education and examinations the two were not necessarily connected.

"Examinations have associated the pure name of medical science, with memories of laborious cramming and of hated tasks; whereas knowledge is her own reward, and the human mind works best when untrammelled. All true work must be perfectly voluntary.

In our examinations for a medical Diploma we have examined in book-knowledge only. We must come to adopt a system of examinations with the patient before us.

"We must give up compulsory attendance at lectures. If attendance were voluntary the lectures would improve in quality. A healthy rivalry between professors would be set up."

Turning to specialization in the medical profession (he was always opposed to it), this "specialist in all medicine," as Prof. Herkheimer of Frankfort called him, says :—

"Our existing specialists are chiefly founded on groupings. (1) 'According to the organ or part affected, and this is arbitrary and unnatural, or (2) according to cause, and this presupposes diagnosis. The human body is one whole. Year by year the specialist loses hold of the general knowledge he acquired in early life, and his range of investigation becomes narrower.

'The special part of Ophthalmic medicine and surgery is small, and can be easily taught and acquired : but the general part is large and necessitates familiarity with the whole range of Pathology and therapeutics.

'Specialists are not a modern invention.

'We have got rid of bone-setters, water casters and worm-doctors.

'The absurd distinction between Surgeon and Physician is fast falling before a general recognition that the two departments are one. The introduction of Chloroform has thrown the practice of operative surgery open to all."

He regretted the comparative neglect in the present day of the study of medical biography and medical history (he treated this special branch of History and biography with the same thoroughness as he did general history, drawing up elaborate "space for time" charts to illustrate it at a glance) :—

"No knowledge is so likely to enhance our zeal as familiarity with what has been done. The students of 'Physic' should delight to contemplate the heroism in another sphere, of men like Harvey, Haller and Hunter. We should study original documents of medical history."

He illustrated this precept by a leader in the British Medical Journal in 1870 in which he told the story of a case in which a young man was hanged for murder after his sweetheart had died in hospital under an operation to the head. The young man had been one of a group of men at a time that a stone was thrown, which hit the girl ; but there was no evidence that he had thrown it ; or that she had not died of the operation. He treated it somewhat as Browning treated his "Ring and the Book," looked at from the medical point of view. We may be somewhat relieved that his precept is not likely to be followed, or many a gruesome story might be unearthed. But it illustrates the extraordinary discursiveness of his mind.

This address to the Hunterian Society is very long but not too technical. It is comprehensive and encouraging. Its very characteristic propositions, now as early as 1865 definitely put

forward, find many echoes in later addresses, in which they are more fully worked out, as e.g. at Ryde in 1881, at Leeds in 1885, at Reading in 1893, and on examinations at Liverpool in 1895. But nowhere are they so freshly presented as in this first challenge to accepted ways. It ends in a lighter vein on holidays :—"frequent resort to the sea, the mountain and the moor. A healthy tone of mind and body is essential to scientific success."

It was at this time that his own success was imperilled by constant sick headaches, due probably to want of exercise and bracing air, and late hours of work ; and he soon determined to get the family away to longer holidays at Frensham and Haslemere, to the moorland country that was after his heart ; and to join them whenever possible for week-ends. He seldom had long holidays with them, but would get away for Saturday and Sunday, possibly Monday, throughout the summer months, spending his time in shooting or rough country walking. At Christmas also he would get away to Dover or Niton etc , and he went several walking tours with Dr. Jackson.

In January 1865 he won the Astley Cooper prize of £300 for an essay, "On injuries of the head and their treatment."

His wife writes :—"Jonathan was writing his prize essay on injuries to the head, and all the household was enlisted at times, and were highly interested in its successful issue. I think it must have been very clever, and really a great work, though there were no other competitors. It had to be sent in by the first of January, and I remember being perched up on a high stool, putting in the illustrations to the very large book, up to the time of its being taken away in a cab to Guy's Hospital. Mr. Tay took it at midnight of the 1st and we all sat round the fire awaiting his return. I think we had rather a solemn drinking of healths to it—and then we all went to bed. I soon found my baby was running a race with the essay, but did not win. He was born on the 2nd and the doctor was sent for not many hours after the essay went."

In October of that year the prize was awarded at Guy's Hospital.

Dr. Jackson was the first to see the advertisement of it, and sent it to his friend, writing on it in his undecipherable hand :—"I fancy I could write an essay on it. There ought to be two prizes, one for an essay written out of one's own consciousness to be called 'The Camel Prize.' If I am ever rich I will found 'a Camel Prize,' in memory of our frequent conversations on the subject. Please to tear this off." But it never was torn off,

nor the promise fulfilled. Dr Jackson's writing, in striking contrast to J. Hutchinson's was very bad, and difficult to read. One morning, after the latter had had a stroke, the symptoms of which he was duly recording, testing the hand writing of both hands, he writes in a very wobbly hand the exercise, "better than Dr. Jackson's at his best" In a beautiful leather-bound quarto, which he gave to his wife at their marriage, he wrote out on unlined paper a number of his favourite poems. They constitute a work apart for beauty of penmanship, perfectly regular without being mechanical, not at all like a writing copy, but full of character and beauty, and without a mistake. They constitute a wonderful key to character, and are interesting in comparison with that of Prof. Gairdner of Edinburgh (a fine hand) where the lines get shorter and the margin bigger as the letter proceeds; with that of Sir James Paget which maintains a perfect regularity under all circumstances illustrative of his unfailing balance; and that of Hughlings Jackson, picturesque, almost beautiful, but defiant of every rule of orthography, and *most* difficult to read. There was something ponderous and solid about that of Hutchinson, and an absence of flourish, though he wrote so much that he sometimes both wrote and spelt badly.

In 1865 Dr. Jackson was married. The event is recorded elsewhere in the story of their friendship.

In 1868 at the Annual Meeting of the British Medical Association at Oxford he first instituted a Medical Museum, advocating it in the Journal of the British Medical Association. The local officers of the association took up the subject, found rooms which were rather remote and proved too small, but the result was a great success, and has been continued year after year since.

Jonathan Hutchinson worked hard for it before and at the time, and afterwards to suggest various improvements. He contributed most of the drawings of Pathological subjects, which were the most striking feature of the museum, Drs. Hermann Weber, Hughlings Jackson, Clifford Allbutt of Leeds and Morell Mackenzie, all exhibited. It was much larger than was expected, and suffered from crowding. "I gained information I could have gained nowhere else and was amply repaid for my time," he writes after. It is his first attempt at forming museums.

His connection with the British Medical Association was very intimate, and continued all his life. After his death in 1913, at the Council of the Association a resolution was passed—

all members standing—"That Jonathan Hutchinson had been the moving spirit of the Association at Oxford in 1868 of the Pathological Museum, which now forms so valuable a part of the Annual Meeting." At our Annual Meetings he was president of the section of Surgery in 1876, of that of Dermatology in 1890, and gave the address in Surgery in 1881 and again in 1895."

The Southern branch of the Association refers to "the inestimable benefits he has conferred on mankind in every branch of science."

In 1869 he was to become still more intimately connected with the Association. Mr. Ernest Hart, the able editor of the Journal, temporarily retired from his labours in that year, and Jonathan Hutchinson took it on. He thoroughly enjoyed it—he was a born journalist and had no difficulty in writing his leaders week by week, working up his favourite projects, and enlivening them here and there with a quotation from Browning or Wordsworth. The leaders are very good reading, and display a versatility of interests which is surprising in one who was by no means *only* an editor by profession. All medical subjects such as the Constitution of the College of Surgeons, Public Health, Medical Reform, Hospital Architecture (he favours plainness and economy), Listerism (the rumour of the doings at Glasgow were at the time leaking through to London), Antivivisection, Medical examinations, "Syphilography for Ladies (a scornful reference to an article in the Westminster Review in which he quotes Mrs. Browning:—"I would be bold to look into the swarthiest face of things"), Malthusianism and Over-population, Pediculosis (diseases from lice), Davy's great discovery of Faraday (he has in the back of his mind his own great discovery of Hughlings Jackson), ending up the year 1869 with "Ars Longa," a review of the year.

The New Year starts off just as vigorously with "Medical Ethics, Chloroform Accidents (he was largely an advocate of Ether), State regulation of vice (in which he stood on the Reformer's platform with Josephine Butler, and in opposition to many of his profession). He would insist that the interests of the sexes are identical. He saw both sides, but decided to take the side of morality.

Later he discusses Temperance and total Abstinence. We have seen that in his younger days he had been a firm advocate of total Abstinence (following in the footsteps of his father), but owing to headache and loss of health, he had experimented in drugs and alcohol during his early London days, and had

decided very definitely in favour of the latter ; beer at first, and later wine : a decision from which he never swerved ; and openly advocated it for *men*. He was always of opinion that women and children did not need alcohol, but that a man living at pressure, with perhaps insufficient exercise, would be in far more vigorous mental and bodily health with the aid of a little wine. He came to that conclusion with much reluctance, and after much experimentation. He wrote out his experiences and reasons for the change, carefully ; but had no doubt whatever that he was right in making it.

His leaders in the "B. M. J." include such subjects as "Hospitals and the abuse of Medical Charity," "Lady Surgeons" (he was strongly opposed to their admission into the profession), and the honour that would be done to the Medical Profession if Sir James Simpson were buried in Westminster Abbey. The Dean was approached and he at once acceded to the proposal, but the wishes of the family intervened. "It is to be hoped that among a crowd of poets, politicians, philosophers and warriors, a resting place in our Abbey may now and then be found for a hero of Medicine."

The subjects which we have enumerated above are only a portion of those that he was prepared to write upon, and write strongly, taking a definite side on all occasions. In fact he was a protagonist in such causes as Medical defence, Vaccination, Vivisection, State Control of Vice and the question of Women Doctors ; and if a fighting speech was wanted, he was put up to make it in any of these causes. He was also generally to be found in the ranks of reform of those who would attack the ancient régime of such venerable institutions as the Royal College of Surgeons, which body he was to serve in several capacities in the future.

Two other favourite projects which he tackled during that year of Editorship quite apart from leading articles were (1) the Students' Library and (2) Museum Notes.

In (1) he ventures on the big task of advising the student what books to read in every branch of his studies. He says, "Read well, develop a good appetite for knowledge ; mental food taken without relish is rarely digested.

"It is little good trying to cram information before the mind has appreciated its want. In the dissecting room and the ward the student should seek difficulties which his books will solve. It is his object to obtain a real practical knowledge of his subjects, not to become a mere book-man. To do this he must combine the *study of things* with the use of *books* for their elucidation."

In (2) "Museum Notes," he shows his extraordinary power of observation, and greediness for abstruse knowledge. Week by week he gives a kind of descriptive label of some rare case exhibited in the museums of Netley, Leeds, Bristol, Paris and Dublin. They are the things that have interested him, and of which in the course of his observant travelling, he has copied out sufficiently fully to reproduce in his Journal, in the hope of instilling a similar zeal for objective education in his readers. It is like a small instalment of his Archives of Surgery, or his Clinical museum.

In July 1870 the Editorship came to an end, though his hand is to be seen later in its Editorials. He was very reluctant to give it up and writes to his wife.

"I do not think I shall give up the Journal just yet. It seems to me to be too important a means of useful influence; and I shall, by the plan of taking holidays and of getting others to work in it, manage it a little longer."

In October 1869 he had referred to the possibility of Syphilis infection through vaccination and had said that English and German Authorities agree that the danger was almost non-existent; but two years later a very serious case occurred in which eleven out of thirteen vaccinated adults developed vaccino-syphilis, and Jonathan Hutchinson was appointed by the Inspector of Vaccination to investigate the matter. He was a strong advocate of compulsory vaccination, and also the greatest living authority on Syphilis, and his decision would be keenly watched by the anti-vaccinationists. He was congratulated on all hands for the boldness which he showed in bringing forward the case. Nothing could be gained by concealing anything. He treated the patients with mercury and black wash and the sores were healed. None of them presented permanent syphilitic disorders of the skin. The result of his report and of his later publications has been the decision to vaccinate with lymph taken from the calf, not the child.

In 1872 he gave his second introductory address at the London Hospital insisting that the study of physical laws was not inimical to the growth of the higher moral faculties such as reverence and faith.

"We mistake the real basis of these moral faculties. True insight into things as they are cannot possibly be prejudicial to our trust and confidence in things as they will be. Teachings from Nature supplement the teachings derived from revelation, by demonstrating the true relations of the past to the present, and of the present to the future. The mind trained to scientific pursuits



'has little difficulty in believing that the same laws obtain in the  
'the moral world, as in the physical. Natural science was the study  
'of facts, and of truth. There was no sort of danger in it. It  
'would strengthen all their nobler faculties both mental and moral.  
'The genius of knowledge was no sceptic''

Jonathan Hutchinson, in methods of argument, was vigorously persuasive but not controversial. He was never personal, nor did he attack the opinions of others, or expose them to ridicule. He put forward his own firmly and vigorously, and left them to work. Throughout the record of his connection with the Medical Journals, constantly as he is in the front rank on all the burning questions of the day, Women Doctors, Vaccination, Vivisection and questions of Medical Politics there is only one instance of his personally attacking his (anonymous) opponent, and then only because his opponent would not disclose his personality

"There is still a little hope for your correspondent. He has  
'clearly some grace left, enough indeed to make him ashamed of  
'what he has written, and to lead him to suppress his name."

The cause for this biting satire was a suggestion that Special Hospitals, one of which Jonathan Hutchinson was supporting, were founded to advertize their practitioners.

On the question of women doctors (in 1876) a certain "Phila-lethes" attacked him rather scornfully with an array of statistics, but was warned off by another correspondent.

"Phila-lethes would be wise to study the facts on which he writes,  
'before he ventures to attack such a giant in argument, such an  
'accomplished reasoner, as Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson."

Once in 1875 when in an educative frame of mind, he asked his little daughter aged four "If you were a swallow and had made a nice comfy clay nest and a sparrow came and lived there, and turned you away, what would you do?" "I should fly away and get a big knife and chop his head off," came the prompt reply. "A truly Hutchinsonian answer," he comments. But if such were inherited tendencies in controversy, they had been in control too many generations to show themselves in the Professor. "Don't let yourself be dragged into controversy," he would say to his son later in life, very earnestly. And if one is inclined to think that he allowed his disciples to take up the cudgels for him, while he remained in the background, it is equally obvious that he gave to the opinions of the others the same freedom that he asked for his own. He never quoted the opposite side to expose it, except perhaps in an indirect way.

Progress must in any case be slow and we could afford to be patient.

“Leave time for dogs and apes, Man has forever.” he would constantly quote, while he worked steadily forward. In theological questions he quoted the opposite side very occasionally and only when they agreed with him. That is perhaps the most effective method of argument always. An amusing instance occurred late in life in the Leprosy controversy, when he was constantly taunted with standing like John the Baptist alone in the wilderness or like one of the Prophets.

The Medical adviser to the Colonial office had—

“Avowed his disbelief in the contagiousness of Leprosy, and now ‘he adds that in some indirect way fish is undoubtedly associated ‘with leprosy; and, further, that leprosy and tuberculosis are ‘similar diseases. He and I therefore differ only as to the greater ‘or less directness of the association of fish with leprosy, and as he ‘declines to be considered one of my disciples I can only say that I ‘am proud to profess myself one of his.”

Nothing illustrates his supreme self-command so well as his bearing throughout the leprosy controversy

## ANTISEPTIC SURGERY AND ANÆSTHETICS

Professor Lister's work for Antiseptic Surgery began in Glasgow in 1865, and its results were announced two years later.

Between 1867 and 1870 he wrote seven papers on the subject dealing with its broad principles, as well as his own special details of application. Visitors to Glasgow saw his success with their own eyes.

In September 1870 appeared an editorial in the British Medical Journal from the pen of Jonathan Hutchinson called, "The Carbolic Acid treatment of wounds."

"The rare combination of enthusiasm in prosecuting the enquiry, and of caution in deducing the results, which Prof. Lister has himself shown, is a quality which we must all admire, and which, as far as we individually can, we should seek to imitate. Whether Carbolic Acid be the precise agent most suited to the purpose, and whether the details adopted at Glasgow be those precisely best for its application, are questions upon which we can well afford to suspend our judgment.

'It is, we believe, chiefly from disciples, and not from himself, that strong statements have emanated. Let us do all we can to master the principles involved, and be in no hurry at all to take sides in its discussion.

'Many inconveniences will result if the plan recently carried out at Glasgow, and which includes much detail and several original proposals, be still spoken of as 'Lister's method.' Of antiseptic plans and suggestions we have had many. Plans for exclusion of air, use of lotions supposed to disinfect wounds, alcohol, solution of chloride of zinc, immersion treatment, and many others have from time to time claimed attention and received it. The Surgeons at the Middlesex Hospital, for instance, some years ago, tried chloride of zinc largely, and spoke very highly of its success.

'It is nearly thirty years ago since Sir Jas. Simpson urged the danger of contagion from surgeon's instruments (saws, etc.), to wounds made by them, and urged precautions. All these and many others are 'antiseptic methods'; and that this epithet should be applied to one only, will be both unfair and very inconsistent.

'What is 'Lister's Method?'

'We believe that it is founded on the belief :—(1) That the chief cause of the suppurative inflammation of wounds, abscess cavities, etc., is the contact of air, and that the deleterious influence of air is

'not that of air as an inorganic compound, but as the solvent and vehicle of certain living elements (germs if you like) which cause the decomposition of animal fluids, and render them poisonous; and (2) That carbolic acid is one of the most convenient and efficient contagion destroyers.

'Lister advocates that air shall not be allowed access to wounds when it can be excluded and if it cannot be excluded that it be disinfected by carbolic acid; and that the surgeon's instruments, fingers, ligatures, etc., be similarly disinfected by Carbolic Acid.

'Now it is quite possible that the germ theory is true only to a small extent, and in reference to specific animal poisons; and it may be that air is an excitant of suppuration independently of any germs that it may contain, and yet the line of practice be excellent.

'There is not a single one of Lister's detailed precautions which, however useless, can possibly be injurious. All surgeons have long ago been agreed as to the desirability of excluding air; and few can doubt the value of Carbolic Acid in preventing cell-growth.

'It may be that some of these detailed precautions will be thought "superfluous." But Carbolic Acid will not lose its reputation unless superseded by something better. Whether this will be done by preventing inflammation, or destroying germs, may be open to doubt. It is very desirable that we should keep all possibilities in mind."

It does not appear from this article that the London doctors were apathetic to Lister's work at Glasgow, even in its beginning. In the year that this leader appeared, Lister went to Edinburgh, where he occupied the chair of Clinical Surgery for the next eight years, and where he elaborated and promulgated his new system.

In 1870 appeared another leader in the B. M. Journal by Jonathan Hutchinson called "the uses of Carbolic acid" again advocating Lister's process.

In 1874 Jonathan Hutchinson took for his Clinical lecture the subject:—"The Hospital plagues, Erysipelas, Pyæmia, Septicæmia and Hospital Gangrene."

He lays stress on cleanliness of hands and instruments, but there is nothing about antiseptics.

"The contagion may cling about the hands of the surgeon for days together, in spite of repeated washing, or his coat cuffs may be the domicile. The hands of the nurse, the dresser, and the operating surgeon, without any unusual degree of carelessness may become the means of conveying contagion."

The following year 1875 the subject was introduced before the British Medical Association, and a long paper read by Dr. Bastian. Jonathan Hutchinson spoke during the discussion,

referring to "the remarkable success which has attended Mr. Callender at St. Bartholomew's and Mr. Lister at Edinburgh."

"I believe that I myself have had as good results, from remedies 'calculated to repress inflammatory action, as any that I have read 'or seen in the hands of those who attempt to prevent putrefaction."

In 1877 Prof. Lister came to Kings College, London, and in 1879 was acclaimed with unprecedented enthusiasm at the International Congress of Medical Science at Amsterdam. The whole assembly rose to their feet with deafening and repeated rounds of cheers, waving of hats and handkerchiefs.

At a very large meeting of the British Medical Association a few months later there was a full-dress debate of the whole question of Antiseptic Surgery, at which Mr. MacCormac\* introduced the question.

Lister was present, and spoke very well, and, immediately after, Hutchinson proposed the adjournment of the meeting. At the adjourned meeting the President, Mr. John Wood spoke, rather against the exclusive claims of Lister. Both came from the same Medical School, i.e., Kings College. Wood did not accept the bacterial theory. Under Callender and Savory the simple treatment (with water, etc.) at St. Bartholomew's, the methods showed statistics with only a fractional difference from Prof. Lister's.

"Upon this tide came the wave of antisepticism and topping the 'wave was the foamy crest of Listerism. Perhaps my metaphor will 'be more correct if I say the spray of Listerism. Of this wave and 'of this spray we took at King's College Hospital the fullest advantage."

Jonathan Hutchinson followed the president, approving of Mr. MacCormac's paper and of Prof. Lister's speech. Lister's methods obtained results not otherwise obtainable.

"Even the details of Mr. Lister's plan are essential to success."

"My surgical memory easily goes back to the earliest periods of 'the movement which has resulted in a splendid reform of operative 'surgery. Foremost was Sir Jas. Simpson. Spencer Wells, in the 'Medical Times and Gazette, brought to light the facts of operation 'mortality.

'While Listerism was being developed, other and very important 'hospital reforms were in progress. Isolation wards in every 'hospital, catgut ligatures, carbolic lotions, chloride of zinc, spirits 'of wine, iodine, terebene, being largely employed."

"The statistics of St. Bartholomew's brought forward by Mr. 'Callender and by Mr. Savory prove that Listerism is not essential.

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\*Sir Wm MacCormac, Bart, (1836-1901), President College of Surgeons, 1896-1900

‘ Mr. Bryant has mentioned his results, and I have often referred to mine.

‘ At the London one of my colleagues has employed Lister’s methods, but his mortality has never been lower than my own. We have used some other antiseptic—Mr. Callender and Mr. Savory Carbolic Oil, Mr. Bryant Iodine and Terebene, myself spirits of wine and lead.

‘ An exaggerated impression of the injurious effects of common air has got about.”

He ends up with a fine eulogium of Lister :—

“ There can however be but one opinion as to the gratitude due from mankind to the genius, perseverance, and enthusiasm to which we owe it.”

Sir James Paget followed :—

“ Of all the improvements achieved in surgery during my knowledge, this improvement in the mortality after operations is the greatest, and, without doubt, he who has most contributed to it, is Prof. Lister. I only doubt whether he has done more good by antiseptic treatment, than by provoking others to do their best in other ways.”

So ended the historic discussion—a friendly rivalry of the ablest men in the kingdom for the good of mankind. That Jonathan Hutchinson was, from the very commencement of the movement for Antiseptic Surgery, a keen student, and a leader in practice is evident.

The other great triumph of Surgery during those days, i.e., Anæsthetics, we have referred to before. This will appeal to the public perhaps more than the other, not because it enables many more and much more difficult (rather impossible without it), operations to be performed, but because it has to a large extent conquered the terror of pain. The subject of Anæsthetics had also been followed by Hutchinson from its commencement. He had seen one of the earliest operations under chloroform performed in York Hospital in 1849, only a month or two after Jas. Simpson had used it in Edinburgh; and he had been familiar with its use ever since. In his early London days, when reporting cases for the Medical Times and Gazette, he had attended in the operating theatres of the various hospitals.

“ I witnessed more deaths from Chloroform than have probably fallen under the observation of any one else. I studied and recorded every case that came to my knowledge. Since then I have habitually read the reports of all deaths from anæsthetics.”

He goes on to express his preference for Ether over Chloroform, except for the very young and old.

THE MEDICAL SOCIETIES

We have chosen the year 1878, his fiftieth year, perhaps somewhat arbitrarily, as the climax of his life. A great many of his letters date from this time, and give us the impression of earnest reconsideration of life's problems. The way had led uphill so far. In a sense it would lead downhill henceforth. He rejoiced in the engagement of his eldest child, and that was symptomatic of change. The most strenuous up-hill work was of the past, the publication of that work in lecture and book was in the future. Honours also were in the future. Active work on the London Hospital staff was not to cease until five years later, but that had been continued a second period of ten years after his temporary resignation in 1873.

A constant stream of papers was to flow forth at the meetings of the London Medical Societies as heretofore, and also at the Annual meetings of the British Medical Association.

The highest pinnacle of fame as a lecturer was reached in 1879, when he became Hunterian Professor in Surgery and Pathology at the Royal College of Surgeons. In the same year he was elected on the council of that body. He also became president of the Pathological Society of London.

The Hunterian Professorship was held for five years. The course of six lectures delivered in June 1881 is published under the title, "The Pedigree of Disease," on "Temperament, Idiosyncrasy and Diathesis." Their author is described in the B. M. Journal as—

"a surgeon who has taken the trouble to observe and collect facts, as well as to teach, practise and operate. It serves as a model of English composition, nowhere disfigured by pedantic and unscholarly words and expressions. A modern hospital surgeon must be a man of intellectual capacities, as well as of manual dexterity, as *e.g.*, Hunter, Astley Cooper, Brodie, Paget and Hutchinson."

In 1875 he had published his "Illustrations of Clinical Surgery," a large folio "Atlas" as it is sometimes called, which was completed in five separate publications in 1875, 78, 79, 83 and 84. It met with a ready sale in America and Germany, as well as in England; and is still of great value after fifty years. It consists of lithographic plates drawn by Mr. Burgess, the artist, for Jonathan Hutchinson. Burgess for many years made

his entire living working for Hutchinson at Hospitals and at Cavendish Square. It was greeted from the first by the press very favourably.

"It is long since an undertaking so creditable to British surgery has been commenced. There are few surgeons who have had the opportunity or the zeal or liberality, of which a rare combination is necessary, to have collected such a magnificent portfolio. It will constitute one of the finest classics of British surgery."

He republished this in a handier form as "A smaller Atlas," in 1895.

He returned to the same subject in his Archives of Surgery, which reached ten volumes, and extended from 1889 to 1900. They were all written by himself, although published under the ægis of the New Sydenham Society, and are an enduring monument of his industry, persistency, and capacity for observing. Reviewing the work in 1889 the British Medical Journal says :—

"But why are they not simply *Mr. Hutchinson's* archives for they are limited to his work only, and probably will be?"

He had a strong committee of the N.S.S. to advise in their publication however.

The contemplation of the big work of the Archives would naturally lead us on to consider the whole subject of his later work for the dissemination of Clinical knowledge through illustrations, more particularly through Clinical museums; which led to his efforts to persuade the Royal College of Surgeons to extend the Hunterian Collection, so as to form a Clinical Museum worthy of the Metropolis; to his tentative Clinical Museum at Park Crescent, and finally to the Post-graduate Polyclinic Museum at Chenies St.

It will probably be most convenient however to postpone the subject of Medical museums to a later chapter, and to finish this reference to his Clinical Atlas and Archives, by quoting the opinion uttered by the American Medical Association of him as "The greatest clinician of this or probably of any other age" (the word "Clinician" here simply means, "All-round doctor."). There is little more to be said of his other medical works, except his important work on Syphilis, published by Cassell and Co. in 1887. Throughout his career he had studied and written on this disease, and had come to be looked on as one of the foremost syphilologists of the time; one who had advanced knowledge of, and capacity to cure, a disease which had hitherto been looked on as baffling the surgeon's skill. It is an important book of 530 pages. It was seven times reprinted



between 1887 and 1899, and a second edition, much enlarged and largely rewritten in the light of recent knowledge—the organism of syphilis having in the meantime been discovered—was published in 1909, in his 81st year.

The 1887 Edition was published in Philadelphia in the same year, and translated and published in Germany shortly after.

Of the range and extent of his medical work the following extracts from letters written after his death bear witness :—

Dr Abbott writes :—I have for many years held him to be the foremost man in both the surgical and medical professions.

Dr. Herrman .—He was a repository of unequalled knowledge and experience of the rarest forms of disease.

E C.E. Luckes :—He was known as the “ universal specialist.”

Edward Bendoc :—the greatest of all our physicians and surgeons is no longer with us

Sir Hugh Lett :—What a giant in the surgical world he was !

Sir Wm. Osler :—He has written his name deep in the history of his much loved profession

J. J. F. Knight.—When I was in Frankfort, Professor Herkheimer asked me if I knew him and then said, “ Ah ! he is a wonderful man, I think he is a specialist in all medicine.

One after another the Medical Societies of London chose Jonathan Hutchinson to fill the responsible office of President. In his early days he was, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, president of the Abernethian Society. In 1869 he presided over the Hunterian, in 1879 over the Pathological, and in 1883 over the Ophthalmological. Then in 1887 he was president of the Neurological, in 1890 of the Medical, and in 1894 of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society. Such an unprecedented list speaks of his many-sidedness. He was a Specialist in all branches of his profession. He was good at delivering an address, full of new ideas for the activities of these Societies in the direction of collecting, printing, classifying etc. He was a ready debater at a moment's notice, willing to champion any unpopular cause, and uncompromising in his attitude if he felt he was right—a good fighter. He was quite at home in all aspects of the public life of a doctor, an advocate of the protection of any member of the profession who found himself menaced by the law.

In fulfilment of his duties as a President he was a willing host, and in his town house, and beautiful estate at Haslemere, a proud entertainer. Such a list of presidencies has probably never been approached. Many a worthy man would be happy to be President of any one of these Societies.

And they were no sinecures. He used his honours to stimulate study and thought among the members. Thus in 1879 we find him in his inaugural address to the Pathological Society advocating objective and earnest study in youth.

“ One of the most certain ways of judging of the Intellectual ‘ tone of a community is by observing to what extent its members ‘ have developed a reverence for the facts of nature, and we may ‘ measure the degree of such development by the care with which ‘ museums have been collected and arranged.

‘ We must co-operate to collect, observe, analyze and reflect in ‘ the best way we can.” And he instances the co-operation of Jenner Cavendish and Hunter (over a portion of hog’s intestine), chemically tested by Cavendish, after having been procured by Jenner and described—compared and reflected upon—by the immortal Hunter.

He goes on to advocate the special aim of the Society to bring forward its young men.

“ It is 27 years since I was elected a member,” (only six years ‘ after the foundation of the Society). I hope the genius of the ‘ Society will always encourage and reward work done early ‘ in life. It is then that the faculties for observation are ‘ brightest, and the zest for knowledge the most keen. Our motto ‘ is ‘ *Nec mors silet.*’ For us ‘ Death becomes eloquent ‘ The ‘ tree of Science is deciduous, and the ordinance which, while it ‘ gives to the weary rest, ever brings forward a new generation ‘ free from the trammels of old opinions and fresh for new fields ‘ of work, must ever be regarded as in the main a friend.”

The highest point of his positions of honour was reached in 1889-90, when he became President of the Royal College of Surgeons.

He had been on the Council of the College since 1879, and had been examiner since 1880. The presidency entailed more speechifying and entertaining, and was not an enviable position. He resigned it after one year, instead of serving four years as had been usual. One has a lurking feeling that, absolutely, at home as he was in Lincoln’s Inn Fields, familiar with every responsibility and office which the College could offer him, he was too much of a reformer, of an innovator to get on perfectly with so august a body as the Royal College of Surgeons. He felt himself in the direct line of John Hunter. Was he not the pupil of Paget who had overhauled the Hunterian Collection? He was a Clinician, an observer and classifier of disease in the living subject, and he wanted to direct the purpose of the Museum of the College into the direction of Clinical illustration than

Anatomy or even Pathology. In this he failed, and in later years he tried to do himself what he could not persuade the College to do. In 1888, the year before his presidency, he had delivered the Bradshaw lecture at the College, on "Museums in their relation to Medical Education, and the progress of knowledge." And the year after his presidency he delivered the Hunterian Oration, again emphasizing the importance of Objective, that is to say Museum, Education. Two months later he offered to the College his great collection of Clinical Illustrations, the originals from which had been printed his "Clinical Atlas." It was a magnificent and unique collection, but it was declined. If ever Jonathan Hutchinson could be said to be disappointed, he was so by the action of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1891. But disappointment was not in his philosophy, and he faced the reality that the refusal of others to shoulder responsibility opened the door for larger work for himself.

## *Chap. XII.*

### A HOLIDAY CHAPTER, GERMANY AND DENMARK

A long Journal by his wife tells the story of an expedition to the Continent in April and May of 1872. They visited Aix-la-Chapelle, Berlin, Leipsig, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Munich, Nuremberg, Salzburg, Wiesbaden and Cologne. Jonathan visited all the hospitals which he could find, usually early in the morning; while his wife visited churches and picture galleries, sketched, and wrote. They were the guests of Dr. Brancke in Aix-la-Chapelle, Dr. Hitzig in Berlin, and of Dr. Hebra in Vienna.

It was only a year after the end of the Franco-German War, and they witnessed the abnormal prosperity of Germany. There were plenty of "heroes," glittering in their military accoutrements. They saw many notabilities, Moltke among them, and at the opera—*Die Zauberflöte*—saw the German Crown Prince and four of his children—

"pleasant looking children especially the 2nd girl. One of the boys was rather like his father, the other had a look of our queen's family."

A characteristic record is from Berlin.

"We reached home (Mrs. Hitzig and I) just as Jonathan was setting out for the Bethanien (Hospital) to fetch some bones for me to draw. He rode so I went with him, had a long wait at the Hospital, and were very late for table d'hôte. After it, staid in, and began the bones. J. wrote, and we had tea in our own room, and felt quite snug."

"Friday, 13th Ap., Berlin. After breakfast in our own room, to work at the bones till 11½, when I went to the New Picture Gallery, etc.

'Saturday 14th. Finished the bones. Dr. Brandes called and took J. off.

'Later, Tuesday 23rd, Vienna. To dinner at Prof. Hebra's in the evening, very kind and hospitable. One of his sons Victor is really beautiful. There was a grand-daughter there, but not being well she was shy, and would not let me nurse her. The Prof. is a fine despot, I should think; and I felt a little afraid of him. He would have us explain what Quakers were; and on being told they had no priesthood he exclaimed, 'Ha, ha, that is good,—no priests that is the thing. I am a Quaker. We are all Quakers in Vienna'

As the tour wore on the strenuousness of visiting all the hospitals, beginning at 6 o'clock in the morning generally,

lessened ; and they enjoyed the pictures at Munich, the grand old City Architecture of Nuremberg, and the mountain and lake scenery round Salzburg. The Rhine, which of course they did by boat, was a joy ; especially its castles.

It was many years before they would go such a tour again, when in 1884 they went to Corsica.

The year following the German tour the two eldest daughters went for a year's education to Hanover ; and were fetched back by their father with his eldest son, Jonathan, then fourteen years old. The party of four came home via Denmark.

A letter from Jonathan to his daughters in Germany combines the daily tragedies of the nursery, with the philosophy of the "Porch," linked together by museum education. It was a favourite request by the boys in those days to be taken to a museum because it meant getting off school.

The letters from Denmark explain themselves.

J. H. to J. E. H.

4, Finsbury Circus,

Jan. 17, 1874.

To his daughter in Germany.

To-day we have only the five boys at home, for Miss Ursula has gone on a visit. She went off in a state of great importance. It is her first visit from home, and I expect she will be quite glad to come back. We shall miss her, she is such a lively little puss. You would have been greatly amused to hear a conversation which I overheard between her and Bertie the other day.

*Bertie*, with great emphasis, "You know it isn't fair, baby and I won't have it any longer. I won't always be blamed for what you do ! You know they always lay the blame on me !"

*Ursula*, meekly, "Yes."

*Bertie* : "And I won't have it, it's too bad, you know you broke Roger's horse and they blamed me for it."

*Ursula* : "Yes, I did it Bertie.

*Bertie*, still trying to be emphatic but somewhat mollified by her meek candour, "Yes you did and it's a horrid shame, baby, and I don't choose to have it any longer ! They never blame you at all !"

*Ursula*, apparently conscious of the unfairness of the matter, but well satisfied with the arrangement on the whole, "No, they don't !" So you will see the kind of footing she manages to maintain amongst us.

Yesterday afternoon we (the boys and I) went to the Bethnal Green Museum, and carefully examined the food specimens which much interested them. Two weeks ago we managed to get an hour at the British Museum. I wanted them to see a mummy that they might

realize what is said about Joseph, "And they embalmed him and put him in a coffin in Egypt." Bertie (act. 5) asked me afterwards, "Papa, don't you think that Joseph is in one of them."

I am interested in what you say about the Jews (at school), and glad that you do not share in the prejudice against them. John reports that almost half the boys at University College School are Jews. I am always much interested in observing their character, and I know a great many. It is very remarkable, though perhaps not more so than what has happened to the Greeks, that the race which produced the poem of Job should now write no more. Probably there are no compositions so sublime as theirs. I think it is very desirable that we should somewhat cultivate our perception of the sublime, that is, that we should occasionally give ourselves to really feel the immensity of space, the immeasurable distances which are around us, and the most marvellous facts in relation to our personal existence in time.

You will find the Jews very strong in their family attachments. I believe that they are always kind to each other, and very proud of their children, as far as I have seen the children are always very affectionate to their parents.

With dearest love to Ethel and yourself.

Your very affectionate Father,

JONATHAN HUTCHINSON.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Sunday afternoon, July, 1874.

Kiel.

My Dearest Love,

We think of leaving here at midnight to-morrow by steamer to Copenhagen. On the whole I think we vote Kiel a poor place. It serves one right for not looking up one's geography better. I supposed it is really on the Baltic, whereas it is at the end of an arm of the sea so long that we have no sight at all of the ocean. It is the Portsmouth of Germany, and has a fine and very busy harbour but nothing specially attractive. I do not tell the children so, but I think we are all a little disappointed. However, I came not to see the place but to see Professor Esmarch and the Hospital. These I shall do to-morrow, and take the children to the Museums. Kiel is not large, and not grand at all. It is an old place, one of the oldest of the Hanseatic League.

We had a beautiful morning at Hamburg. It was bright sun and the Alster lake before the hotel windows looked lovely. We were called at 6.15 and left at 7.30, and had half an hour's drive to Altona, and then a very pleasant 3 hours train journey here. Storks were in the meadows. We came slowly, and like it the better. Nothing approaching the romantic, but it was pretty and green. They are getting on with harvest.

We went in a boat on the Alster yesterday evening without a boatman. It is a little boat, and at first I was timid of my charge, but they

begged to go on, so sacrificing all dignity we kept out of the way of other boats and the little steamers, and just paddled about for our own amusement near the shore.

We got here at twelve, and found to our pleasure that there was an early table d'hôte at 1.30, so strolled round the harbour and then into dinner. We warned Ethel that she must keep the pace, but need not finish everything. They gave plenty of time, did not change a single plate till the bell rang, etc, and she managed admirably, and did not fall behind at all.

She and John stalked off together just as they did in London. We watched dozens of live jelly fish under a bridge here this morning, swimming with the rising tide, with their umbrellas spreading and then shutting in the most beautiful manner.

John is very diligent sketching. We are just going out for the evening.

J H. to J. P. H

Hotel Phoenix, Copenhagen.

July, 1874

My dearest Love,

We have reached Copenhagen, and are just pausing a few minutes between the museums, to send thee a few lines. I am very glad that I have seen Kiel Hospital and Professor Esmarch. The Hospital is one of the best managed in Germany, and altogether I think that Esmarch is one of the best surgeons.

There are no tides on the Baltic and no waves, so we did not find the shore very interesting. The Baltic is not even very salt, and at the margin in some places reeds grow—which make one doubt whether it is sea at all

Later, Copenhagen. We breakfasted, and then set off for the Thorwaldsen Museum, were there from 12.30 to 3, and then returned to table d'hôte. We were delighted with the Thorwaldsen's Museum. It is not too large, and we felt to have seen the whole. He certainly had a very bold and free hand in Sculpture. Thorwaldsen, who thoroughly appreciated his own glory, is buried in a tomb of his own making in the middle of a quadrangle. His grave is covered with ivy. I like Durer's grave and his "emigravit" far better. I like the Danes very much but, after all, I suspect that poetry must come from the Germans, at any rate in its softer and less heroic forms. We are going direct to the Museum of Northern Antiquities for which Copenhagen holds pre-eminence. It is said to be the very best. . . .

I think the children are enjoying it, and that it will be of profit to them; and with this I console myself whenever the quotation, "What doest thou here Elijah?" seems to come to the top. I am very much pleased with the powers of observation which they display.

Thy loving husband,

J. H.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Hotel Phoenix, Copenhagen,

Wed., 4 o'clock, 1874.

My dearest Love,

I collect a unanimous vote that "we hate steamers," and so perhaps I shall indulge the company in a journey overland to Rotterdam, instead of taking the Hamburg packet and the long sea trip. If we do we must get to Rotterdam by Saturday at 5, cross to Harwich, and get to London early on Sunday. This will enable us to be with you by 12 o'clock Sunday. John is naturally the only one who objects: "could we not have another day in Rotterdam to see it?" In reply to this I believe there is no Sunday steamer to Harwich. Do not expect us, but we may turn up.

I tried to call on my friend Dr. Bergh, whom thou wilt perhaps remember at Stootley one Sunday. He was in Germany for three weeks so I could not see him. Dr. Rasmussen, who also was at Haslemere one Sunday was out but I hope to see him at the Hospital to-morrow. Thou disliked Dr. Bergh, I remember. One of his fellow-citizens described him as having a face like a monkey, but "one of the most learned men in Copenhagen." I told him that in England we considered Darwin had a monkeylike physiognomy. Dr. Bergh opposes Darwin, but holds opinions not very dissimilar. It is curious that their faces should be alike but really I do not remember in Dr. Bergh any monkey look. He had a coldly intellectual expression. All the Danes look hard, forcible rather than warm,—a cold grey or blue eye. They assure me that Bergh is dark, but if my memory serves he certainly was fair a year ago, *i.e.*, had not either black hair or brown eyes.

I went to the Hospital this morning, and saw much of interest. The surgeon spoke English and I found amongst his clan a physician from Buenos Ayres, a Dane by birth, who very kindly undertook to be my guide. We drove about all the morning to museums, etc., he as interpreter, and he insisted on paying the cabman as well. I found that I should hurt his feelings if I resisted. Scandinavian politeness far exceeds that of the French. We went up the highest church steeple in Copenhagen this morning, and the principal officer (it is a fire escape office as well as a church) followed us up and brought a telescope for us, stayed with us half-an-hour, and utterly refused to take anything.

Were it not for the Norwich Meeting and the New Sydenham Anniversary, which I must attend, I do not think you would see anything of us for 10 days more. There is a Prehistoric Congress at Stockholm next week, with excursions to various places and most interesting subjects for discussion. The discussions are to be in French, and would be intelligible to some extent. It is a great temptation, and I have all but written to Mr. Tay to ask him to go to Norwich for me, but I scarcely dare. In Denmark everybody is an archeologist, and nothing counts unless it is Prehistoric. The country



is full of memorials of the far distant past, and everyone is interested in them.

The Museum of Northern Antiquities is simply magnificent. Not here an arrowhead and there a clumsily broken fragment of flint, but case after case full of the most efficient-looking implements. It would seem that really they scarcely needed the discovery of bronze or of iron, flint, greenstone, bone and horn seem to have been quite enough. Imagine the window of an ironmonger's shop in London full of hatchet heads of all sizes and patterns, and you have some idea of the cases in this Museum, but still a very imperfect one. There are saws, hatchets, hammers, adzes, knives, etc., all in flint or greenstone, and so well shaped that we were several times puzzled to feel sure that we had not come to the bronze series. No wonder that the Danes are inclined to suspect that all Denmark was the cradle of civilisation. The metal series are of equal interest, and from it we came upwards to the Middle Ages. To me, however, I confess that these later periods are of less importance. It is more a mere matter of ironmongery, and discoveries seem easy. It is the proofs of splendid ingenuity and industry on the part of our forefathers, when they had to contend with the greatest possible disadvantages in respect to ignorance of arts, which claims my greatest regard. Ethel at dinner exclaimed, "Oh dear, Papa, I quite thought it was meat and I am using my knife, and it's fish."

Excuse want of connexion. We must go to the Ethnographic Museum directly, for it is only open from 5 to 7, and it is now 5 so I must conclude. The galleries, etc., are singularly restricted as to hours. I think they send the officials from one to the other, but few are open more than two hours at a time, so we have to snatch our knowledge as we can. We are staying over to-morrow chiefly to see the Northern Antiquities again. They are not open to-day. Ethel did not go with us yesterday, as having been up most of the preceding night, we were rather tired. I told her that if she liked to take a walk alone she could try, and we found when we returned that she had been out in the streets a little way on her own account and had found her way back again. I think she enjoys her tour very much, though of course very quietly. John emulates thee in diligence in sketching.

We leave here to-morrow at 3, by packet 15 hours to Lubeck, thence through Hamburg by rail to Rotterdam, leave R. at 5 on Saturday afternoon by steamer for Harwich.

*Ch. XIII.*

CAVENDISH SQUARE

In 1874, in his forty seventh year, a move was made westwards from the City home in Finsbury Circus to the more fashionable West End. It was a great wrench both to the busy doctor and his wife, to leave the much loved home in the Circus, where most of the children had been born, and where they had lived uninterruptedly (apart from the few years when they had also a country home at Reigate), for eighteen years. They could never have a home so rich in family associations again. It was a sunny house, and not too big for the family, which then numbered nine children.

Jonathan Hutchinson was strongly advised for his children's sake to seek a more lucrative practice in the West End, as so many other doctors did at that time. It is true that Finsbury Circus was nearer to the Hospitals, and the removal to the West End entailed long journeys to Moorfields and the London Hospital; but these had to be faced. He had tried, in the preceding year, to resign his post on the London Hospital, but had withdrawn his resignation.

The following letters relate to the end of 1874, at this transition period :—

J. H. to J. P. H.

Sep. 17, 1874.  
4 F. C.

I noticed again yesterday in Charles Buxton's life an expression which I had forgotten but which struck me much when I read it first. It almost anticipates part of "The Choir Invisible," and speaks of his living in the minds of those who had been made better by his life. This seems more and more to me to be the true spiritual immortality. The conception of the existence of a personal soul or ghost seems to me somewhat materialistic. At any rate it is pleasant to feel that the immortality to which George Eliot alludes must be a real thing, whether the other is or not. They by no means exclude each other. I think I should incline to put it thus :

A man is immortal in three ways.

1. He exists vitally in his offspring.
2. He exists spiritually in the influence which his life has exerted.
3. After the cessation of life in his body, he is reproduced or a representation of him is reorganised in some other part of the universe, where he will continue for ever without change.

As regards the first I feel quite certain.

J. H. to J. P. H.

4, Finsbury Circus, 1874.

It seems to me that all women excepting George Eliot find it necessary to make a body for every spirit, and have no power of realizing the existence of anything not corporeal. Thus they all become idolaters and cannot worship at all unless they construct a symbol to personify the objects of adoration. To the male intellect this is not so necessary, and this constitutes the chief difference. I said this to Dr. Jackson the other day, "It is exactly what Herbert Spencer says," he replied. It is not the first time that I have rediscovered Spencer's discoveries.

However, much of the beauty and loveableness of the female character depends upon the impulse to personify, and it is possible for a character to fail very much in the opposite direction. I can conceive a mind so filled with the perception of general beauty and glory as to be almost incapable of permanent preference. a sort of spiritualized donkey amongst countless haycocks. The two impulses to some extent fight against each other or at any rate in their intensest forms they can scarcely co-exist. Wisdom is, I suppose, to try to balance the two and not cultivate one above the other. Each should be cultivated as highly as possible, but together.

J. H. to J. P. H.

4 F. C., 1874.

"Expression" in a face is distinct from physiognomy. The face expresses what is going on within, and thus many expressions are merely transitory. Some become habitual or even constant and are then parts of physiognomy. Expression however by no means always relates only to the present. Our faces take an impress from the thoughts and feelings which have been either cherished or forced upon us. These remarks were suggested by the statement that Keats' face was marked by an expression — as if he had been looking on some glorious sight

Many years ago (a quarter of a century) Mark wanted me to let him paint my portrait. I did not intend to have it done, I told him, until the expression was far better. He wondered what I meant. But I explained that I hoped so to discipline and develop my nature, and so to feed the mind on better thoughts, that the face would take the expression of them. I think I was quite right in that belief and hope. As regards realization, I fear little or nothing has been done. The cares of the world, its jealousies and selfish aspirings, the deceitfulness of riches and fame, have done their share in hindrance, and to these I ought perhaps in fairness to self to add indigestion and feeble circulation. At any rate I still dare not sit for my portrait.

What a glory it would be to have a countenance full of the expression of inward purity and beauty, as if the mind were always dwelling on some noble prospect (or retrospect). Such a face would do good to all who looked on it. Baptist Noel had, I think, one of the purest faces I ever saw, sometimes it was beautiful, as if he had just seen

the Transfiguration, at others it has a constricted and painful look. I much admire Bevan Braithwait's expression. The face as a rule is no false witness. The physiognomy tells what a man's parents have made him, the expression what he has succeeded in doing for himself.

After much hunting about, he decided on a large house, No. 15 Cavendish Square, next door to the well-known London Physician, Dr. Andrew Clark

The house faced South, with a beautiful Square Garden, where the children would enjoy games, and where later they had two excellent tennis courts. Cavendish Square possesses the finest plane trees of any London Square. It was close to the fashionable part of London, and busy Regent St. and Oxford St. The Zoo and the Parks were within easy walk, and there Jonathan would take the children on Sunday afternoons. University College School for the boys, and Queen's College for the girls were near at hand.

The house was only rented at first, but in 1877 the freehold was bought, at a price that somewhat crippled the family resources, and caused much anxiety to both father and mother. It remained the family home for 32 years, until in 1907 Jonathan Hutchinson sold it, and moved into a smaller house, No. 41 Gower St., in order to be close to the Clinical (Post-graduate) museum in Chenies St. In those days he had only one son and his two youngest daughters living with him.

Cavendish Square was the scene of much hospitality. Many were the dinners to doctors in those days, especially in the year of his presidency of the Royal College of Surgeons. In July 1877 a *Conversazione* of the British Medical Association, consisting of many hundreds of medical men, gathered in its spacious Drawing Rooms—a brilliant affair. There the Friends "Portfolio" gatherings were held—a literary and artistic social group: at whose meetings Jonathan read and expounded Browning, and Jane read papers, beautifully illustrated, on "London in Dr. Johnson's time" etc. (sitting in a hansom cab to sketch Fleet St.). There the Country Cousins would foregather, on their way abroad perhaps, or up in London for Yearly Meeting; and there, in later years, the married children with grandchildren would come up, requiring it to be in a constant and ever-ready state of hospitality. Jonathan loved to have his children and his children's children about him, both at Cavendish Square and at Haslemere, and they loved to come. The combination of the two homes was ideal, and made up a rich and happy life for that large family of ten children.

There were sad days too in the life at Cavendish Square.

The mother had always regretted the change, as mothers do. She writes —

“ We moved in the winter quarter, leaving the children all at ‘ Inval, now our own established country home, and joining them in ‘ time for Christmas Day, 1874. It was a dreary move. The snow ‘ blew into the cold bare house, as the furniture was brought in. I ‘ did not feel very cheerful in the change. I knew it meant more ‘ servants, and more expense every way, and the comfortable house ‘ where most of my children had been born, and where I had gone ‘ through many varied experiences, was left with many regrets.”

In the spring following her daughter, Ethel had a severe attack of Typhoid fever. “ We thought at one time certainly that she was indeed dying. I think seldom can death have been more nearly approached, and yet left behind. It was a time to be ever remembered; and her sweet patience, and the intimate contact with the dear young mind, were a source of very great happiness to me in all the anxiety. I never felt weary or overdone, or a wish to be out in the busier world.”

J. H. to J. P. H.

Inval, Haslemere.  
Sunday.

I took the four younger boys to Chapel this morning, and we managed to get there 20 minutes before the time, and had a long silent sit by ourselves. At length however the congregation arrived. Mr. Thompson gave us an interesting sermon on the evidence for the Resurrection. There were many enquiries after thee, Mr. and Mrs. Pratten, Mr. and Mrs. Whymper, etc., and many hearty expressions of gladness at the recovery of our dear invalid. Ted arrived here last night, having walked from Farnham to Frensham and thence on here. He stays with us over to-morrow. We had Baby in after dinner and taught him to eat chocolate. He looks very well and is in excellent spirits. We have caught for Ursula a little black rabbit with which she is much pleased. Tell Ethel that we shot yesterday a fine Ermine with a beautiful black tail. He is just beginning to change his coat from winter white to summer grey, but is still almost wholly white.

After the recovery of their daughter Ethel from Typhoid Fever.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Inval, Haslemere.

Easter Sunday, 1875.

I can assure thee, dearest, that thou does both us and thyself much injustice in thinking that thou art easily done without. We all miss thee exceedingly, and although we try to believe or rather to feel (for the stage of belief is long overpast) that we have much of thy spirit

always with us, yet we long for the bodily presence also. It has been, I fear, but a dull Easter for us all, though we have all one cause for glad gratitude which I trust to some extent enables us to put aside all other and minor drawbacks. Still, to rejoice evermore and in *everything* to give thanks is felt not seldom nor by few to be a high attainment. It needs unfailing patience under changes of health and circumstance, and an habitual cultivation in some sense of the words, of the overshadowing love of a heavenly Father through all.

Thy affect. husband,

J. HUTCHINSON.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cavendish Square, W.

June 2, 1875.

I have been exceedingly busy from morning till late at night, and had no chance of writing yesterday as I quite meant to have done. Nor have I any chance of coming to-day as I had quite hoped to have done. Nothing has however yet occurred to diminish my hope of getting Saturday.

I was very glad to receive thy kind and interesting letter, but as I have only ten minutes I cannot reply to it as it deserves. I may just say however that idolatry seems to commence whenever the worshipper attributes qualities or imputes acts to his God, which have originated in his own mind. The expressions thou quotes are of course sublimely beautiful, and those in which everyone must find rest and gladness. But when David begins to speak of our Heavenly Father, the Father of all, as if he were in some sort the patron saint of the Hebrews, the protector of David and his people as separate from their neighbours, whenever he treats the great Spirit which has from forever moved and inspired all that has lived as if he had human attributes, and would act in a human and partial manner, then it always grates on one's sense of love and justice. Admitted that the ark of the Hebrews did not contain any carved representation or Symbol of their God, so far they escaped the grosser form of idolatry; but read of their conduct in regard to the Ark: of the sort of competition with the Gods of surrounding nations into which they brought it, and say whether after all it was not the object of superstitious idolatry. Read many of the Psalms and say whether there do not occur every here and there verses and expressions which one would have been glad not to find. We are all, of course, idolaters to some extent, for we can none of us conceive of the reality of a spiritual father, and we are obliged mentally to help ourselves by conceptions which take the form of symbols. But notwithstanding this, it is a duty to "flee idolatry" as far as may be permitted. The narrower our conceptions of the Deity, the more superstitious will be our worship; and the more restricted and partial our love. The love may be intense, very intense indeed, for idols; perhaps the more intense in some ways because it is restricted. Still idolatry is to be avoided, and it was by the comparative escape from it that the Hebrew

nation was distinguished. Yet they were not wholly free, the God whom David consulted on all occasions and who gave him advice was, I think, for David, as much an idol as any of those who presided at the oracular shrines of antiquity. We call that piety in David, which we should call superstition and idolatry in other persons. Read Samuel 2, note David's behaviour to the Ark and his frequent consultations with "the Lord," and say whether there was not a gross and very human element in David's conception of his God.

Read the Old Testament, and say whether the Hebrews have not written a sort of biography of the Deity, chronicling his acts, and explaining his motives. It is not possible to do this of Him who is a Spirit in whom we live, and not we alone, but the whole creation, and amongst whose sons and daughters are included the poorest and meanest of mankind. Every attempt to do it is irreverent and profane in proportion to the consciousness of those who make it. We ought surely to know no name of God but Father, and we can conceive of none of his attributes excepting his love. That is, I feel assured, what we ought simply to try to feel, and then trust the rest in simple faith.

It is customary to speak of simple faith as being the quality of the orthodox Christian mental state, but really the modern Christian faith is immensely complicated. It is only by forgetting utterly nineteenth-century things of what it involves that it can be called simple, or made attractive to the loving and pure mind. Faith in a spiritual Father, his love, his common Fatherhood of all generations of men, his willingness to help and his presence in us all and in all who have ever lived. his inspiration of Abraham the Jew, and Zoroaster the Persian, of Christ the Hebrew and Buddha the Hindoo, this is, it seems, the simple faith. It is one with which, to my heart's delight, I find all the more sublime parts of both old and new Testaments in full accord, and when I find the writers of those books differing from this faith, and using expressions implying a more restricted creed, I only feel lovingly towards them as brothers who live in much darkness, and with whom I have the keenest sympathy, knowing well how little it really is that I can see. I dare not however on their account throw away the "better things" which as I believe God has reserved for us their children. Every age has witnessed the advance in purity and simplicity of religious belief; and has witnessed also the painful struggle with which the too narrow garment of the past has been put off and laid aside. Note that we do not despise that garment, for by it we were kept warm through years of bygone life: but it is worn threadbare, and it fits us no longer, and the new one is ready to replace it.

Buddha was born 400 B.C. He was the son of a prince: he married and was very happy in all his surroundings. He ultimately left his wife and the court to become an almost mendicant missionary of a new faith. His motto was, "Pure thoughts, pure words, pure deeds." He framed a code of morality which comprises every virtue, and which enters with great delicacy of perception into almost all the details of life. To kill, to steal, to commit adultery, to lie, to get drunk, were the



JONATHAN HUTCHINSON, 1880



JANE PYNSENT HUTCHINSON,  
about 1880





five chief vices : but " every shade of vice, hypocrisy, anger, pride, suspicion, greediness, gossiping, cruelty to animals, etc., was specially mentioned and guarded against." There is no calumny against his own life, it is believed to have been irreproachable. His wife was one of his converts. He died old and happy. The number of Buddhists is now larger than that of so-called Christians. Their progress in civilisation has been less than that of Europeans, for they are of different races and live in different climates, but I believe that their actual attainments in morality will bear comparison with ours. Ought we not to feel thankful that Buddha was so pure-minded, and that his mission was so successful ?

The character of Zoroaster, who was contemporary with Abraham, and who did for the Persians much what Moses did for the Hebrews as regards law giving, etc., was equally pure and lofty and beyond reproach. His theology was almost the same as that of the Jews. He gave to the Deity the name of Ahura instead of that of Jehovah. He explained the presence of misery and sin exactly as the Jews did, by conceiving an Evil Spirit in antagonism with Ahura, but destined to be subdued in the end. Our knowledge of Zoroaster and of Abraham is equally liable to suspicion as to accuracy ; but so far as their lives have been recorded, Zoroaster's seems to me the nobler of the two. There is not, after all, much in the Bible record of Abraham's life which does me good to know about. Thousands of thousands in all ages have performed the rite of son-sacrifice, in the belief that their Gods required it.

I have written as thou wilt see, dearest, a great deal more than I intended when I began, but I am very desirous that thy mind should be in possession of the facts. It is from them that hope and faith can spring. I feel very happy in my creed, and in its hopes ; and nothing causes me unhappiness but a consciousness of my own personal weakness and shortcomings. I value those who can love far higher than those who can only know, and often mourn over my own coldness of heart. But I have not the shadow of shade of misgiving as to where the warmth should be sought, and I hope I endeavour to seek it.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Cav. Sq.,

Saturday, July 3, 1875.

My dearest Love,

I wrote my last in a great hurry, and have, I fear, not much more time for this, as it is nearly six, and I am attempting to get my tea, and write at the same time. After dinner came the casualties. One guest who arrived an hour late sent me my invitation card, with 8.45 on it : but worse than that, another gentlemen, physician to the Prague Hospital, whom I had invited at the hospital and given on the spot a written mem. arrived yesterday with a thousand apologies, that he was late, but I had written 5 instead of 15. I was obliged to tell him that worse than that, the dinner was three days past : and he produced my

mem with "Friday" on it. I really was almost speechless for a time : but finally invited him to lunch to-day, and took him down to the Hospital. He was very good about it, but it was really too much. If anyone should ever attempt to construct history by the help of my dates and letters, they will run the risk of considerable errors. The other day I gravely dated a letter 1675, and only found it out by chance : and Mr. Nettleship shewed me that I had written concerning one patient that he had "suffered severely from Nettleship for the last three months," meaning, of course, *Nettlerash*.

I have not got to Haslemere to-day, but hope to go by the 7 train. Yesterday I felt greatly tempted to run down by the 5.30 train to Swanage. I could have got to you either late in the evening or early this morning, and should have much enjoyed to see the place again, and to revisit Corfe Castle. I hope Ethel will be able to see it well, and to bring away as much remembrance of it as possible. The Medical Council has decided that women are to be considered eligible for the med. profession, although there are great inconveniences in detail. I am very sorry for the decision. It is too absurd. I hear that Mrs. Anderson\* was engaged to attend a lady, and they finally ran so close a race that it seemed not improbable that they might both be confined on the same day. One gentleman, an ardent advocate of the movement, has relapsed, because in the middle of the night in a pouring rain he could not get Mrs. Anderson a cab to return home in, and was obliged to take an umbrella and escort her himself. If I had time I should much like to write a long and careful article on the whole question for one of the *Quarterlies*. I think it highly probable that women will in future become more like men in their habits of mind, etc., and am not certain that it is not desirable. If women were better suited for friendships with men it might be better for both. Of course I know that many are so in a high degree, but if there were a general tendency further in that direction good might result. But it is not necessary that anything like absolute sameness of pursuits should be brought about, or that both husband and wife should be bread-earners. Amongst many birds, pigeons, for instance, the difference between the sexes are extremely little, and although extremely faithful in their loves they probably associate on terms of great social equality, and with free intellectual sympathy. So it is quite possible to say too much about what is natural and unnatural. No doubt there are real powers at work in producing the social changes which our advanced stage of civilisation seems likely to witness, and wisdom is to estimate them carefully and proceed with great caution.

Mr. Ross told me that the book of Job bears evidence of having been written in Arabia and not in Palestine. All the scenery is that of Arabia. He holds that the beautiful verses beginning "Truly there is a vein for the silver" (ch. 28) and the following 10 verses are descriptive of mining operations, which were conducted in Arabia in very early times. It is a strange change of conception from what one's mind has been used to suppose, that the "path which the vulture's eye hath

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\*Mrs E. Garrett Anderson the pioneer Medical Woman L.S.A., 1865, founder of the New Hospital for Women, Euston Road.

not seen " was simply a mining shaft. Yet this quite suits with what follows. Job is applauding man's success and enterprise and then asks . " but where shall wisdom be found ? " Chaps. 28 to 31 are most beautiful. Mr. Ross and I agree that in sublime eloquence Job and Ruskin have scarcely any rivals. I said it, and he endorsed it.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq.,

July 14, 1875.

To-day I have had to attend as examiner for the College of Physicians, and to-morrow must do so again. I have now a visitor in the house, a lieutenant who needed an operation on his foot. John's holyday begins next week, and I suppose he may come down on Saturday. I have invited Mr. Hermann to come down some Sunday. He is a very respectable man, though perhaps not a genius. His father is a dissenting Minister at Rochester, and I believe he is rather lonely in London.

I do not think that I will ever ask so many students at once again : one sees but little of them individually, and that is one great object of social intercourse. I hope thy bevy of young ladies were not dull after all the gentlemen had left. How many students in all did you get to know by name ? William seems to have enjoyed it much.

How would it work to define the objects of life as " To be happy, and make others happy ? " I think this would cover most of the ground if rightly understood. We ought to labour to become happy in the highest sense, and in order to do that we must take the utmost care of our health, both physical, mental and moral. The capacity to enjoy, the ability to be happy, the zest for living, depends far more upon our own state of nervous tone than upon surrounding conditions. We ought to carefully cultivate both in ourselves and in others the appetite for the various sources of enjoyment, prizing those most which are the simplest and purest. The pleasures obtainable from fresh air, wind, cold, heat, scenery, the acquisition of insight and knowledge and many other similar sources should be carefully tended. The appetite should be cultivated but not palled. I can imagine an enthusiast in scenery cheerfully toiling on for three years in a monotonous city occupation for the sake of the delight of a visit to Switzerland. The most pitiable condition of all is the loss of appetite for the ordinary sources of human pleasure. There are many who have lost all relish in various directions, and some who retain it fresh and vigorous in almost all to the last. Sometimes we lose the zest because the pleasure has become too familiar . this is much the case as to scenery, and there is great danger in this direction in education, that we do not indulge children too much. Still, however, unless the nervous system really fails in some way, I can scarcely imagine anyone losing zest for nature's glories, whether those of sight or of insight, of external beauty or internal wonder. I am sure however that we ought to do all we can to heighten such zest, both in ourselves and in children.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq.,

July 20, 1875.

I dreamed last night that I had a long talk with Ruskin on his "Fors,"\* but could not get him to explain. I hope you will like it better when you read more of it. I think the passages I read were some of the most denunciatory. In the main I thoroughly agree with him. His endeavour is to make human life more beautiful, more in harmony with the external nature which he so much loves. He is at war with pedantry, and the attempt to do by mechanism and law what can be done only by spontaneous effort and free love. He wishes to elevate men's tastes and feelings, and to make them perceive with truer faculty what are the things which are really lovely and pure. I think also that he is quite right in believing that manual labour is extremely useful as a means of moral training, and that whether much or little is done, it is yet most important for one's own sake to recognise the duty of being as much as possible engaged in useful things.

All waste is sin, whether of time, energy, or material. If he can succeed in elevating labour to its proper position, and in inducing an earnest effort to diminish the moral and physical penalties which are at present connected with many departments of it, he will earn the gratitude of all future ages; and do much towards diminishing the distance which at present separates class and class. At any rate it is a very noble aim, and implies a very clear insight into the wants of the age. His crotchets may be put aside, and will do little harm beyond hindering his influence.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq.,

Nov. 5, 1875.

I have been busy to-day and have had two West-end consultations, the first drops we will hope of a thunder shower.

One of them was to see the child of the American actor of Rip van Winkle, Mr Jefferson. He is ill as poor Eddie was, and I fear will die.

I read Green† night and morning in bed. Was it not singular that I opened it this morning at: "Hopeless of aid from abroad, or of success in an open rising at home, a small knot of desperate men with Robert Catesby, who had been engaged in the plot of Essex at their head," etc., etc. This is a sample of the quiet and natural way in which he fits great and tragic events into their proper places. I did not remember till afterwards that it was the anniversary of the event described.

I do not think that Green's is a history for children, though perhaps extracts may be made. They must get up isolated bits of detail first, and can hardly be expected to be able to take broad general views or to care much about them. We learn by isolated examples first, combine them afterwards.

The account of the Puritans and indeed of all the religious movements is admirably given in Green, and my respect for the clergy has

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\*"Fors Clavigera"

†Green's "Short History of the English People," 1874.

rise a very considerably. The self-denying manner in which many of them braved persecution is indeed worthy of all honour. I had supposed that religious reforms had originated with the laity to a greater extent than seems to have been the case. He thinks that Puritanism was the natural result of the first general reading of the Bible

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq.,

Nov. 17, 1875.

My patient was a poor Colonel who is a leper, and who sails with his wife to-morrow for India, leaving all their six children here. What a parting it must have been for both of them. He goes for several years more service before his pension is earned, and with considerable uncertainty as to his health. Life certainly offers to some strange forms of trial and trouble. Another poor fellow whom I have seen this morning is only 45, was operated on successfully for cataract 8 years ago, in one eye, and lost the other. Has got on well without as head clerk in a large house, ever since, until last week, when the eye suddenly went blind, and he is now in the dark for ever. He has recently lost a son, and his eldest daughter a year ago married a captain who was drowned on his first voyage afterwards. He has had trouble enough, but bears up very bravely.

I am sometimes tempted to think that the study of the prevention of physical diseases is one of the very noblest aims of life, because attainable to some extent. Now and then a strange thought comes, that it might be one's duty, regardless of all profit or loss considerations, to devote a few years to the study of the prevention of leprosy, and that one ought to feel the duty much as old Friends or Missionaries did, of leaving their homes and families. If it should seem to one's conscience as really the best work which lay before one, is it not one's duty to do the best that is practicable? I feel no doubt that I should succeed in establishing the point that fish is the cause and ought to be prohibited. Do not be alarmed. I am not going to take up any duty of the kind, at any rate not any one which will take me from home.

But I often think that my "duty Gospel" for others would be, do what you can do best for the world and count not the cost for yourselves. live for others and *be* beautiful: and I often think what strange and puzzling problems as to duty anyone attempting to carry out such a creed would meet, and how needful commonsense and respect for the general edicts of Society are to prevent vagaries. But do they not also prevent much that as soon as done would be seen to be noble? Much of the moral teaching of the Gospels would lose its elevated beauty if it were to be restricted by the commonsense codes by which we are all of us content to live.

I have promised to ask if thou has any cast-off girls' clothes to spare. Perhaps Ethel has got some done, and might be interested in the case. The father of the family, a printer, died a year ago and a large young family were left dependent upon an elder sister. The other night in

the Lambeth floods they were drowned out of their house and lost all their clothes. I am assured they are in great distress.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Rome,

Dec. 31st, 1876.

I hope to appreciate the poetry of the Brownings (both of them), much better for having seen Italy. Some of their lines are constantly coming into my head. We ought to have brought Childe Harold and a Latin dictionary. We have bought an Italian one and hope to learn a little of the language, but we have very little time for reading, and what we have is all wanted for the task of mitigating our crass ignorance of the details of history and antiquities and art. I should much like to read some good non-technical work on art generally. To one not an artist, it is not of so much consequence to know how certain difficulties were overcome or what the difficulties were. What I want to do is to make use of art to enlarge the grasp of the imagination. The great object of all effort seems to me to be to unite us more closely in sympathy with past and future, to enable us to constantly realize their oneness, also at the same time to enlarge our sphere of sympathetic feeling with the present. Thus in both ways we are made less isolated, less individual, and become more and more parts of one Being. Some paintings and some poems have a wonderfully powerful effect in this way. I should like to see a good classification of paintings in reference to *their aim*.

(1) Historical transcripts intended simply to represent, as well as the painter could, scenes in past history. In most of such the painter has of course aimed like a dramatic poet, to heighten the effect, and to exhibit in the human countenance the influence of various emotions and passions. When this has been at all successful the painting rises to a higher class, and should be placed amongst those of an emotional kind.

(2) Innocence, . . . Glad sympathy with life, pleasure in living, mere joy in existence. Some such title would serve for a large group of works having for their subjects young and healthy beings.

The display of freedom from care and from all sense of oppressiveness in life is, I am sure, a great source of pleasure to most of us at many times, and often of much profit.

Many paintings, allegorical and natural, avail themselves of this; and display a profusion of life and energy devoted to objects as far removed as possible from all involving care.

(3) Love in all its forms, maternal, filial, conjugal, etc., (the grosser being of course avoided) affords the most suitable subjects to the artist.

Next would come friendship, patriotism, benevolence and devotion to pursuits having for their aim the good of others.

The virtues of courage, patience, endurance, hope, faith, etc., would all take their share.

If such a classification were carried out, there would be excluded many which really show nothing except perhaps the skill of the artist in articles of dress and furniture. I would not complain of the latter kind, if they would avow their object, but it is vexatious to see a raising of Lazarus, the main subject of which is really a splendid young woman in a magnificent silk dress

The Galleries are such heterogeneous collections, and one's attention is so distracted by the utter want of arrangement, and not infrequently, even by the discordant elements of the same canvas. The artist did not know what he meant to make you feel. He knows that he could do certain things fairly, perhaps he had certain studies ready to hand in his portfolio, and so he just put them all together in a picture, and gave the incongruous whole a name

But it has struck 12, and the New Year is half an hour old, so I must conclude with my very dearest and warmest love to you all.

Thy every affectionate husband,

Jan 1st, 1877

JON. HUTCHINSON

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq.,

Aug 30, 1877.

. . . I have done the operation this afternoon which I expected to detain me in town over Saty. I am sorry to say it proved a very formidable one, and I may possibly be liberated. If so I shall come probably to-morrow.

I have many things to say to thee, but like the Apostle I cannot say them now. It is so difficult to write on important matters excepting with the mind at leisure. They are not specially important beyond concerning education and conduct of life.

I hope you will have a pleasant picnic. With us the weather is far from settled.

I feel very much as if the rest of my life might be suitably devoted not so much to the attempt to discover, as to the attempt to educate. I shall probably write some medical educational books. The task of making knowledge popular and general is almost as important as that of adding to the stock. The main duty of one generation is to breed, train and educate the next, so managing matters as that each successive generation may if possible have better health, better tastes, better feelings and sounder knowledge of all that surrounds them than the previous one. In this way we may hope by slow degrees to gain a little, and meanwhile we must endeavour to enjoy and be thankful for all the beauty that is already existing. We must make the best use we can of our pleasant little planet, having regard to duty as well as enjoyment, and enjoyment as well as duty

I am reading Samuel Tuke's Life of George Whitehead, and enjoy it much. It needs but the slightest altered acceptation of a few words, i.e., a spiritualising of what they took in a material and historical sense, for my mind to be in thorough sympathy with the elder Friends, or any other earnestly religious persons.



## *Ch. XIV.*

### HASLEMERE

In 1872, on the death of his father, Jonathan Hutchinson of Selby, the family property was divided among the children.

Soon after that the Haslemere property, to be known as "Inval," was bought, and a great change, both for better and worse, effected. Better in the free and happy life of the farm, and the comfort of Inval house, worse in the financial strain on the father, and the care of a second large establishment to keep up, for the mother. The land of about 200 acres was bought in 1872, and the house built by the following year. It was an old farm-house in a valley, with a large pond in front of it, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the highest point of Hindhead, to which a large addition was built in brick and red tile, with two gables and a verandah in front. Extensive stables, barns and farm buildings, flanked it on the South West. The garden was very large, and well laid out, with a charming old orchard, and two massive ancient Yew Trees just behind the house.

In 1883 the house was again added on to, perhaps unwisely; for it became of an unwieldy size, except when all the family was at home, as was seldom the case in those days.

From the first, Inval was the centre of pure country joy. Cow-sheds and bullock pens flanked a large yard, on one side of which were the great barns, where the thrashing was done and the hay was stored. A well fitted-up dairy completed the equipment.

The farm provided plenty of sport, pheasants, partridges and rabbits, shooting and ferreting, and there were many dogs kept. In those days, while the younger children were taught at home, half the year was spent amid the joys of a full country life.

When pigs were given up, the pig-styes were occupied by rabbits; at one time a wounded fox was chained there, but he never became tame. Once a bear arrived from an uncle who was in the Hudson Bay Company, and had to be accommodated in a cowstall. It arrived on Haslemere platform half out of its box much to the consternation of the porters. There were five untrained (or imperfectly trained) Exmoor ponies at one time, and several horses, and the children would ride out four abreast, play soldiers on horseback, or ride races in the field. There were plenty of tumbles and runaway disasters. One young half-trained pony took a big front gate at a jump with

the carriage behind him, and of course smashed it up, but did himself very little harm. One pony was harnessed to the donkey cart for a picnic. The cart pushed on to his hind quarters, he bolted, upset his drivers into a gorse-bush softly, and raced along the high road for a mile or two. Another odd misfit was when the Doctor drove the wagonette with a cart horse (for want of a better) in the shafts. It went *very* slowly, but steadily along, until it met a little donkey-carriage with two old ladies in it in the narrowest part of the lane; when, thinking it must get *over* them, as it was too narrow to pass, it went straight up on its hind legs in the shafts—a perilous great creature—right over their heads. „Never did the skilled surgeon display such skilful handling, such calm tact, as the doctor did in bringing leviathan onto all fours again without a mishap. But though the riding and driving escapades were endless, no harm was ever done

A field or two away from Inval is a very cold pure water pond, called the “Moat,” well stocked with trout. That was the doctor’s bathing pool, in almost all weathers. It was always icy cold and therefore the more bracing; and he would dive in half way along, swim to the end, and come out, often with no second plunge. It was dangerously deep, and the children were forbidden access.

Jonathan Hutchinson was a rider in early days, but not later. He was always an untiring walker, and a good shot. He thoroughly enjoyed shooting for the sport of it. It gave him something to think about, and took him into rough country. He liked the social opportunity that it afforded also, and would ask senior medical students and doctors down to shoot with him. Haslemere friends, among whom was the local doctor, also enjoyed the Inval shooting parties. He never preserved game to any extent, and seldom went out to shooting-parties. It was only later that natural history usurped the place of sport in his shooting parties; and then probably because, when he had given up farming, there was not much game to be found.

He farmed well, and was very fond of it. Of course it had to be through a bailiff, and he soon felt the burden and responsibility of employing men. He had the love of farming in the blood; and there is no foundation for the idea that he kept his farm as a hospital for diseased animals, as King Edward VII once jokingly suggested. He was concerned with their ailments, to set them right, as every good farmer should be. Twice he had sheep killed and stolen, and considerable trouble to track the thief. The farm soon became an anxiety rather than a pleasure.

It can never have paid well, and he gradually allowed the well-tilled arable fields to go back to poor pasture, letting all the hedges and copses grow, making it look like moor and forest again, a totally different place from what it was in the early days. He planted fir trees—many thousands of them—in all the upland fields, and these also changed the whole look of the farm.

At various times he added to the original Inval Estate hundreds of acres not only at Haslemere, but on Hindhead, at Witley, Petersfield, Fernhurst and Blackwater in Hampshire. Much of this land he sold in large and small plots; and he built houses and cottages on some of it. Altogether his buildings, of one sort or another, amounted to over seventy in number. So much building involved much road making, and at least two water supplies, with all the necessary water tanks and towers, mains etc., before the time that Haslemere had any regular water supply. All this work of laying out, planting, roadmaking and building was in the hands of his youngest son, but he himself took all important decisions. He was a remarkably good judge of land, and seldom made a mistake in a bargain. His land purchases were all profitable so far as they went; a certain amount remained over at his death, and suffered depreciation owing to the great war which began a year later.

The most interesting of his estates, after the first home-farm of Inval, was one immediately to the south of Haslemere, known as the Half Moon Estate, on which he built largely, and where the first Haslemere Museum was built, and where the Haslemere recreation ground is now situated, with most beautiful views of Hindhead and Leith Hill.

He had a great distrust of investments in stocks and shares, and never invested in anything but land and houses, and he was probably justified in his decision.

In all matters of building his tastes were simple, and on the side of economy. He wanted to see as many people as possible enjoying the pure air and the scenery of Haslemere; and he would make it as easy as possible for them to do so. Provided that local materials of pleasing colour were used, he had not much to say about design, and deprecated all extravagance. He believed in timber construction as being dry and inexpensive. From the point of view of health it was far preferable to brick, which was always liable to damp. (His experience was probably based on old houses, built before the time of damp-courses, where this is more or less true.)

His museums were all of wood, and very suitable for the

specimens which would easily suffer from damp. So strong was he on this point, that when local byelaws forbade timber construction of a museum, which he was offering to a Friends' School in Yorkshire, he abandoned the scheme.

His judgment was very sound here and so far as country cottages and houses are concerned, much money would be saved and a dry and healthy house obtained, without any undue risk of fire, if timber construction were allowed; since every brick house has all its floors and roofs of wood, while furniture and hangings are of even more inflammable materials.

Jonathan Hutchinson's choice of Haslemere for health and scenery has been justified, if it needed justification, by the public opinion which has made it one of the most popular health and pleasure resorts in the South of England.

We shall see how the idea of a country house at Haslemere became transformed into an estate or series of estates—for they were constantly being added to—on which the family would find a transitory home for the holidays. Inval, the original home, was let year after year after 1878, and although the family were delighted to get back to it for a few weeks now and then, it never felt quite the same. They would live at "High Stootley," or at "Churt-Wynd" or "Trimmer's Wood" on Hindhead or at "Coombeswell" (a cottage near Hindhead), until these houses in their turn were let or sold. In 1876, Edward Hutchinson came to Haslemere and built himself a beautiful house at Great Stootley, half a mile from Inval; but in 1881 he sold it; and the companionship of his brother, which had been a great source of pleasure to Jonathan, came to an end.

Edward died in 1884, and his widow and her family of young children came to live near Jonathan's two sisters at Crowborough, the younger of whom, Lillie Woods, also was a widow with four children. In 1887 when his wife died, Jonathan invited the two families to come to Haslemere to take possession of the old house at Inval.

The rambling old place with its long passages and numerous rooms became again the home of many children. There were six of his brother Edward's and four of his sister Lillie's; and the secluded moorland valley at the base of Hindhead, the big house and extensive garden and grounds with its pond for boating upon became the joy of ten young children, as it had in the past been that of Jonathan's own family, by this time largely grown-up.

The party was joined by a cousin from America, Woods Hutchinson (later known as Dr. Woods Hutchinson of New

York and whose name figures on the weighing machines of our stations), who came over to study medicine under his uncle ; and whose lanky knickerbocked figure is very rememberable, arguing medical matters in Yankee twang and boldness with his venerable uncle, or singing Plantation melodies in the old oak-beamed "gun-room" at Inval, with half a dozen small admiring cousins on his capacious knees. Holiday books came into being once more, and life put on its springtime again. The Hutchinson colony became a familiar feature in the district, the Professor the centre of it all. He did not seem able to grow old, because he lived in each new generation. His two married daughters lived in houses he had built for them in or near the Inval valley. Two of his sons lived in Haslemere, the one a doctor, the other an architect. For each he provided a local habitation, while his estates were shared by all. Those were the days of the growing museums, and educational work at Haslemere ; and any members of the family who could help, were enlisted in collecting specimens, or making drawings or charts. Education was one side of the Haslemere life, and soon a school for girls replaced the family establishment at Inval ; and one of his daughters and a niece were installed as teachers. Later the school was moved to Haslemere town, and was carried on successfully at what became known as College Hill, a steep road on the Half Moon Estate, which Jonathan had bought in 1894 and was developing with roads and houses.

It is interesting to see how his dreams of making healthy beautiful country easily accessible to people with very moderate incomes, have had a large measure of fulfilment. He built a wooden room or rooms onto the Coombeswell Cottages at the foot of Hindhead, and later built a miniature cottage adjoining known as "the Doll's house". To Weydown Cottage and Stroatley Cottage he did the same but on a larger scale. They were very cheaply built, but by using local tiles or thatch and covering the walls with rough larch "slabs" with the bark on, they fitted in admirably to their rural surroundings. They were let or lent to his friends and others, and many were the holiday parties made up at these improvised cottages ; where the holiday makers fended for themselves, or got the cottagers near to "do" for them. Coombeswell was the early favourite, and there Edward Nettleship the eminent oculist, his brother Jack Nettleship the artist, Tristram Ellis the artist, Dr. Hingston Fox and his family, and many others enjoyed the quiet beauty of Hindhead in perfect seclusion, at the same time learning the ways of the Simple Life. He turned stables into dormitories,

and for himself had a tent by preference, not at one place but at several, enjoying the variety of living in a fresh spot each time.

In 1888 the Weydown Cottages were made into a country holiday home for London children, in memory of his wife, with whom it had been a favourite project.

When one remembers the enormous extension of camping and country hostels, of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides in our days, and compares it with these first efforts at cheap timber houses and tents, one realizes how much Jonathan Hutchinson was in advance of his time, and in how great and beneficent a movement he filled the place of pioneer.

Not only cheap accommodation, but the motor, has done great things for health and country happiness. Nowadays, Hindhead commons are thronged every Sunday and holiday throughout the summer, and at many other times, with crowds of people, grown ups and children, seeking the very same pleasure in simple things, sunshine, hill and valley and flowers, that Jonathan Hutchinson discovered for himself in the 'sixties, and that he did so much to make popular and accessible. He would have forgiven untidiness, and never have said a word against the invasion of the countryside. It was all to the good, and a matter for the greatest possible satisfaction. He would say, "All things seek the sun and the light, let us thankfully trust the great world." He did not live to see the invasion of the motor in its full swing, though he saw much of it. On one occasion a Parish meeting was called in Haslemere to consider the formation of a road along the ridge of Blackdown, one of the two principal view points in the district. Only a rough cart track existed, and exists at present. It was perhaps an unnecessary expense, and would undoubtedly bring many more people with their motors onto the common. It would never have done much damage to the spot except to do away with its seclusion and wildness. But all Haslemere turned up in opposition, at one of the largest Parish Meetings ever assembled. People who had probably never been on Blackdown, and knew nothing of its view, came to vote against such a desecration.

Jonathan Hutchinson came also, and spoke earnestly. He was well over eighty then, and it was one of the last times he spoke in public. He described the Blackdown view as a great National asset, and urged that we should do all in our power to enable the greatest possible number to enjoy it. He voted in a minority of three, with all the town, aristocracy, and tradesmen, against him.

He was an ardent supporter of the National Trust and a

warm friend of Sir Robert Hunter, its strenuous advocate in the Haslemere district.

Situated at the apex of the converging lines of sandhills which overhang the valley of the Weald in Kent and Sussex, and which run parallel to the North and South Downs, Haslemere presents an ideal country for beautiful scenery. Its two principal ridges, Blackdown and Hindhead, are about four miles apart, and between them is the town of Haslemere.

Inval is a mile north of Haslemere and mentioned in Baedeker's guide to England as a red gabled house on the walking route from the station to Hindhead. It was while the family lodged at Stotley Farm that Tennyson crossed their path. Tennyson built his house at Blackdown. Then John Tyndall built on Hindhead at the opposite side of Haslemere ; and the reputation of the place was made

Mrs. Gilchrist had her house at Shottermill, to which came her artist friends, the Rosettis, Ford Madox Brown, and George Eliot. It was through her and James Simmons who lived opposite that Tennyson came to find his site at Blackdown. Writing in 1868 Mrs. Gilchrist says :—" I met Mr. Hutchinson (the eminent surgeon) and found him one of the most delightful men I ever saw—of course a master in science, and with an almost equally great enthusiasm for literature."

Many artists came to make Haslemere their home, The Whympers, G. H. Boughton, Cecil Lawson, J. C. Hook, Walter Tyndale, Hedley Fitton ; while at Witley close to, was Mrs. Alingham and Birket Foster ; and at the home of Edmund Evans at Witley visited Kate Greenaway and Ralph Caldecott, where Jane Hutchinson would meet them.

Grant Allen, Conan Doyle, Frederick Harrison, and George Macdonald all lived in the neighbourhood in later times, while John Morley often visited Hindhead and came to Inval to consult Jonathan Hutchinson. And if in social amenities it was a place second to few in the country, it was to the naturalist an ideal spot. Its vast woods are the haunt of wild deer, badger and otter. Herons were often seen on the Inval pond, Blackcock and hen-harriers on the moors. The fine collections subsequently made in the museum mark it out as a naturalist's paradise. Although few fossils are to be found, except in the clay pits and stone quarries, the geological formation is varied and interesting. One can pass over chalk, greensand and several strata of clay in a single walk.

The existence of the museum stimulated natural history study ; where also came to be made one of the finest collections

of prehistoric flint implements to be found anywhere in England. One of Jonathan Hutchinson's brothers was the first to notice these relics near the springs of water, and he made a small collection, but later it was realized that they were to be found in every field, on every hill, in every valley, throughout the district. On Blackdown a regular factory of flints was discovered the materials for which had all been brought from the Chalk Downs to the Haslemere Hills.

In 1905 a further prehistoric find was made near the Railway cutting North of the station—a Celtic urn-burial ground of great interest. The beautiful black pottery and bones were gathered to the museum, and Jonathan Hutchinson read a paper on the discovery before the Society of Antiquaries.

Haslemere itself proved an admirable centre for the educational work of Jonathan Hutchinson's later days ; not only on account of the valuable antiquarian finds, and the rich natural history interest of the place, but also of the intellectual society which came to live there.

But before passing on to his museum and educational work we must fill in from letters the details of these active years prior to his wife's death, showing the development of his mind, and leading up to the work of his later years.



*Ch. XV.*

LETTERS, 1878

At the opening of 1878 he is deeply engaged in editing, with the help of Mr. Nettleship, the Ophthalmological Hospital (Moorfields) reports, and in June with very great reluctance resigns his surgeoncy at the Moorfields Hospital. In July, the year that he reaches the age of 50, he is elected Professor of Surgery and Pathology to the Royal College of Surgeons, the blue riband of Medical Teaching.

His eldest daughter is 21, and is engaged. The family is at Inval throughout a long summer, hence a rich harvest of letters to his wife.

But financial anxiety causes a change of plan with regard to the country house, and in November it is let; and the family with much regret remains in London all the winter, and ensuing years also in all probability, except for the school holidays.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq.,

Jan. 11, 1878.

It is a matter which concerns society generally,—all of us live too fast, and in so doing set a bad example to each other, and keep up a false and artificial standard. We have no reason for discouragement, and very much for gratitude, and I quite trust that the necessity for looking a little more seriously at the problems of existence will not diminish the happiness of ourselves or our children.

It has long been a crotchet of mine that the children of the rich ought early to be taught the duty of labour. Nothing ennobles life so much as the strenuous effort to make the very most of it.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq.,

Feb. 5, 1878.

I wrote in extreme hurry yesterday with Evans waiting for the letter, and I fear I have not much more time to-day. Many thanks for thine. I very much like to have a letter every morning.

We began in fog this morning and it continues very dull. I have faith however that Spring will come. Have you seen any primroses yet? That is, from the fields. I long to go through the woods again, and strange to say what I most often find myself longing for is a swim in the Moat, that clear crystal water is so tempting.

Mr. Wilson\* is going to resign his Professorship at the College of Surgeons, and the Medical Times and Gazette nominates me as his

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\*Sir Erasmus Wilson, F R S

INVAL,  
HASLEMERE



successor. I did not know of it till I saw their paragraph but of course I shall take it if I can get it. I should like it very much indeed. It is paid, it would bring practice and it would help to systematize one's work. I am teaching with much zeal just now. Surely teaching is the highest vocation of the human spirit. I mean training in the largest sense, helping the next generation to be better and to understand more clearly than we have done. I believe more and more firmly and hopefully in the continuousness of life. It is the grand doctrine of comfort and I long to preach it. What is bodily death when your influence, your life, all that was really you must really live for ever? The change of life from parent to child is only in a sort of larger sense changing one's clothes. The outward flesh changes, the memory in some matters fades, but the spirit remains the same. We are all from ever and for ever, if we could but see. And this terrestrial life is a gloriously beautiful one. Only I do wish it was not so far from London to Haslemere, and that individual life was a little longer, and individual health a little more certain, and perhaps a few more changes might be introduced. Still I am thankful to say that as regards the great Spirit, the true Maker of all things, my soul is prepared to say very reverently, "For ALL I thank Thee."

With dearest love to you all.

Thy ever affect. husband,

JON. HUTCHINSON.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq.,

March 22, 1878.

The Chelmsford case was finished on Wednesday. Dr. Jackson gave his evidence very well indeed, and finally told the cross-examining Counsel "You're not asking me a question, you're merely making an epigram." He had previously told him that he put abstract questions and expected matter-of-fact answers." When it came to the accusation of epigrams the poor man blushed and sat down muttering something about: "Epigrams! I wish I could!"

We did not stay to the end. We had an hour to spare after it was over and I went to the Museum having obtained admission through a friend. It is an interesting collection, plenty of elephant's teeth, rhinoceros' horns, etc., from the bed of the adjacent river.

... I am sorry thou was disappointed with the reading. We must make allowances for but poorly educated tastes. People must be amused by that which amuses them, and as a rule they find instruction rather boresome. I often think of Keats'

"Oh fret not after knowledge, I have none,  
And yet the evening listens."

He makes a singing thrush say this. . . .

"Brain," a new periodical, is to begin with an article of mine and next comes Mr. Lewes, so I am in good company.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq ,

April 21st,

Sunday Noon.

My dearest Love,

I had no chance of getting away yesterday and have three visits to make to-day. I am very sorry indeed to miss seeing you all.

I live however so many lives, that when cheated of one, I take refuge in another without much difficulty. At present my College lectures are so overwhelming in prospect that they are enough to absorb every thought, and apart from them I have responsible cases in hand which take up, whether I will or no, all my day. It was half past seven yesterday before I got home and I had had three operation cases during the afternoon.

I long for a quieter life, and less of responsibility, but probably this is best ; at any rate it prevents one dwelling on minor troubles.

I hope our children will acquire a real love of knowledge, as a means to usefulness, and as fitting a man to do his duty in life, and quite independent of any kind of temporary reward, or any desire to excel others. The latter is especially a kind of motive which may easily injure the character, and dwarf its scope. Perhaps we may define ambition as a desire to exalt and develop one's personality. It may of course be much modified by other impulses and affections, and is often the direct source of much good. It often makes a man work, who would otherwise be idle. It opposes itself to the instinctive love of pleasure and ease. It is, after all, however, a personal and selfish impulse ; and our grand aim in education and in life should be to develop the sense of relationship, that is the power of sympathy which is again equivalent to *Love*, so that a man shall feel the need for pleasure, ease, comfort, gratification of tastes, and freedom from pain, as directly and unconsciously for others, as he does for himself. Then he is sure to work ; and not only to work himself, but to rejoice unfeignedly in the work and success of others ; because it all contributed to the very end for which he is striving.

I called on Jackson the other evening (about a patient). He tells me that "H." has nothing to do and "yet can't be quite happy." "How should he, he doesn't deserve it." Who fears God (that is who ever has a right reverence for the reality of things about him, and the causes which have originated him, and given him his duties) fears to sit at ease.

To developed minds, possessed of knowledge and of sympathy, faith and work are the real sources of happiness ; and the work will depend upon the faith. Whoever believes that his work will tell, must, if he have any strong sense of relationship or brotherhood or Fatherhood, which are all the same thing, work well.

There is surely no happiness more intense or purer, than to feel certain that our work will produce happiness in others.

It is when we despair, and are faithless, and do not feel that it is certain that all well-directed effort must work together for good, that we are miserable. Let each choose carefully his best sphere of work, and be content with nothing low or unequal to him. "Covet earnestly the best gifts, but chiefly that ye may prophesy." That is that you may see into the *real truth* of the life to come and live accordingly.

Tell baby she has forgotten to write me how the calf is.

With dearest love,

Thy affecte. husband,  
JON. HUTCHINSON.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav Sq.,  
May 1, 1878.

(Apropos of his eldest daughter's engagement)

. . . I must take to studying the young men you invite more carefully, but I had really hoped that there was time enough yet for such serious considerations. I am at one with thee most actively as to the desirability of allowing young people to associate much with each other, for besides the happiness derived directly, it greatly helps the judgment in the formation of deeper and permanent attachments. Nor am I below thee in my estimate of marriage: though much gratified to find thine so high.

. . . I brought the Prelude back with me, and read a little every night. There is a great deal of rather lengthy description and narrative writing, but it is not tedious to me, and it all leads up to the poetic conclusion. There is a soul in it all. I really know no writer who has so thoroughly a calming exalting and hope-inspiring effect as has Wordsworth. He saw the Truth and loved it. Part of his last book is almost a paraphrase of Paul's "I have fought the good fight, I have kept the Faith." Much of his teaching is very like Browning's.

To fear and love,  
To love as prime and chief, for then fear ends,  
Be this ascribed: to early intercourse  
In presence of sublime and beautiful forms  
With the adverse principles of pain and joy—  
Evil as one is rashly named of men  
Who know not what they speak. By love subsists  
All lasting grandeur, by pervading love,  
That gone, we are as dust."

Thy affecte. husband,

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq.,  
June 4, 1878.

Overleaf are two jottings which I wrote a week ago but had not time to send. The first illustrates a mode of altered expression which would I think, if carried out in our general speech, much aid clearness of idea

The treaty is in brief a step towards the final complete end of the Turkish rule—and division of the Turkish territory. The modifications which Lord Beaconsfield's policy has gained give England a definite footing, and will enable her in the next generation, if the next generation likes, to take a suitable share in the ultimate arrangement. If the next generation be not utterly demoralized by sentimentalism it will know how to use the occasion for the good of the world at large.

I agree with much of what thou says as to altruism. It is certainly as thou says, easier to live *for* some people than to live *with* them. More's the pity, but as Binney used to observe —“Some very good Christians (and others) are very disagreeable people.” We must make the best of life, we cannot make it as we would like. If Wordsworth had written nothing but his splendid expression and aspiration,

“To sweep distemper from the busy day  
And make the chalice of the big round year  
Run o'er with gladness”

he would have established his claim as a poet.

I am sorry thou objects to my phrase the “Unity of GOD in Nature.” The great step of theologic progress made by the Semitic race was the unity of GOD, the great perception granted to the Teutons is the unity of Nature.

J. H. to J. P. H.

1878?

Hast thou thought of the contrast between Dante and Wordsworth, or rather, perhaps, between the fourteenth century and the nineteenth, or Italy and England? Dante is to me such a heavy materialist. Everything, the human soul, heaven, hell, etc., are all material. The soul is only another body. He seems to have no conception of Spirit alone. Wordsworth sees a “spirit in the Woods,” in flowers, in light, in the most material things.

I prefer Wordsworth. He is not so heavy and hard. He has hope and love and brightness.

It seems that Carlyle's father, whom he so much praises, was a very rough-tempered, austere man. It is a man's nature, and not the opinions he may have adopted, which come out in his character, and after all, in spite of his dyspepsia, and of his growl (which was worse than his bite), Carlyle was a most noble man. His reminiscences are not so very painful to me. I can make allowances, but I much regret their publication.

I read the book on the “Unseen World” of evenings, and like it very much; but I am so fearfully in arrears of medical work, that I sometimes almost determine to exclude for a while all other thoughts, as tending to dissipate the mind. Thou knows that I do not regard professional work as “worldly”; rather as, under many circumstances, the most cogent duty to which the spirit can compel the flesh.

It would be a great pleasure to me to be permitted to lead a hermit's life; or perhaps, at any rate, that of a very private family man. I

have but a second-rate sort of zeal for the pleasures of fame or for social prominence. Quiet, country, books, talk, and thought, suit me far better. But we must all fulfil our destinies as best we may, and build ourselves into the walls of the everlasting house, if possible as good sound durable stones.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq.,

July 17, 1878.

I am living in a bath of flattery and compliment in reference to my book, and must take care not to allow it to influence me too much. I am glad to know that the lectures are thought readable and valuable, and shall go on writing more with additional zest. It is a great help to good work to know it is likely to succeed.

Lord Beaconsfield made his triumphal entry yesterday. I was through the streets just before and saw the crowd and the preparations. The D N. has an article on the Treaty to-day which is I think very unfairly depreciatory.

A lady told me yesterday, "My husband, my children, my servants, are all a fatigue and a trouble to me," yet she had energy enough to use very graphic language.

A man this morning whose birthday is on the same day as mine will be 70 when I am 50, so I had the opportunity of seeing the difference which 20 years makes. He too had had 10 children (now only 8 living).

J. H. to J. P. H.

July 24, 1878.

I was hindered answering thy kind letter of congratulation yesterday which I much regretted. It certainly feels a considerable addition to dignity to have finished one's first half century, and in all probability the first 2/3rds of one's period of personality. . . . You would see in the Times I sent, a very good account of the Prince's visit to the Hospital. I had much talk with him, and also some with the Princess. He was very affable and on leaving came and shook hands and said good-bye quite as if he meant to say, "We have made friends." It was very well I went, and almost a chance that I did, for he did not come till five, having been arranged for 3.30, and I had made engagements which at first made me say I could not possibly wait.

In search of non-exciting reading I am reading in bed Henderson's "Iceland". He was a Bible Colporteur. The Nettleships have given me Arnold's Poems, but they are too suggestive of endless toil and endurance, and I long for rest.

"We school our manner's active parts  
But HE who sees us through and through  
Knows that the best of both our hearts  
Was to be gentle, tranquil, true."

—Arnold.



J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq., W.

July 30, 1878.

I do not define a sentimentalist as "a hater of vivisection" but rather as one who cannot appreciate the relative sizes of things, and who, in the pursuit of little petty present gains, is willing to risk great future losses; one whose sense of pain at the infliction of small miseries paralyzes him in the pursuit of great goods.

A gardener who thinks that aphides have a "natural right to live," or a devotee who allows fleas and their associates to revel in his clothes, "because God made them," are to my mind sentimental enthusiasts. In a way I respect them. I honour their warmth of feeling and absence of selfishness, but at the same time I think them very soft-headed. The advocates of peace under all conditions are somewhat in the same position. The Society of Friends has issued a very weak circular on the Peace question—every other sentence a fallacy. I am not astonished at anything from S.A.'s pen, but that G.D. and B.B. could not see through it is a pity. We must do our best cheerfully and heartily, and nothing is gained by embarrassing ourselves with sentimental rules of conduct inapplicable to real life.

Everybody sees that there are objects in life superior to the claims of fleas, aphides or even dogs and cats, and we have but to extend the argument to the loss of individual human beings, which may easily be repaid to the race by gains in civilization, peace and freedom. It has been so in times past, and will probably be in times to come.

J H. to J. P H.

15, Cav Sq,

Sep 3, 1878.

I was really very sorry and much ashamed of myself that I did not wish to go with you yesterday. but my early walk had much knocked me up, and I was in such a low spirited and irritable state that I felt as if it would be very difficult by my company to add to any one's happiness. I also shirked the long walk. Thy two little representatives who stayed with me quite saved me from loneliness, and were very good company. Bernard is most anxious to be taught everything. We went shooting together, and although we got no "Wabbits" he enjoyed it, and felt much dignified. They were both very amusing at dinner time, and gave each other some good repartees. an ability which they certainly do not inherit from me. It is sometimes a comfort to me to trust that if ever it should be permitted to St. Paul and high Calvinism to in any degree distance out personal loves, we shall always respect and love each other in our offspring.

But I will say no more of this, and try to think no more. The jottings on the other side were written weeks ago, as I sometimes put down a thought just when it comes.

I am a hundred-and-third-psalmite.

He is a happy man who has learned to enjoy the happiness of others.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq.,

Sep. 26, 1878.

I am very glad Bertie was no worse for his fall. John tells me it was an awkward one. (This refers to a fall from a tree, when a dead branch broke, and the 10-years old boy, who remembers it well after 60 years, fell on the top of a fence).

. . . I hope Elsie will go to Sydenham. They would certainly be hurt if she did not. It is a secret of profitable and happy life to make the best of things and people, and try one's best to like them. It is not necessary to be enthusiastic but most things are really better than we regard them at first thought. Dinners are bores in one sense, but taken quietly, they are not so bad, and they often offer excellent opportunities for sociability if every one does his best. So now I have preached a little sermon. I do not get half the credit for self-denial which is my due, because, trying to abstain from grumbling, people think I am doing just what I like. So now I have had my boast.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq.

A lady's maid, whose fee I had declined, has sent me Macaulay's life, with which I am delighted. There is some real life in the book, nothing highflown, but plenty of commonsense energy. I like Macaulay in it better than I expected to do. He is more mortal and much less worldly. Perhaps he belongs rather to the Dr. Johnson class, men of great talent, independence, hatred of sham, of much ambition, and capable of enormous work. Not a man of genius, and not free from prejudice, nor was Dr. J. He seems to have been exceedingly fond of children, and much liked by them, and to have been very benevolent. His industry in reading seems to have been enormous. He could not understand German Metaphysics, and speaks of Emerson as destined to be forgotten.

Dr. Jackson does not like him, and says for one thing that he disparaged Wordsworth. I believe he had read a great deal more of Wordsworth than Jackson has; and that if Jackson compelled himself to wade through as much as he had done, he too would speak in not very complimentary terms. Jackson knows only a few picked passages. Macaulay had read the Prelude and pronounces it a repetition of the Excursion but not nearly so good. A very just criticism. He says, as Dr. Bridges said to me, that he can well understand why Wordsworth did not publish it during his life, or at any rate not early in it, since it sympathises so much with socialism.

I love Wordsworth, I love the Puritans and the Quakers, but I am not hurt in the least by Macaulay's strictures on them. We need not swallow people whole. Every one must be taken with discrimination, and great excellence in one direction almost necessarily involves weakness in some other.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq.,  
Oct. 29, 1878.

. . . I have had two busy mornings and patients seem to be setting in again

. . . I finished my paper as usual at the last pinch, having got up at seven yesterday to write a very busy day prevented my doing much however, it proved to be long enough, and I might have done without the quotations with which I eked it out, thinking that I had not plenty I think it was well received. John told me quite strongly that he enjoyed it very much, and this was exceedingly pleasant to me. A feeling always comes over me when I have finished a paper,—well it is commonplace in the highest degree and an utter failure

We had some discussion after it, part of it shewing a good knowledge of the subject. It was a very wide one, simply "IMAGINATION," so that no one could read it up or come prepared. It needs some more writing to fill up gaps; and I fear I shall scarcely be industrious enough to get it concluded, or I would send or bring it to you. I feel encouraged by the interest in literature displayed, to attempt an Essay on Keats for a students' *Conversazione* at home.

I wrote as simply and directly as I could, but it is very difficult, when pen is in hand, for an essay to be read or published, to avoid gliding into the grandiloquent style. I try my best to be simple, but it is often of little avail.

J. H. to J. P. H.

*Read a joyful Resurgam in every decaying leaf, go down for a time into the valley of the shadow of Nature's Death.*

Combeswell, Haslemere,  
Saturday Morning, 9.30., 1878.

My dearest Love,

Many thanks for thy two kind letters, the second just recd. We get our letters before breakfast here! The boys are just trying to get the kettle to boil. Mind, I had my tea two hours ago and they found the fire gone out when they got up.

As there seems nothing special wanted, and I am feeling much recruited by the country air, I think we have about decided to stay as long as we can, that is to Monday afternoon. It rained heavily yesterday evening, and has drizzled in the daytime, but we have not had any decided rain to keep us in.

. . . We have had some adventures though nothing much out of the way. The difficulty of frying bacon without burning it is considerable.

Mrs. Mansell comes at 11, puts us in order and cooks dinner and leaves us at 4. John is in raptures over his success in making porridge, and is urging me to try some. You would be amused at Proctor's sanguine anticipations of a change in the weather. He announces a

change of wind every half hour, a little colder, a little nearer north, and once assured me that it had been blowing "quite from the north, for a few seconds." All the time as far as I could judge it was S.W. The farm men give him little comfort. for all are rejoicing in the thaw and hoping it won't freeze again I need scarcely say that there are no signs of it. They had a good afternoon's skating on Thursday. Mr. Milman came to them, and assured them the pond was shallow in most parts but there were deep parts, and advised great caution.

Foxes have taken to fetching the ducks and poultry, and I found a duck's head in the copse They say that three foxes came together.

. . . I am very glad you enjoyed the music I feared Ursula's cough was getting worse. My dear love to her, I hope it will not be bad. I shall go to the Chandlers' to-morrow to lunch. It is drenching mist all round and the hills are fine

P S.—White is waiting to take this letter I have much more to write but must not say it now. Have been trying to write my Presidential address for the Pathol. Soc. but cannot feel like a president of anything. I have Don Quixote, and enjoy afresh his keen sympathising knowledge of human nature. The Spaniards with all their faults must have been gentlemen. Even their peasants know good manners. John and I constructed a farm balance sheet yesterday evening. It is on the wrong side, but not so much as I feared it might be. I think it will be to the good next year, and that it would be bad policy to let it.

*Ch. XVI.*

LETTERS, 1879-80

The year 1879 opened at Cavendish Square. In January he took the chair as President of the Pathological Society, giving an address on the future work of the Society—its “ transactions.” as he called it, including specimens, illustrations, or papers. The same month was the *Conversazione* of the London Medical Society and he read an essay on Keats, the medical student-poet. In February he gave addresses at Bury and at Manchester, and in March spent three days in Paris with his wife visiting the St. Louis Hospital and the Museum.

Inval had been let during the winter and it was decided to let it for the summer also, and to go to the seaside for the first time with the family. Jonathan and his eldest son went to Cromer in May to look out for lodgings, and to get a quiet respite to prepare lectures. They found a place that exactly suited them at Happisburgh a few miles South East of Cromer, and the family enjoyed the most delightful holiday there. It needed a large house for a family of ten children, all at home at that time, and they took the whole of a hotel at Happisburgh, enjoying bathing, boating, mackerel fishing, and shrimping to their heart's content. It was a holiday when much sketching and writing were done by certain members of the family: the last occasion when the family was to be together for a holiday, for the September following the eldest daughter was married.

They were delighted to be back at Inval for Christmas; and the last letter of the following group tells of his being in London at the end of the year and his wife and children still at Haslemere.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq.,

Feb. 4, 1879.

I do hope thou wilt not let these little trifling matters worry thee. Life is not long enough to allow of their being permitted more attention than is just necessary to put them right, and then the sooner forgotten the better. A good many of the leaves of our book are torn out and done with. Let us make the most of what remain. By the way, I quite seriously mean to publish my “ Life-Register.” I think it will be of considerable use in giving a dignity and method to life. I have made one out some years ago for myself, and ruled it for Aet 64. It is very interesting and instructive to note the steady reduction of the balance. “ Look not thou down but up ”—I recur often and with great pleasure to Rabbi Ben Ezra. I used rather to resent being called

a "Cup," a mere inanimate utensil however ornamented, made by a maker and for his own pleasure. The full reality of Sonship has always been very dear to my mind. But now I seem to see a sense in which I can accept the simile with cheerfulness. We are for all others, for all future existence, and must be content to be made use of, even sacrificed for it. This is my conception of God, the Cause of all, the Father of all, the sum of time and of Life. His revelation to me is Humanity, my human brothers and sisters, and it is also, though of course in a lower sense, the voice of all Nature. With Kingsley I believe that the "World is God's not the Devil's," though, I suspect, with much more thoroughness than he did. In this belief I can often place myself very resignedly in God's hands, and say I am nothing. God is all.

J H to J P H.

15, Cav Sq,

April 16, 1879

It is dull weather here. A lady at Littlehampton complains much of the sun, and because I told her to choose a South aspect, but ladies *will grumble*.

I saw a most glorious sunset on the Downs near Hitchin, it was worth living to see. I would endure with pleasure all the little miseries life has ever brought me or is likely to do, for the sake of the sunsets alone,—putting aside all the rest of the great happiness I have had.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Cromer,

May 22, 1879.

My dearest Love,

Almost unexpectedly to myself, we are really here. (He and John). This taste of sea-air, etc., makes me quite hope that Mr. R. will take Inval, in order that we may go to the sea this summer. My state of even balance is overweighted on one side. The children would greatly enjoy this, and it would do them great good, intellectually as well as bodily.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Cromer,

. . . We by no means stay in the house all day. I read a good deal in the open air, and if I had not these dreadful lectures hanging over me should enjoy it very much. I envy clergymen their duties in the way of composition: they need not know, and have no necessity to rightly arrange a whole series of conflicting facts. They have only to keep in good moral tone and warmth, and feel rightly. I could write a dozen sermons for one lecture, especially with the help of quotations

. . . To-day the sands under our window are again lively with children and fishermen. . . . The children of fishermen must, I think, have unusually happy lives in respect of liberty. They need not get in anybody's way except on rainy days. As I write, the tide is coming in over the sands, and there are dozens of them wading in the surf and

jumping over the little waves, evidently in the keenest enjoyment. The fishermen are fine looking men, and it is very pleasant to see how kind they are to their children. There is much that is very beautiful in human nature when properly develop'd, and it is for the constant recognition of this that I so much enjoy the Gospel according to St William (William Wordsworth). It is the gospel of things good, living, beautiful, and full of hope

Thou speaks of fearing to fall short of thy aims in life. Such feelings doubtless come to all who have aims. We can in one life do so little of what we see to be desirable. There are a large number who lead happy lives, pleased with themselves, the gazelles, rabbits, and even, in some instances, the parrots of society; and whose happiness in large measure results from want of thoughtfulness and power of imagination. No one who has much of the latter can possibly be always happy. But still, if well grounded in faith, he may surely attain to a kind of happiness of which the others know nothing. But all natures have their own scale of happiness, and it is only within narrow limits, that the possibility of lifting them above it, exists.

Mrs. P is a gazelle, and looks on life much as an educated gazelle might. All things were made for her, and in return she is quite willing to be gay and bright and obliging. She amazed me by seeming to think personal sacrifice for the good of others an amusing weakness.

I cannot think that anyone, looking dispassionately at thy life, would blame thee for not having fulfilled thy aims. Perhaps thou wilt think I am putting it rather coolly, but thou knows me enough to know that I am not skilful at compliment. Nor, if I were, to thee would I attempt it. Few beings I should think have more sedulously endeavoured to do the day's duties, and to bring light and brightness to all around them. Our lives, to a large extent, are marked out for us; and we must keep to the rails. There is but little room for choice as to our main duties; and the choice, contrary to what seems at first sight, diminishes as we advance in life. We must bring up our children and look to their interests, this is the first duty: and to many of us it comes with such a swelling tide as nearly to overwhelm all others. We must not blame ourselves for not doing that which is utterly beyond our attainment, for not understanding that which we cannot comprehend, but rather be thankful for that which we can do, and which possibly, to a large extent, we have already accomplished. We must not look so much at what we do, but be attentive rather to our soul's growth in faith and hope and patience. The oldest religion was the worship of beauty and courage, then came the perception that these were but brute endowments, and the "worship of sorrow" took its place. Will not the next step be to a religion of patience, a consent not to realize all in our own persons, but to know that much is kept back for the future to reveal a consent to the much that is so lamentably imperfect, as knowing that for the present it can be no better. A willingness both to live and to die, and a constant desire to *let patience have her perfect work*.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq.,

May 20, 1879.

I am sure that the true religion of daily life is to enjoy as much as we can what is daily given, looking forwards only in moderation, and with faith, not anxiety. Mrs. P. lunched with us. What a funny sort of creed she seems to have. I have been reading Herbert's "Church Porch" to the children, and trying to explain. I enjoy it more than ever. With dearest love to the children and Thyself.

Thy affecte. husband,

JON. HUTCHINSON.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq.,

July 31, 1879.

I am under such a clear misapprehension that the anniversary of our wedding day always falls during the Med. Assn. Meeting, that I never thought of its being so close at hand, but was quietly waiting till next week. Many thanks for thy kind and loving reminder and thy affectionate good wishes. And so this is really the 23rd return of the day of the great event of 1856. How well, I doubt not, we both remember the day. The longer I live, the more I realize, how unworthy I was of the happiness I obtained, and the more I wonder how it fell to my lot. I do not mean that my life since has been all sunshine, but still I look back to that day as the one of greatest blessing in my whole life, and am most thankful that the event was realized.

15, Cav. Sq.,

Oct. 17, 1879.

On Monday was a meeting of the Council of the College of Surgeons, and after it a dinner, which latter I attended for the first time. I had a headache before, and it did not improve it. I never can feel sure whether it is right to attend such dinners or not. For themselves I do not care for them, and have a distinct conscience against them. But they seem to conduce to friendly feeling amongst those who otherwise would meet only in competition and rivalry. This time I sat next to a man whom I have always much disliked; and the result was that I have seen another, and much better side of his character.

He is, I find, a widower with seven children; and his care of them, and his attempt to supply their mother's place, are such as to command one's warm admiration. He told me that he never missed a letter to any of them, but never required them to write to him unless they felt inclined. One son has, he says, "a diabolical temper," and requires the greatest care in management. (Curiously the father's sobriquet used to be "Satan.") He says that he has no motive for life except his children, and will never marry again, from respect to his wife's memory.



J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq.,

Oct. 20, 1879.

It has been a most beautiful day—a day to rejoice in, if only one had time. The new half-moon is now most lovely over the Square. What a pity that life cannot be so arranged that we might serve its purposes and fulfil our duties in one half, and have in the other leisure for thought, reflection, and enjoyment of being. Nature's demands are hard upon us in this respect. I have been in a continual drive ever since breakfast, and was late to that, having been out in the night. Not half enough time at the Hospital, and now an evening full also. . .

To-morrow begins the Pathological Society's Session. We commence under its Quaker President the silent system, i.e., to exhibit specimens by a written card instead of by speech.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq.,

Dec. 31, 1879.

I fear I have but a few minutes as John and I are just going to our case, but lest I should not be home in time for the post, must write now a brief New Year's Greeting.

We have got to the end of a long eventful year, on the whole I trust a happy one, and it is a fitting habit to look to the future which is about to take what in some sense seems a new start to-morrow.

May the next journey of our planet in its yearly round bring with it only such events as we must look for, and may it be ours to so use all events as to make them blessings.

May our spirits become more and more free of the transitory and changing substance and more and more fixed upon the unchanging spirit.

May we feel that we live every day in and for eternity, and so use each day as part of the time which has no end. May we feel the reality of what is about us and rest in assured faith that neither our labours nor our prayers can ever be in vain. May we rest in the Fatherhood of God and feel so far as is possible the brotherhood of man. Please give my best wishes for the New Year to all of ours—I had almost written to all of *us*. With dearest love ever.

Thy very affectionate husband,

JON HUTCHINSON.

1880 sees him as much occupied as ever with his Hunterian lectures, and with practice; but looking forward to his eldest son (who attains his majority and also passes the College of Surgeons, M.R.C.S. this year), soon being able to help him.

The summer holidays were spent camping out, or living in a cottage at Haslemere; for the big house is let, and for part of the time he went a tour with his children to Salisbury and Stonehenge. He tried to let the farm, and so lessen his responsibilities.



THE  
MEMORIAL HALL,  
HASLEMERE.



In November he examines for the College of Surgeons for the first time

The following letters belong to this year.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq.,  
Sunday Evening, 1880.

I enjoyed my sunrise walk on Saty. mornng very much. It was a splendid morning, and though it tired me a little it left a very pleasant memory. I am obliged sometimes to store up memories regardless of slight immediate discomforts. To-day I have been reading Jeremy Taylor in the carriage, and with increasing pleasure and profit. I shall certainly try to get all his works. He speaks of Charles I. as "the best of men," so I think I may claim some liberality in appreciating him so much. He appears to me most beautifully wise and pure and good, Thoroughly human and sympathetic with all conditions. I am obliged to hide him away for fear of wasting time on him.

Excepting that it keeps me from other things, and especially from you, I do not grudge Saturday and Sunday work. It does not hurt me in health, and as thou knows I believe in the duty and prayerfulness of all work. No good comes without it, and we must be thankful when it is offered to do, together with some share of ability to undertake it.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq., 1880.

I enjoy Taylor more and more; he is so broad and sympathetic, and takes such clear commonsense views of duty, and of the relation of present and future. I should only need to alter a few words and expressions here and there, and put a spiritual meaning to some facts which he interprets as literal truths, to find his teaching and doctrine wholly acceptable.

His desire as regards the formation of character is exactly that of every good man. I must read the "judicious Hooker" for I had no idea that there was so much beauty in the old divines. After all such books are far more to my taste than the mystics, such as the Old Friends. Taylor is a sort of Herbert writing prose.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq.,  
1880.

I left a few Botanical cards written. If the boys would go over them a few times they would know them when I come, and then I will write some more. I wish Botany could have another name, and get rid of its associations with a mild kind of pedantry. It is really a knowledge of the works of the Deity in plant life: what plants are, and how they have become so; and is full of the beautiful and wonderful. The technicalities which surround it are no part of the subject, but the

means by which we choose to express our supposed knowledge. I grant it needs some painstaking to master them, but this, once given, then the door is open.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq.,  
April 2nd, 1880.

I should be glad if the boys took more interest in natural science, but after all they do fairly, and are fond of reading. Possibly we offer them too many advantages. My own studies were always somewhat fragmentary, and I picked up knowledge rather than studied systematically. The great point is not to tire the mind.

I should not have made my remark about my Sunday Service, but that I thought thou seemed to think we had wasted the morning by not going out. I never, I think, waste time on Sundays, and should always be glad if the day were twice as long. I am in the difficult position of having duties to the public laid upon me, which are far more than my time and energy are enough for.

I have always a feeling that thou looks upon it as "Leprosy work,"—a sort of crotchet or scientific pleasure,—whereas to me it is a solemn duty. If Leprosy, Rheumatism and the like could be cured or prevented in any other way than by giving one's whole mind to the discovery of the truth about them, I should be very glad to try it.

My mind is as weary of them as possible, and my tastes lie in quite other directions. But this is my service, and the best I can render.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Invalid,  
Sunday, May 31, 1880.

Mr. Tay is in raptures with the trees, and sky, and weather, so different to what has sometimes been his fate here. I believe he got up at five o'clock this morning. It is too bad to keep him at writing, and I think we shall turn out for a walk presently. I am writing now in haste to catch the post. My ideas, one and all, run into Gout, Rheumatism and Leprosy, and I pine to allow them to diverge. I have read no poetry for I don't know when. Agnes (Act. 5) is pulling out the butterfly drawers and has found in one drawer some "Wagonettes," alias dragon flies.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav Sq.,  
Sept. 17, 1880.

Thou will see by the enclosed that poor Mr. Gay has at length entered on his rest. He has long been confined to his chamber, and I believe at times very restless. He had led a cheerful life on the whole, and was I should think much loved by his family.

Has thou read Mrs. Browning's "He giveth his beloved sleep." It is quite applicable to John Gay, for him sleep was to be desired. I

charge against Mrs Browning in general a love for strong colours and high notes, and this poem illustrates that.

It is not true, I think perhaps the reverse of true, that the best thing that the all-powerful can give is sleep. Only when we are weary is sleep desirable, then it is a blessing : at other times "give us life and energy" is our prayer. To represent either sleep or death as a boon to all, is to exaggerate, and become sentimental instead of truthful. We should avoid a melancholy sentimentalism which we all know is not real, and be joyful when we can, and thankful always. Only when life through sickness, age, or misery has become a burden, is it permitted to desire the final sleep. Mrs. Browning's poetry is the poetry of an invalid.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Sept. 22, 1880.

Thou wilt be grieved to hear that Stopford Brooke has announced his leaving the Church of England, as he is no longer comfortable to profess any belief in miracles or the "Incarnation." He will continue the Chapel and a Church service of song, psalms, etc., but without a creed. He sends us a circular offering to refund the pew rent if wished.\* I felt certain that he ought to take this step, and that his teaching was inconsistent. For this reason I never could enjoy hearing him. He seemed to be saying and unsaying so much. I have much longed for a service based upon what seems to me purely spiritual doctrine : which should avail itself of music and poetry, and of association for mutual help, but without what seemed to me superstitions and idolatrous articles of creed.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the great Father pitieth them that fear him. This I understand literally and fully, and it seems to me that it excludes any idea of a sacrifice being required. The old mythologies are full of the notion of sacrifice, and there is no wonder that the Hebrew creed did not escape it, nor much that the Christian church in turn took it up. Excuse me for alluding to these subjects. I will never do so again if thou wishes it. But I cannot say how earnestly I long that thou could see what seems to me glorious light, and be able to build on beautiful Truth.

Thy ever affectionate husband,

JON. HUTCHINSON.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Dec. 29th, 1880.

I have not read any more Dante, but have done a little more Waverley. Have learned with much interest that Sir Walter Scott's ancestors on both sides were convinced Friends. Quakerism began vigorously in Scotland, but was repressed by persecution. His ancestors were imprisoned and in one case the children were by law taken from under their parent's care, because he had become a Quaker.

I was refreshed in spirit this morning by a call from Professor Pirrie,

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\*Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury, where he continued to preach

of Aberdeen, to ask if I was intending to go on with my illustrations ; and assuring me of their great value to him in teaching. He is an enthusiastic teacher, and his high opinion of them cheered me.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15. Cav. Sq.,

Dec. 30, 1880.

I hope to be with you perhaps before this, but will send just a few words for fear I should not.

I was very glad to get thine. We all read the verses with interest and pleasure. I do not really believe that any enlightenment comes by death, it is rather by living. Nor can I think that George Eliot is in any melancholy sense "dead." She sleeps but her spirit lives. How gloriously her hymn now reads.

My conception of personality is far less definite than with most. We are the children of the Eternal past and the parents of the eternal 'to be' ; and our separate personality is, so it seems to me, a thing of very short and uncertain duration.

Ch. XVII.

LETTERS, 1881-82

The International Medical Congress in London was the important event of the year 1881. It was held in August and Hutchinson was president of one section. It was a week of papers and debates, and of much hospitality. Over 3,000 medical men were present, including over a thousand from overseas. Pasteur, Virchow, Koch, Langenbeck, Charcot, Volkman, and many other celebrities were present.

It was the year of the Transvaal War and of Carlyle's death.

Immediately after the Congress he gave the Address in Surgery at Ryde, I.o W., before the annual meeting of the British Medical Associations; speaking on Surgical Ethics, Surgical Education, and Museums.

He had prepared for this Carnival of Medical Science by a short trip to France with his wife and his son Herbert, spending a few days at Amiens and Paris. It was excessively hot that July; and on the last day of the month he kept with his wife their silver wedding, in the midst of distractions and growing responsibilities which seemed almost to overwhelm. Much illness and trouble among relations seemed to cloud the year. A brother-in-law broke down mentally, a brother failed in business and Jonathan bought some of his property at a time when he could hardly shoulder any additional burden, and at the end of the year two promising nephews died of consumption.

The somewhat sad note in the beautiful poem which his wife wrote, and gave to all the ten children on the occasion of the silver wedding (see p. 51), reflects the strain of this time.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq., W.

March 24, 1881.

The Congress affairs are becoming more and more engrossing. It is proposed to have a commemoration medal struck. Paget proposed to have the Queen's head on it, but we all negatived that, and decided for *Hunter & Harvey*. I hope we shall not have a medal. Lister and I voted against it alone, wishing to devote the money to some scientific object. This would cost us £500 at least.

According to my feeling these Congresses are great religious gatherings, in which prayer is offered for the progress of knowledge and the well-being of man. A great effort is also made in the way of social intercourse, to promote the general sentiment of good brotherly feeling,



and to make people feel that the Maker has indeed made us all of one blood.

Here comes the excuse for dinners, for friendly joke and conversation, and for social life in general, as distinct from more serious efforts in positive work.

I have just finished the large essay on Listerism, and have read it with great pleasure. It is a delight to think of what Lister has been permitted to achieve for the relief of suffering. He ought to have a happy death-bed, whenever and however it may come; for the thought of what he has done might, I think, overpower any physical suffering.

I hope he realizes it, and never has any doubt about it. It is only fair that he should know.

I sometimes think of translating a statistical table of Surgical recoveries after operations, etc., into their full terms. The work to reduce the statistics of mortality, and gain perhaps from 10 per cent. to only 5 per cent.—this certainly Lister has done. Written down in a table this looks rather cold, possibly even savours of a personal boast, but if we read it out full it means John Smith restored to his young family, and able to work again; Mrs Wilson likewise saved from leaving all her little children orphans, an only son restored to his mother and so on and so on. The lack of imaginative power or facility to work these things out and visualize them is at the root of the stupidity of many of us. If there is any man whom I could envy it is Lister.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq.,  
April, 1881.

I have read a little in the second vol. of Carlyles' life. Some of his notions in his journal are very affecting confessions and records of his sense of duty to speak out his message. He seems really to have been much impressed with this.

Pity that he could not have let it sit rather more lightly on him. There is after all no need to be urgent in life's affairs; better to let them develop themselves quietly, and exercise meanwhile what faith and trust we may.

"Leave time for dogs and apes,  
Man has forever."

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

These are often my favourite texts, and I often feel very sure that pressure and urgency defeat their own ends. Live lovingly, and trust the rest, that is the real secret.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Cav. Sq.,  
1881.

. . . I had a letter from Frank expressing his willingness to help in Edward's matter, but saying that Massey is quite unable to do so. I am sorry to hear that he has embarrassed himself so much. The art

of making a living seems as difficult as ever, and unless we can succeed in making a pleasure of thrift, it seems on the cards that life may have many annoyances for us all. This is the great thing to do—to recognise from the beginning that we shall have to struggle for necessities, and so be very thankful if we get them. Be reconciled to life, is the great text, for we have to live, and to live just in the way we do, and no other. A poor lady whose eldest son is just going to Africa spoke keenly of the pain of parting with him. I urged that as he had got a good appointment it would be for his good. "Oh yes," she said, "that is what I tell them. They must do the best for themselves. They have got to live, and I have got to die." Although a sensible lady, she said it not rejoicingly, but rather bitterly.

Browning to me has been the chief prophet of the doctrine of moral permanence. Wordsworth also to some extent. My mind is so imbued with it, that, when I am free from headache, I have scarcely the perception of such a thing as death, in any gloomy sense. The things that have been are the things that will be, there is no loss, but a steady gradual gain, a permanence of life, though not of individuals. The world gets itself new clothes, the same spirit but a new covering for it. Darwinism comes in, with its happy proof of gain, and demonstration of the laws under which progress and better adaptation to our world are matters of necessity. and so I am thankful for my life, and thankful on the part of those who will follow me.

As to the influence of the trees being lost, certainly such an event can never happen. No sort of influence is ever lost. Think how the sun heat, stored up in the wood, is resuscitated in the coal, and we actually and literally warm ourselves by the sunbeams which shone some billions of years ago. It is so with all influence, and it is handed on to others, transmitted, transferred in a thousand ways, but never, never "lost." Everything is worth doing well, for everything is permanent in its influence.

I am so glad to hear that thou thinks with more sympathy of John Mill. I regard him as one of the most Christlike men who have lived for long. I mean by that, as a man who was more willing to do without worldly honour or worldly happiness if he could do good to others. His father's education of him was also a most noble self-denying effort to train up a useful man. We feel greater latitude as regards our children, and allow them to seek happiness in more natural ways, and believe they will be none the worse. But his was a very noble endeavour and made at great cost of comfort, and as being higher than anything that we think of attempting, deserves our best sympathy and honour.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Cav. Sq.,

Dec. 27, 1881.

I am very glad to know that poor E. was permitted to pass away without suffering. It might easily have been otherwise. He was, I believe, a bright unselfish lad, and had he lived would have been a

good man. All who knew him must have been the better for his influence, and in this way it is my faith that he still lives built up as it were spiritually into the being of all who received his influence. Many probably are quite unconscious of it, but others will consciously and willingly cherish his memory, and be the better for it. It is of the sum of such influence one upon the other, and of those who have lived in the past upon those who live in the present, that what we call our spiritual life is made up. This spiritual life is eternal, it began with the origin of all things, and will last to their close. It was given by the great maker of all things, and is, if we like such a mode of speech, an emanation from him. No one can free himself of it, and the responsibilities of its possession are such as might content us all, if indeed they do not overwhelm us. Thus, it seems to me, that a distinction is easily drawn between what may be called a man's spirit and his soul

His spirit is a most certain reality in the sense just given to it. Does he also possess a sort of other body, an impalpable and invisible representative of himself, capable of memory and able to continue quite apart from his body a sort of personal existence? To such a duplicate EGO the name ghost or soul may be given. The belief that human beings possess souls or ghosts is very widely spread, and has been held by many widely separated nations, but I suppose it took its most definite form in Egypt. The Jews appear to have adopted it slowly, and never held it with anything like the vividness which the old Egyptians did. Many savage nations hold it very firmly, and even believe that an individual may possess several ghosts. The doctrine of transmigration of souls is of course based upon it.

Now to me I may say that the craving for immortality is abundantly satisfied by the known immortality of my spirit. I find that motive enough for careful and painstaking life. I know without the slightest misgiving that, upon the honesty of my thoughts, the purity of my motives, and the industry of my life, the happiness of others, in greater or less degree, in incalculable numbers, must depend. Surely this is enough to give a serious purpose to my actions, and to save me from ever feeling that I am but a creature of to-day. From forever and to forever is the lot of us all.

If, in addition to this, I could believe that I should also after the death of my body assume in another and happier clime an endless continuation of existence, I should be most thankful. I should then look on death as simply emigration, and long for it, as I might if shut up in an Arctic sea, long for the return to home. If however the Indian's happy hunting field exists only in his imagination, and the whole creed as to souls, and their transference to other places of residence, is only so much make believe handed down to us from less instructed forefathers, then I am fain to be content as I am. Now so far as the grounds of my faith extend I know of nothing in support of the belief in souls, that is of physical, material souls, representatives of bodies. Every analogy in Nature, so far as I see, is against it. Nor

can I forget at times, when inclined to envy those who believe otherwise, that in their creed, it by no means follows, that all souls in the other world-life will be happy. Here is the dreadful drawback to such a faith. There is heaven for the few only, hell for the many, and when I think of this I am more than satisfied, that my mind should abide sure and steadfast on the rock of spiritual immortality, and not crave for direct personal judgment (with eternal results) on our short imperfect and bewildered lives. It seems to me that our lives are not wholes in themselves, but *parts* of a great whole. It seems to me simply impossible for anyone gifted with imaginative faculty and with sympathy for others, to believe in the realness of Hell, and without hell there can, I suppose, be no Heaven.

I well recollect when my mind first cleared itself of this creed. It was one day at Reigate when Elsie was just able to walk. A friend appealed to me somewhat in these words :

"You say you believe in Christianity and in heaven and hell, but I am sure you don't. You do not believe in your soul that it is possible that that child, whatever may be her future life, should ever be condemned to endless torment. If you believed it you would never be happy again. Be honest with yourself, and do not try to believe that which would make you hate your life, and the Maker of your being, if you really accepted it."

I felt at once that he was right. A belief, which I had previously held without doubt, vanished like a dark cloud, and I have never seen it since. Nor do I fear, unless some terrible brain illness should be permitted me, that I shall ever see it again. Most solemnly, my dearest, I say it to thee, I have no wish for heaven, unless I could be assured that it would take *all* my children and *all* my friends.

I do not think Mr. W. very spiritual. I know him to be frivolous, not very careful of the poor, and on the whole perhaps selfish. but could I be happy if I thought he was to be eternally otherwise? Poor E., with his labour of life and his many sufferings may easily be admitted: but his wife also must be pardoned her story-telling and idleness. She is not deserving of eternal fire. And so I should go over all I know, and most earnestly there is no one, not the meanest not the worst that I can conceive of, for whom I would not gladly give up my chance of heaven to save him from the danger of hell. It seems to me that it is simply a question of the imaginative faculty. Those who cannot imagine realities, or who refuse to try, can still go on believing. Those who do realise them, cannot.

As human faculties enlarge, such beliefs must I think disappear; for so soon as we become capable of any sort of realisation of what eternity is, the thought of eternal happiness or eternal woe as the penalty or reward of this or that course of life, is enough to paralyse the faculties or cause madness.

As Jenner\* once said to me, "If you and I really believed that, we should never rise from our knees again."

Note.—"Mr. W." was a doctor, "poor E." the cowman.

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\*Sir Wm Jenner, 1815-98

Early in 1882 he was attacked in the daily press for allowing a patient to remain a few days without treatment, that the lesson of cure might be more instructive to the students—"a scientific experiment performed without a licence," as his critic expressed it. The British Medical Journal heads its defence, "The War against Science," and says, "the attack on Mr. Hutchinson is part of the general hatred of science."

He is serving on the Hospital Commission this year, and makes an excursion down the river to inspect a site for a small-pox hospital-ship. In the meantime three of his children are laid up with scarlet fever, and are sent off to the country.

He is lecturing on Temperament and Idiosyncrasy in Disease, at the College of Surgeons in June; and in that month attains the summit of his ambition in being elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

At the Annual *Conversazione* at the London Hospital he delivers his address on "The Gospel of Patience," which, more than any other single lecture, sums up his life's message.

He had in the previous year been almost compelled to purchase a lot of land at Haslemere known as High-Stoatley which he did not want, in order to assist a brother who was in financial straits and during 1882 he starts building on it to help sell it. It is the first really "speculative" building that he does—"High Stoatley" afterwards was sold to the Hon. Rollo Russell, and was named Dunrozel, after Rozel in Normandy, the supposed home of the Russells.

The following letters relate to this year.—

J. H. to J. P. H.

Sunday Morning,

May, 1882.

We had a pleasant sail down the river, and inspected the site at which the proposed Hospital ships will not, I hope, be moored. It is exactly opposite the pleasant Hotel where we dined before the girls sailed for Hanover; just opposite the "Cornwall," which thou may remember we looked at.

I think that the result of our yesterday's experience was not to increase our estimation of the advantages of the river.

There is a nightingale in the garden bushes close to the house. It is a lovely morning here, peaceful and beautiful, and one which again reminds me of a favourite text.

"God hath made all things good, but man hath found out many inventions" (*sic*)

I long that more could hear to-day the sermon which is preached here by the quiet sky and fields, the budding trees and the singing

birds. It is a lesson of contentment and patience and of hope through winter, wind and rain. After the gloom and the storm comes the calm and the sunshine, and all things in the end work together for good.

Man should take conscientious heed as to his inventions, many are very good, but some may possibly have been hastily adopted and need modification. Let us with courage and faith examine them

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq.,  
Sunday Evening,  
Sept 3, 1882.

I sat down this morning thinking to have a quiet long morning's reading, but had three callers, to my disgust. However, I got a good deal of reading done. I have indulged my last two days in a regular bath of what perhaps I really enjoy most—ancient history. One volume of Duncker I had never cut, and it is a most interesting one, containing all about Assyria and Babylon during the time of the Hebrew prophets. He quotes long passages from the latter in continuity with the events to which they refer and the circumstances under which they were written. This brings out the meaning of their allusions with a clearness which I never appreciated before. His books would easily supply material for several capital lectures.

I have a pressing sense that I must not allow myself to become too much interested in these matters, but must keep to subjects that take more the form of duties. So it is only a few days' indulgence to get rid of a dark mood, and to-morrow I hope to be fit for proper work again.

I do enjoy beyond expression anything that gives me a realising conception of the times which are left far behind in the past. Their countless multitudes of fellowmen, enjoying, striving, working, suffering, so like ourselves, many of them seeking after truth and striving to do their duty, and do each other good, yet misled in such various directions. The thought too that they are so utterly buried, and that in a very short space of that time which makes up eternity, we too shall be in like manner left behind: that our youngest children will grow old and have their grandchildren, these again theirs, and that the periods which seem so long to us will to those who look far back to our times appear so exceedingly short: these and suchlike musings have a charm for the mind, and may perhaps be very profitable.

The more I look at it, the more I am impressed with the thought that such men as Carlyle and Ruskin should rank as, not mere book writers, but side by side with the prophets and religious teachers of the past. They are trying to warn the nations and exhorting them to see what they think is coming. Simplicity of life, abstention from luxury, truth-speaking and reverence for the spiritual and unseen; such were the prophets' burdens in the past, and such are they now.

The study of history: the honest truth-loving endeavour to realise

the past of man, and to come into sympathy with it and profit from it, will I am sure in the future take its place as of the foremost of our duties.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav Sq.,

1882.

I much wish I could convert thee to the rightness of building at Stootley. Were I a wealthy man I should build there directly, and feel sure that I was doing a real service to an important part of the public: those namely, who are now in the position which we were 20 years ago, anxious to find accommodation on moderate terms for a long period each year for children, where the air and country are good, and where sound country produce can easily be obtained. The rightness of the thing and its remunerativeness are different questions. As regards the first, I see clearly, and in reference to the latter should feel my way and proceed with great caution. I remember well that Edward talked of getting a house at Haslemere for his family. Had he succeeded in doing so, they might now have been much more healthy.

I should have thought that planning and building in good taste and possibly even furnishing, would have been an attractive occupation for an energetic lady. The thought that many children were obtaining the kind of enjoyment and health which ours got, would be a constant source of pleasure. It is far better to earn money by preventing disease than by merely curing or alleviating it; to say nothing of the cultivation of taste and conferring of happiness. It is a great mistake to think that other people do not enjoy country, or are not worthy of it; and the desire of the old families about Haslemere to keep it to themselves is simply an unconscious selfishness, with which I cannot conceive that thou has any sympathy. Mr. W. objects to houses on Stootley because it is such a good partridge ground! Children are more than partridges. My creed teaches that elevation of taste is the very basis of character, and further, that all familiarity with nature does essentially, though imperceptibly, elevate taste. I should therefore on principle be prepared to make any sacrifice which would enable a larger number of city residents, for longer periods, to obtain the kind of advantages which we have enjoyed. I mean of course any sacrifice consistent with the duty of taking care of our children's interest. I have seen John, but not the boys yet.

## *Ch. XVIII.*

### LETTERS, 1883-84

The year 1883 opened and closed in sorrow. In January his brother-in-law, George Woods, broke down mentally, and there was the prospect of his family being left fatherless. In December his brother Edward left for South America broken in health and fortune. In January Jonathan had been at Darlington to see his brother just after the death of his daughter; and the subsequent parting with him on a forlorn hope, which was never realized, was a great trial.

It was a year of change. The Hunterian Professorship with its annual course of lectures came to an end, as also did his Surgeoncy at the London Hospital. In June he was elected Consulting Surgeon, and in November was entertained at a complimentary dinner at the Holborn Restaurant by students and staff of the Hospital, when the "Hutchinson Triennial Prize Essay," was founded in his honour. He is elected President of the Ophthalmological Society and gives his presidential address in October, in which month he is also giving addresses at Manchester on "the Collective investigation of Disease," and at Birmingham.

A fourth address, also in that month, on "Knowledge and Wisdom," is given to the Stoke Newington Friends Mutual Improvement Society of which he is president. It is a favourite subject.

He bought land at Hindhead largely this year, land which then was heather and oak scrub, but now is a town. He also built onto Inval. The following letters allude to some of these events.

During 1884 he is publishing his "Pedigree of Disease," six lectures given at the College of Surgeons, besides other medical works, and is lecturing at the London Hospital.

In October he gives the last Stoke Newington address on "Philosophy and Cheerfulness." If sorrow seemed hovering round in the previous year the Angel of Death came near in this.

In April, Jonathan Hutchinson's youngest son Bernard, aged nine, fell and grazed his knee in the Square Garden. Little notice was taken of the accident at the time, but his favourite



big brother Procter, then a medical student about to be examined for his final M.R.C.S., washed and dressed the wound.

In a week or so Tetanus ensued, and the mother watched her son die. It was a terrible blow to the parents, not lessened by the fact that they were with him all the time with full knowledge of the facts, when Sir James Paget had confirmed the father's fears. The younger children were sent off to the country. The little coffin followed them in a week's time, and he was laid to rest in Haslemere church yard.

In the following month came the news of Edward Hutchinson's death at Para in South America, where he had been engaged on engineering work. His life had been a succession of vicissitudes, hard concentrated work at Darlington and Bishops Auckland, cultured and artistic leisure at Haslemere and in Italy, brilliant success—and a failure that would have crushed a less patient philosophic mind. Jonathan blamed himself for letting his brother go to South America.

In December, feeling that the first Christmas at home after their loss would be very sad, a tour was arranged to Corsica. Taking with them their daughter Ethel, they launched on that somewhat strange voyage on the fifteenth of December. The warm southern climate, the entire novelty of the scenery, the lack of reminiscences of past sorrow, it was hoped would give her health again.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq.,

Jan. 2nd, 1884.

So poor old 1883 is really dead and gone! No one for all future time can ever again date 1883. It is a very solemn, though a very old thought, that the present time can never possibly come again. We live through it, and can not turn back in any way. Every moment is in a sense unique. I have been very much impressed, in reading Macaulay's short character sketches of men, with the briefness of the period during which each man lives his life, and how important it is to seize the day and the moment. Had this or that man done differently at such an epoch, when he wrote that letter, or said that word, how much it might have altered events; and how much it might have spared him and others. But once done, there was no recall, no falling back upon good intentions.

I hope I am not undertaking too much in the two Journals (Ophthalmic). In one way it will be good for me, and systematize my work. I want to use up my materials, and to find employment for my books. A man ought to collect in his youth, and write in his old age. Too many of our books are those of youth only.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Cav. Sq.,  
Jan. 3, 1884.

I was very glad to receive thine this morning. I did not think that they tolled for the old year because it had been sorrowful, but because it was dying, and rang merrily for the new one because it was entering on life. Life in each case is acknowledged to be a thing to rejoice in.

We bewail the parting with a friend, and condole with him at his death. The New Year will, I do not doubt, have an average of more joy than the last; not much, but just a little, and so on for ever. We shall never attain to lotus eating; and fear and sorrow will, to the last, fan the fires of joy.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq.,  
May 2nd, 1884.

(After the death of his youngest son, aged 9.)

I have written to Dr. Gairdner. For my part I feel sure that companionship in sorrow does bring some solace. The very act of sympathy with another relieves a little your own pain.

I can only hope that our sorrow will be made of use to us. That is my only consolation. It came because it was inevitable. To repine is useless; and so is it to ever wish it otherwise. It is possible to extract a blessing out of any calamity however bitter, and to seek for it is the right and wise course.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq.,  
May 2nd, 1884.

I enclose some more letters of condolence. My faith would teach that the goodness and kindness that are in man are God and that the Deity never speaks in words, never gives any personal revelation of his will or feelings excepting through men. In other words, man is the Deity become personal, and taking human form. The Deity that is power exists also in Nature, but there as power only, it is only when in personal form that Love can be made manifest. Love in fact is an attribute of natural force, which can only become visible in living individuals. What Christianity affirms to have occurred once, I prefer to believe to be universal. God *always* dwells in man. Hence the value of human sympathy and condolence. We can expect no other, and it is very real, and very much to be prized. I do not mind in the least the special modes of expression which our friends have adopted. I feel sure that their writing is proof of their feeling for us, and of their love. It is this sense of love in others for us, and in us for them, that is the priceless possession of human life.

We may be sure that it exists in thousands who find no words to express it. The higher the organization the greater the capacity for love, and the greater the ability of expression. The further back we

go into nature, the more ruthless and un pitying is the prevalence of force.

The conception of a personal Deity, who overrules all, seems to me only a refined form of idolatry. We imagine a being, assign to him attributes, and worship the creation of our own minds.

I cannot believe that God ordained the death of our dear boy. He, working through parental love, and through the love of friends, and of all mankind (had it been possible to bring it to bear), did his best to prevent it and failed. We had to bow and submit to the force of Nature, but not, as I think, to the wish of God.

If I really thought that the result was the will of God, I should not mourn or sorrow. God is the name for the Love that is in Nature, and not for the blind force. The force and the Love are often in antagonism. It is the grand victory of the Love to control and direct the force for good. This is the great work for us all.

With much love.

Thy affecte. husband,

JON. HUTCHINSON.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Cav. Sq.,

May 6th, 1884.

The Sunday morning walk to Churt Wynd will be a consecrated one to me. It was the last that Bernard and I took together, and we enjoyed it very much. I can now imagine him quite easily walking by my side, but it is very sad every now and then to realize that it is not so, and never can be again. . . . I shall not try in the least to forget him, but carefully revive his memory at all suitable times ; and so seek to let him live his spiritual life in influence upon mine, and through me on others. That is all that I can do for him, and it will be a deep pleasure to do it. I have put his portrait on my mantelpiece and do not shun to look at his dear little face at frequent intervals even during my morning's work. I can bear it now, and it helps me.

With dearest love.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Cav. Sq., W,

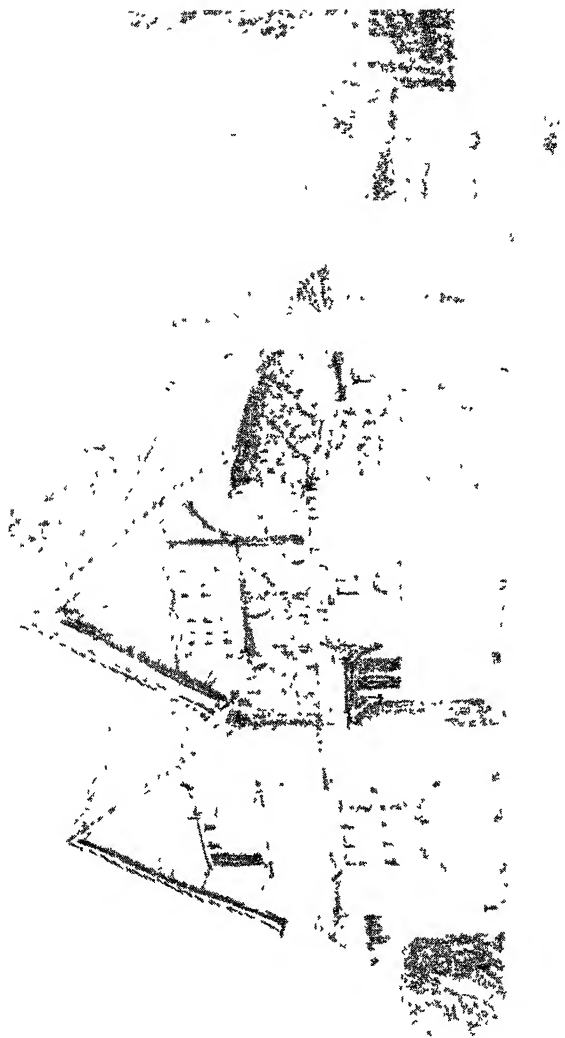
May 9th, 1884.

Thou art quite right that all forms of nerves mean selfishness. Magnanimity springs from health and vigour, and all disease contracts and enfeebles the sympathies, and hinders even the perception of other's need and wishes. I mean all disease attended by depression of nerve tone.

When that misery comes on, all others seem, by comparison, so much more fortunate and more happy, that the ability to sympathize with them ceases. Mental health, health of temper and of feeling, is the great thing to pray for ; all else may almost be left aside.

"Oh, let me not be mad ! Great Heaven !

Oh, let me not be mad."



"THE LIBRARY,"  
HASLEMERE



J. H. to J. P. H.

Cav. Sq., W.,  
1884.

I cannot send the enclosed without just a message of Love, and yet have scarcely time or heart for more. I cannot bear the thought of beginning our Summer holiday without our poor boy, and am obliged to think as little as possible about it. Not that I grieve so much for ourselves, for we have many blessings left. It seems however so hard on him. He would have enjoyed all so much. I realize the inevitable as I never did before, and probably it is good for me to do so, but it is very sad and very bitter. How true is the expression, "and he was forced to go." However I do not repine. He may have been spared much.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Cav. Sq.,  
1884.

There is nothing like a good appetite for the world and its affairs. Whenever I am well, I confess to a great liking for the old home, where our ancestors, through so many generations, have borne their sorrows, and rejoiced in such joys as came to their share

J. H. to J. P. H.

Cav. Sq.,  
May 13th, 1884.

I still find that the terrestrial conception of man's destiny and work suits me better than the celestial. I believe that this earth will go spinning away on its daily journeys practically for ever, and that human beings will continue to be born, to struggle, suffer, enjoy, and die as they have done from the beginning. No one will ever leave this planet either for above or below; but thousands of millions will fall asleep, and other thousands of millions will be born. I enjoy the struggle.

The perception of the beauty of the world is *Love*, and *Love* is *Duty*.

I like to feel that free men freely work; and all conception of pre-ordainment is repulsive to me. I sincerely believe that the more we look for happiness here for ourselves and others, and the less we let ourselves think that things will be put right in another place, the wiser is our conduct likely to be, the more simply shall we seek the truth, and trust it.

I do not mean that we are to seek our happiness now and only here. We must try to make, for those who come after us, the world a better place. In this effort as much happiness as is our due will be reaped, and we must try not to be greedy.

July 29, 1884.

So poor Mrs. Graham has reached her four score years, and attained her rest.

She is another instance in proof that sorrow does not kill; at any rate not all people. Her early and middle life was one series of misfortunes and sorrows.

*Ch. XIX.*

LETTERS, 1885-87

The following batch of letters relate to 1885. It was not a very eventful year

He bought more land at Hindhead, and built a large house called "Trimmers Wood" there. The holidays were spent in the new house, as Inval was that summer let to Mr. (afterwards Lord) Cozens-Hardy.

Churt Wynd, another house which he had altered, was let to Prof. Williamson. Haslemere was rapidly attracting an interesting group of men, noted in Science, Art, and Law.

In October he gave the Introductory address to the Medical School at the Yorkshire College at Leeds, on "The Uses of Knowledge"

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav Sq., W.,  
March 3, 1885.

I hoped thou liked Brother Jacob better than I did,—“The Lifted Veil.” It seemed to me that it had the worst faults of the sensational story, and was full of wilful improbability and horror.

I do not fear the melancholy or sadness of any thing that is true, whether the truth be literal or artistic. There is always a solace—the solace that nature always gives; but I cannot bear to have a distorted picture of horror, forced upon me as a work of art.

I hope thou has been able to cheer Lillie somewhat, or has not found her so sad as thou feared. I should fear that in common with many others of us, she is allowing her worldly affairs to bother her mind more than is meet. . . .

She must cheer herself with her children. They know little of care, and can still enjoy life. I am inclined to hold that after all we live in a Medea's Cauldron. All that is wanted is to see it so. Just as we begin to get old, and find the delights of living diminished, we find that our life is being renewed in the full joyousness of youth. All that we have to do is to be brave, and face the cauldron bravely. Just fancy how it would have been if we were destined to get old, and remain so.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq.,  
March 5th, 1885

My dearest Love,

I have been very glad to receive thy two kind letters. Yesterday and to-day have been very fine, and I hope thou has enjoyed the Crowborough air and that it has helped away the headache. You

will hail every day some new sign of the glorious season of hope and growth. . . .

I am very glad to hear that Lillie is feeling an appetite for what I like to call "soul's food." We must not try to make all people alike; and many very excellent persons have souls not much more developed than good dogs. A very little food suffices for them, as much as would do for the vital needs of a robin.

I have no great desire either to convert or enlarge them. We do not want all alike, and if they are fairly happy, as they are, so be it. The economics of life are very pressing, and if they enjoy them so much the better. For L. I think she may find her companions in books and the training of her children. The latter is an inexhaustible field for work, and needs only faith in order to be a happy one. To those who can believe that the result is always in proportion with the effort and the wisdom which directs it, faith may surely be kept alive. We must be patient, and not look to visible results.

It is often a source of balance to me to think how very short our lives are, and how rapidly mine in particular is nearing its end. It makes me value the days as they pass so quickly by. Poor General Grant is writing his history with a cancer in his tongue, which he knows will kill him in a few months, and they say that his one anxiety is to have time to finish. In some sense it is so with us all.

With dearest love.

Thy affecte. husband,

JON. HUTCHINSON.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq., W.,  
April 7th, 1885.

My dearest Love,

I enjoyed church on Sunday and liked the chanting, etc. It is always a source of enjoyment to me to go. I am never wearied in the least, and was in fact very much disappointed when Ethel summoned me to be gone. I think she had some difficulty in rousing me to what she meant. I had not the slightest idea of leaving church before all was over. I think I should have had a vague idea it would not be allowed.

I had just been reading in Green the record of the Reformation, and how in the present service we listen to the tones and words of Cranmer [of course he took many sentences, or even whole prayers from the old Catholic missals]. But to me who am not much of a church-goer, and never was accustomed to it, the whole ceremony comes as something wonderfully and beautifully new. Rather I should say, as something beautifully old, which I had supposed passed away before I was born. I really felt as if I were living again in the years not long after Cranmer, and almost expected to hear of our gracious sovereign Queen Elizabeth, and to listen to Mr. Etheridge offering thanks for the defeat of the Armada. I love to live back again



in the past, and accustom my mind to the effort so much, that it is not difficult to forget which century I am now in.

It is more difficult, but perhaps more useful, to live into the future.

I am much pleased with my manuscript date books, and shall enjoy filling them up vastly, if I can find time. By playing the Dictator I think I shall get a good deal done.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Cav. Sq.,

April 17, 1885.

(With regard to one of his son's professional career)

I tell him that he must think solely of living a useful life, not a pleasant one. If he can accept that simple gospel, all will be well. Happiness is a flower to be sometimes gathered by the side of the path of duty, never found in perfection elsewhere.

I have just been reading a new life of Gordon by one of his intimate friends. He seems to have much resembled George Fox and Cromwell.

Like them he expressed himself without regard to grammar, and seems to have been wholly absorbed by attention to the spirit of what he was saying, and careless as to the precise terms.

He held the doctrine of God in Man so strongly, that he seems almost to have thought that God had no house but the human body. His expressions on these subjects are however those of a mystic and an enthusiast.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq., W.,

April 26, 1885.

I have taken, as an inducement to exercise, to visiting the second-hand bookstalls again. It is an old pastime of mine. If I give it up for six months they have time to renew their stocks. I only buy bargains, and it is a less expensive plan than horse exercise. Yesterday I picked up Linnæus' tour in Lapland, an original edition, with woodcuts from his pen-and-ink sketches—two vols—bound in calf, for one shilling.

It is 150 years since Linnæus set out on the walking tour in Lapland, which he here records.

I am finishing this in the Exam. room of the College, having got here ten minutes before time.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Cav. Sq.,

May 1, 1885.

The other evening I had John in the Dining-room, and L. in my room, both writing letters, while I went from one to the other. We got a lot done in a little time. I have been exceedingly busy, but am longing for a little rest.

One of my patients at Fitzroy House is a lady who has been most of her life a total abstainer, and is very zealous. She was delighted with my visiting her at 8 a.m. on Monday, and before 9 on other mornings, and asked what time we breakfasted. I told her we "aimed" at half-past 7.

She declared regretfully that she had been trying for it all her life, but her young people wouldn't. We quite sympathized.

J H to J. P. H.

To Reigate.

June 10th, 1885.

My dearest Love,

I had no letter this morning at which I felt rather aggrieved for it is an acknowledged axiom that those who go away from home ought to write sooner and more regularly than those who stay at home.

J. H. to J. P. H.

To Reigate.

June 11th, 1885.

I have the greatest possible pleasure in enclosing a cheque to pay for the picture. Thou must please let it stand for one of the numberless occasions when I have wished to buy thee something, and been too stupid to know what to get. I am sure, from thy description, that it must be beautiful; and of course should not think of asking Mrs. Menzell to take less.

The vocation of second-hand bookseller suits me exactly. I have read several of the books *en passant* and, amongst others, a magnificent facsimile reprint of the first edition of *Paradise Lost*. I had forgotten that the poem was so grand. Still Wordsworth for daily life!

J. H. to J. P. H.

July 30, 1885.

My dearest Love,

To-morrow is our great anniversary, and again we shall not be able to keep it together.

I wish to say how heartily I desire for thee many more and much happier years, and to assure thee of increasing love and trust. It is a little difficult to say this for the twenty-eighth time without it seeming a shade monotonous; and I wish I could find ways of making it more obvious in daily life. We differ in some things, but agree in far more; and I often ask myself what I should have been if I had not found thee.

I wish I could have been with thee at the grave this afternoon. Although I think it a main duty in life to live actively for the living, my heart does not forget those whom we have lost; and especially not the dear one who was so recently taken from us, and whose loss was so grievous to us both.

Thy ever affecte. husband,

JON. HUTCHINSON.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Dec 31st, 1885.

I was very glad to receive thine, and to hear of your pleasant doings. I think thou art right not to go to the parties. Quiet pleasures are the best.

I forgot one text which I shall certainly put up on the walls of my Chapel: "The things which have been are the things which shall be."

We have been permitted to make in person one more journey with our old earth round the sun. It had done millions before we were born and it will do millions when we personally are no more. In reality however we have journeyed with him from the beginning, and we shall journey with him to the end. We are spiritually immortal, and our lives are eternal. It is the body only that changes form, and with its change comes a change of, what we call, person.

It is often a source of pleasure to me to realize that our children and their children and their children's children will enjoy the same delight in life that we have done. They will see the same flowers and with the same feelings. They will enjoy the moorland walk, or the mountain climb, as we have done, and will, in due time also, attain to the same delights of love and affection for each other and their friends. The things which have been are the things which will be. Our ancestors, upon whom we look back somewhat complacently, with a sort of feeling that they had easy times of it, and a certainty that they are now at rest, really passed through just the same troubles and anxieties as those which perplex us, and felt them just as keenly.

I have an abiding sense that our dear lost one is at peace, but I still, with thee, bitterly feel his loss and ours, in the too early ending of his life. He would have so much enjoyed to be with us, and we should have so delighted to have him. He seemed in every way so fitted for human life, and so able to make the best of things.

It is denied us to do any more for him, and I feel now as if I should like to transfer the activity of affection for him to others like him.

Not that I would like that such activity for others, for his sake, should in the least interfere with the sweet permanency of his personal memory.

Last year was indeed one of sorrow, and it left behind a melancholy feeling of broken confidence in the future. The year which is ending has been to me one of great anxiety in several directions. I am unfeignedly thankful that we have all been permitted to close another year together, and with, I hope, an increase of trust in the times that are to come.

Poor Bernard's death made us realize uncertainty in a way it had been difficult to do before. Although, I am most glad to say, that feeling is less present with me this year than last, yet there still remains a sense of its being but natural now, to look forward to more of sorrow than of joy. Of course I know that it is unavoidable, and that all before me have had to learn the same lesson. I am thankful for an ability to look to death more tenderly since Bernard's loss. It seems

like joining him, or at any rate it is no more than he, poor boy, had to set one the example in.

So, I think, I regard the change really lovingly, and often look on it as if it must be very near. Nor do I specially suppose it to be so. I have always realized the extreme shortness of life, and now it seems as if one could look so very easily to the end of the few years that remain. It is just seven, so I am obliged to end without having said all I meant to.

Many, many happy New Years to thee, with much love to you all.

Thy affecte. husband,

JON. HUTCHINSON.

In 1886 he is again busy lecturing. The Lettsomian lectures in January, a discussion on Cancer at Edinburgh in February, and a popular lecture on "the Laws of Inheritance" at Exeter Hall in March. In April he receives the L.L.D. from Glasgow University, but examinations at the College prevented his going personally to receive it.

In July he went to Gedney in Lincolnshire to the funeral of his uncle Procter Hutchinson, the eldest surviving member of the family. A silent Quaker meeting was again held in a little overgrown wood on the old family estate, where generations of Hutchinsons in the past had been laid.

He is elected Vice-President of the College of Surgeons, along with Joseph Lister. The usual routine was somewhat departed from on the occasion.

Summer holidays were spent at Lyme Regis in Dorsetshire, where he found two fossil skeletons of Ichthyosaurs, and did much geologizing on the clayey cliffs. The illness of his wife shadowed the last months of the year.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Jan. 1st, 1886.

My dearest Love,

It is the dearest wish of my heart that thou should be able to think kindly of my heart's faith, and to sympathize with it, if not accept it. I did not wish to persuade, but only to put things in a light to facilitate comprehension.

It always seems to me that the great obstacle is not understanding, and thou must please attribute what I wrote to too great earnestness in what seems to me the truth.

J. H. to J. P. H.

Jan. 4th, 1886.

I have to give the Lettsomian Lecture this evening, and it is not as yet finished; so I must be content with a short letter. . . .

I have to see the Duchess of N.\* this afternoon, I did an operation on her grace yesterday. She is a Roman Catholic, and her rooms

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\*Norfolk

have crucifixes and devotional paintings all round. There were sisters and priests waiting in the adjoining rooms.

The house is a splendid one in St. James' Square. They are very pleasant people I had met the Duke in another case some years ago.

The idea of the Imitatio Christi, which I should like to see attempted, would be the consecration of all wealth and all time and all effort to the good of others I have always a difficulty in reconciling worldly splendour with it.

Dr Jackson and I had a pleasant walk in the Park and Zoo yesterday morning ; we did not look at anything in the latter, but simply talked. He seemed to have pleasure in going back to old times, and talked much about his wife, whom he still very bitterly regrets. All would be well with him if she were only living.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq., W.,

Jan. 10, 1886.

It may seem almost perverse to say so, but I had quite a pleasant walk to the station I like the feeling of real nature, even when rough and extremely disagreeable, and I thoroughly enjoy the effects of fog and mist. I like to see trees and hills in mist, and note the way in which things are magnified and changed by the medium through which we see them.

Curiously the four miles walk in the early morning does not tire me at all, and I got to town feeling quite fresh. My friends at the station, who had driven, were as usual grumbling at the cold and wet, and I was warm and comfortable. My sons walk too fast for me, and are always a few feet ahead, and it does not suit my breath to get out of my pace. That is my only drawback to thorough enjoyment of the walk. It was very slippery in places. Bertie came because he "could not stand a thaw in the country." I do not know how you will stand it, but if you don't like it, you will be warmly welcomed here at any time. The signs of winter and of thaw are however ten times worse here.

Cowper's poetry gives me much pleasure. He seems to have thoroughly relished life when he was well, and when he gave himself time to taste the pleasures of country. One would like to live quietly in a cottage, and feel the seasons as one felt them in childhood.

"Kommt der Winter wieder  
ich noch jenem traum."

In town the cold is simply a nuisance, and interferes with getting about ; and only by a chance comes a real feeling of the glorious season.

I should like to watch day by day the spring flowers and the tree buds, as I watched them when a boy. I could retire into a cottage in Whitmore bottom, and enjoy it very much ; and only wish that life were longer. I do not think that Cowper was one whit more in earnest than I am.

His formularies were more rigid, and took less cognisance of the spirit than did Wordsworth. He was as much in earnest as most people are, but there are I hope many as much so.

With dearest love.

Thy affectionate husband,

JON HUTCHINSON.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav. Sq., W.,

June 20, 1886.

I hope thou art enjoying the quiet of Crowborough, and Lilly's company, and the delightful weather. I look at the clouds, and imagine how they will look from a garden, field, or moor. They are very beautiful here. My perception of beauty has certainly increased since I gave a little more mind to pictures, and I cannot but think that an art training must add considerably to the capacity for enjoyment.

J. H. to J. P. H.

To Lyme Regis.

Sept 6th, 1886.

I did literally nothing all yesterday but study humanity in "Waverley." I never read novels as a boy, so take to them in my old age. I can understand Ruskin's liking for Scott. His novels are very recreative.

I have read no poetry of late, but shall go back to Wordsworth soon. There is a time for everything. I hope I shall find Roger and Bertie well up in the Geology of the district, and able to take me to the best spots for work. I am longing to be with you.

J. H. to J. P. H.

To Reigate.

June 22, 1886.

... I have been a journey. It occurred to me that I should much like to see Uncle Procter once more, so I went to Kettering this afternoon. I was very glad that I went.

He was well enough to know me and seemed very pleased with my visit. He enquired after thee by name, and sent his dear love to all, with an assurance of the great interest he had always felt in us. Although very weak, and not able to talk long, he made his jokes as usual. He evidently regarded the parting as a last one, and wished me to kiss him. He seemed very happy and loving.

I must now go to Crowboro, and then I wish to visit the Selby graveyard. Uncle Procter has expressed his wish to be buried at Gedney, and they intend to carry out his wish. He may rally yet, and get over his present illness.

I am very glad to hear that thou art enjoying Reigate so much. It was our first love, and I shall never forget our happy two years there.

J. H. to J. P. H.

15, Cav Sq.,  
July 7, 1886.

. . I went to Gedney and visited all the family places. The funeral was a very pleasant one. The little burial place is a beautiful spot, at any rate in such weather. It is entirely under an avenue of trees, all now in full leaf. The birds seemed astonished at our intrusion, and when we sat still they came in and sang in numbers. We did not enter any house or meeting.

. . I understand by vanity that which has no use, serves no purpose, and entirely disappoints its possessor. All things human are calculated to try patience, but we have gained a step since Solomon's day, and can see now that the progress of the world depends upon the very things which he stigmatised as "vanity." Of course, if we think that we personally shall reap the reward, then there is little more than disappointment for us, but if we can exert faith and leave things to bear fruit in their proper season, then it is, I trust, much otherwise.

I was very glad that I went to Gedney. Most of the cousins were there, and Henry and Elizabeth.

Thou wilt have heard that Roger passed his Exam. at the College. We have had a little revolution at the College. Have re-elected Savory as president, and Lister and myself as Vice-presidents. It was done in order to break through the rule of succession in turn, and puts some aside for a time. I am senior Vice-P. but that by no means implies the presidency next year.

The year 1887 opened in very cold weather with his second daughter's wedding at Haslemere. The whole countryside was under deep snow.

In May he is at Gloucester giving an address, and in June at Westminster Abbey on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee. But from the beginning of the year his wife's health was causing grave anxiety, and in July she was with difficulty moved to the old home at Inval, there to spend a few quiet weeks in beautiful summer weather before the end came on the 6th of August. She was laid to rest in Haslemere church yard, by the side of the little boy who had died three years before.

He took his two youngest daughters to school at Lausanne, and prepared to face the bachelor household at Cavendish Square, while his two sisters and his brother Edward's widow with their group of ten children moved into the empty house at Inval.

In November the first grandchild was born. The letters cease with the death of his wife. There are few during this year. He was much with her, and she was too much of an invalid to receive the thoughtful outpourings of his mind, which he had found such a relief during the busy thirty years

previous. It was never a burden to write to her ; in fact he never would have borne the burden of those busy years, had he not had one to whom he could turn for a few minutes at the end of a busy day, and open his heart

Jane Hutchinson died in her fifty-third year. The passage from her husband's letter tracing the development of Religion through its three stages : (1) The worship of beauty and courage ; (2) That of sorrow (with a beauty all its own) ; (3) That of Patience—" and let Patience have her perfect work "—was written in *his* fifty-second year at a time when he himself felt the deep need of " Life Patience." Do we in our individual lives trace out the stages that the race has run in the past ? And would Jane Hutchinson have entered on the perfecting work of Patience, had she lived beyond her fifty-second year ? We cannot tell ! We were witnesses of the first two stages in a life strenuously lived in a singularly beautiful character which broke down on the threshold of the third stage ; when that union of thirty-one years, so extraordinarily rich in all that goes to make up human happiness, ended. After all it was the happiness of her husband and children for which she lived.



EDUCATIONAL WORK AT HASLEMERE AND SELBY,  
1888-1900

The work of Jonathan Hutchinson in Objective Teaching by means of Educational Museums, which occupied the second half of his life, should be viewed as a whole, if we are to form a true judgment of it.

The system, his method, is by no means new ; and he was only one among many exponents of it. It is in line with the most advanced Educational Method. During the last thirty years it has been carried a great deal farther than he carried it ; in fact he would rejoice to see our day, when all our great London Museums have special lecturers told off to go round morning and afternoon to teach—when descriptive labelling is carried to a high pitch , and when both Science and Art Collections are arranged to illustrate development. These were the methods which, if he did not inaugurate, he inculcated, year after year, during the twenty years of his general lecturing activity. His way of illustrating development by a space-for-time division of the Museum walls was his own invention ; and still, after fifteen years, renders his Haslemere collection “ the one effective Educational Museum in the Country ” (see Sir H. Myers Report, 1928)

But we shall never understand his method if we look at it alone. He himself as a teacher was greater than his method , and his ideal—the thing he had to teach—was greater than, what he in fact possessed. We are dealing now with his life, and the relative importance of these three things must be kept in mind, if we would understand the “ Educational Museum ” side of his life.

The study of his early days has revealed him as a man filled with the religious idea, and ruled by it in his daily life. We have seen how the form which that idea took proved largely negative and empty, lacking a firm hold on reality ; and how he changed his ground to one, where he could be sure of Truth as a basis. But none the less the religious idea dominated him. It was not for their own sake that he told of the millions of years of rock formation, in building up the thin crust of the earth ; or that he developed the whale's skeleton or the human skull ; but for the sake of mankind—his audience—that they might learn what manner of men they were, and might take hold of a truly

spiritual life of love and patience and hope, instead of a fancy or a formula.

He taught natural history for a purpose, and the purpose was religious. Sir James Paget, while approving the methods of Darwin in collecting, wished to keep free from any theory, such as evolution, which might warp our judgment on any facts that we might accumulate. There was no such thought in Jonathan Hutchinson's mind. He realized the tremendous liberation of mind which evolution effected—liberation for the service of mankind—and he openly taught it with all its implications ; only trying to base the convictions of his hearers on a broad foundation of scientific fact ; yet by no means over-emphasizing the facts at the expense of their lesson.

Then too, besides his idea, there was himself. His museum at Haslemere is still vigorous ; that at Selby still exists ; that at Chenies St. is extinct, but in not one is to be heard the voice of the lecturer, keeping a large audience spell-bound for from one to two hours, while he ranges broadly over the great facts of life. Sunday lectures were quite given up after his death, and no one has taken them on again. He himself would say that to have a Museum without a lecturer to explain it, was like having a church without a minister. Of all dull museums the Educational Museum would be the dullest—bereft as it would be of what was beautiful and rare and of what was locally interesting ; and filled with the commonplace in mechanical order ; unless there were the human voice to make it interesting. And that has not yet been grasped, albeit great progress has been made in lecturing at our principal collections.

A museum is but the tool, the diagram, the illustration for the teacher, and one day we shall ask not what museum a town may possess, but what teacher, and go to hear him at the museum. If we forget the Teacher in Jonathan Hutchinson's Educational work, and picture him as the purveyor of an educational machine, we find ourselves in a curious position of difficulty. An indefatigable collector of specimens and drawings, he soon found himself covering such a vast amount of wall-space with illustrations, and floor-space with cases, that his demand for building accommodation became insatiable. He advocated the cheapest possible form of building, even at considerable fire-risk. But even then it was necessary to accompany the illustrations with long descriptive labels.

Both illustrations and labels were cut from books, and one began to wonder whether the books themselves did not furnish a more compact and convenient form of education, while taking

up far less space. Moreover, there are limitations in the presentation of specimens, especially in a village museum, which a book overcomes. It was all very well when the specimens were small and easily procurable, when the student could handle them, when the lecturer could hold them up and explain them from all points of view, but the scope of such educational work was very limited. Whether it is easier to stand reading a long label to an object, with the notice "do not touch," "do not lean on the glass," staring one in the face, than to sit at home reading a book containing that and much more, with many more illustrations of the same object, is a question which advocates of so-called objective teaching must face. A book retains its ordered sequence, a portfolio does not, and Hutchinson's museums had many portfolios of illustrations.

In his reaction from books and mere book knowledge he underestimated the part they would continue to play in education. He attempted to combine a library with his museum at Haslemere, but it was not seriously undertaken. The books were not well chosen—they were hardly *chosen* at all—and it was little used.

A museum without a teacher tends to become a mere collection or series of collections, and may lose sight of its educational purpose. His friends used to say, "Of course you will make it a local museum, and get a complete collection of objects to be obtained in the neighbourhood." To this his reply always was, "Certainly not." Knowledge must be illustrated by specimens from all parts of the world. "My wish is that even uneducated persons should be enabled to grasp the great principles of Biology. I shall endeavour to make elementary and general knowledge an easy acquisition to all."

To reach the uneducated masses who never read books, to use his wall spaces as hoardings for educational advertisements which would strike the eye of those who were not trained to notice; above all to arrange and put forward knowledge with a view to impressing his own message; these, and not mere collecting, were his aims in the formation of his museums.

The place which Jonathan Hutchinson fills in the life of his time, apart from his specially medical work, is that he grasped the new knowledge of life implied in Biology and Evolution, and its implications for the mind, and for the spiritual side of human nature, and taught the new truth in a masterly way, with the help of a new instrument which he himself made for his use—the Educational museum.

This later phase of his life work was coloured by the previous

medical phase. Although he did often talk of "a beautiful and rare illustration" of some disease, the words *beauty* and *rarity* have a different significance applied to disease from what they have when applied to health (at least to any but a doctor), and one always felt throughout his teaching, that human art hardly came in. He had very little taste for pictures and none for architecture or music. Was this due to his repudiation of pleasurable emotion for its own sake? Was it due to his lifelong association with the poor and miserable and ill, and his work of amelioration? Was it akin to that tendency in the Religious Society of Friends which has constituted its highest executive body, "a Meeting for Sufferings." If so we need not under-rate that value of his teaching, because it had a medical background. Human life is one, parasite and host, bacillus or gall or fungus inextricably intertwined with animal and tree, dead or alive. And moreover we have to direct our careful attention to the diseased, rather than to the healthy since the healthy will take care of itself. We may safely leave "the ninety and nine in the wilderness." This direction of the teacher's art has always been recognized of the true teacher.

"Educational museums seem to me, I will confess, the great want of the age," Such was the burden of his Bradshaw lecture before the Royal College of Surgeons in 1888; and no sooner was his period as President of that body over, than he set to work to realize it.

There were two large barns, besides cowsheds and other sheds at Inval house; and these he altered, filling up doors and windows, and building two entirely new ranges of galleries all in timber construction, and lined with match-boardings. In one long new gallery the boards were painted in vertical stripes, black and white, forming thirty divisions; each division to represent a million years of Geological time. Two broad shelves ran along beneath this mural diagram, cut similarly by lines of black paint, and on walls and shelves were ranged illustrations and specimens and labels of the fishes, reptiles, and mammals flourishing at the several periods. At the extreme right-hand side was a very narrow strip representing the age of man. On the opposite side of this gallery of the ages, the wall was similarly divided into forty divisions, representing the centuries of Historic Time, two thousand years before, and two thousand years after, Christ; and opposite the Century strips were portraits of famous people of the time, pictures of battles, and illustrations of buildings.

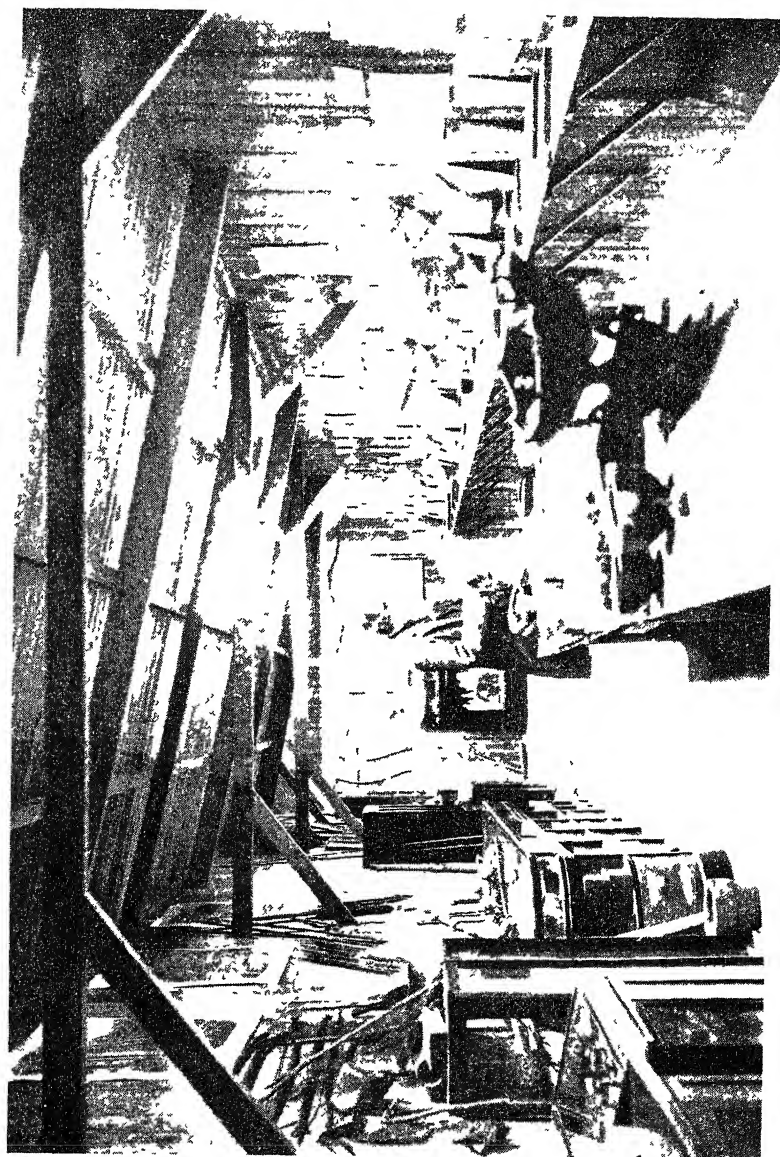
In other galleries were stuffed animals, birds, flowers and

every sort of natural history specimen—nothing very valuable, but with plenty of room in those vast barns, and with a delightfully informal arrangement to avoid the usual constrained sense of a museum. There was no curator in those days, and one was encouraged to handle. The Professor was surrounded by young people, his own children and many nephews and nieces, and he encouraged all to collect, and help him in the arrangement. It is true *he* did it all; but there were many round him, intensely interested, and enjoying it all very much. And where did the specimens come from? He had collected a great many in past holidays. The young people round were always bringing him specimens. All was grist to the mill. But it must be confessed that he went to the London sale-rooms and purchased very largely other people's collections, at very low prices often, to furnish out his own.

The buildings were very extensive, surrounding a large farm-yard, and even extending across the road which ran through the farm, but not all were suitable, by want of dryness or light, for museum purposes. In 1894 the museum was moved from the Inval Barns to specially built museum premises off East St., Haslemere.

Probably no later Collections were so fresh and interesting, or gave so much pleasure to their author or to others, as that first "Inval" Museum. It was so informal, and in such charming surroundings: it was so simply and so inexpensively formed, that though, undoubtedly a great task to accomplish it during those years 1890-91, the task was a pleasure. In the summer of 1891 he invited to inspect it the Haslemere Natural History Society, an infant society which had been formed a year or two before, to use the microscope and study nature. "A graphic method of teaching Science and History as original as impressive," is their record of their visit. That is the first of his public teaching at Haslemere. He was then 63 years old. It continued during seventeen years until 1908 when he lectured on the Romans in Britain just after he had received Knighthood at the hands of King Edward VII. The year following he joined with Sir Archibald Geikie in a few words at a *Conversazione*, but after his eightieth year he hardly lectured. He would however occasionally go a short ramble in the woods with the Society, observing and commenting on natural objects in the old fascinating way.

The Natural History Society formed an admirable nucleus for an audience, men of open minds and keen on Science; but needing a leader. Jonathan Hutchinson became their second



THE HISTORICAL GALLERY, HASLEMERE MUSEUM



President and filled the post for the usual period of three years, though, whether president or not, it did not make much difference to the constant stream of scientific teaching which he poured forth. Ninety-two lectures are reported, practically all on Sunday afternoons, but there were many demonstrations which are not ranked as lectures. Not that his lectures or his museum were by any means the limit of the scope of the Society, which held throughout the winter months, a series of Friday evening gatherings, at which they invited an exceptionally able set of lecturers—specialists in their subjects—of a very diverse character—to lecture. But there was a homeliness about Jonathan's talks that was always very attractive, besides a continuity both of spirit and subject,—for the lessons of Evolution ran through all—that made them different from the rest.

In 1891 the first special subject given was at the Workmen's Institute on "Aids to memory." The fact that it was listened to for an hour and a half, with rapt attention by a large mixed country audience, is evidence that it was no mere mechanical "Aide memoire" that the lecturer was discussing. "Our finest thoughts are finest memories." "A passion that came to an end in a distant past, has become a part of our soul, and is eternal." He connects memory with conscience and the moral faculties. The whole lecture is an instance of the manner in which he would imbue the most prosaic subject with spiritual fire. Few men attempt to hold an audience for more than an hour, and that with the help of lantern slides; but Jonathan Hutchinson did not limit himself, and never used a lantern. At the museum they often extended to one and a half or two hours, and not often was his audience comfortably seated in a lecture hall. It would be gathered on the banks of grass in the museum yard, some standing, some sitting, or lying on the ground; only a few on chairs, and the lecturer would stand anywhere, and move about.

Two years later he gave a similar address on "The faculty of imagination," with special reference to Professor Tyndall who had recently died. It is on a similarly high level with the previous one, and the two together place his philosophy of life well before us. That was early in 1893, and in the summer of the same year he commenced the regular series at his Inval museum, in which each lecture consisted of three or four distinct subjects, which he cleverly wove into one. There was nothing whatever incongruous in his manner of combining several subjects in one discourse. Some who have written about him, but who never heard these lectures, have spoken as



if he jumbled up different subjects in a promiscuous way to wile away a Sunday afternoon ; and show the variety and superficiality of his interests. Nothing could be farther from the fact. A member of the Natural History Society, writing after his death, says, " His lectures at Inval and at the museum are an abiding memory to all who were privileged to hear them, for they opened up new and instructive trains of thought, and embraced a very wide range of subjects , at once testifying to the enormous learning of the man, and his deep and thoughtful researches into the hidden things of nature ; and displaying a peculiar charm and attractiveness, in his method of imparting his knowledge " These lectures were never written out, and only rough notes, and newspaper reports (some of them very good), are available now. They have never been collected for publication.

We have seen that they took systematic shape in 1894, when he selected for each afternoon subjects on four of the great pathways of knowledge.—

- (1) The inorganic Earth—Geology
- (2) Organic Life—Botany or Anatomy.
- (3) Human History.
- (4) Some pre-eminent man

The order might be varied So on Aug. 4th, 1894, he chose as his subjects :—

- (1) The Human Skeleton.
- (2) Geological Time.
- (3) Historical Time.
- (4) Albert Durer.

On Aug. 12th

- (1) Fruits and Seeds.
- (2) The Chalk.
- (3) Hebrew History.
- (4) Fénelon.

On Aug. 19th.

- (1) Shells.
- (2) Geologic Time (Since the Chalk).
- (3) Historic Time (The Dark Ages).
- (4) Wordsworth.

On Aug. 26th.

- (1) The Elephant's Skull.
- (2) The First Century, A.D.
- (3) Milton.

The following year, 1895, they were :—

On Aug. 18th

- (1) Objects of a Museum.
- (2) Rosaceæ.
- (3) Geology before the Chalk
- (4) History and Chronology.

On Aug. 25th.

- (1) The Ostrich.
- (2) The Chalk
- (3) Rosaceæ (contd.)
- (4) St Louis of France

In this way he would deal with the character of such men as St Paul, George Fox, Wesley, Thomas Ellwood or Bishop Ken. In another Series he would take poets—Keats, Cowper, Browning, Wordsworth, dealing both with their lives and their poetry.

In 1897 this was varied, and he chose his three subjects as follows —

- (1) Time—Order and Progress
- (2) Life—Nature
- (3) Spirit—Imagination, Poetry, Religion.

On July 25th

- (1) Geology, Primary, Secondary and Tertiary.
- (2) Lizards, Birds and Kangaroos
- (3) Keats and his Poetry.

On Aug. 15th.

- (1) Epochs of Man's History.
- (2) Instincts and Habits.
- (3) Browning and his Poetry.

On Sept. 5th.

- (1) The Centuries and Improved Chronology.
- (2) Some Special Adaptations in Nature.
- (3) Wordsworth.

On Sept. 26th.

- (1) Decadence and Progress.
- (2) Nature's Theology.
- (3) Life, Death, and Terrestrial Immortality.

That Summer's course was probably the most carefully thought out of any that he gave; and is most didactic. We can see a definite purpose running through it all, leading up by steady degrees to the final address of Sept. 26th, which is practically a "sermon" on a very high plane. If we are

tempted to criticise the crowding of concentrated thought into only four lectures, we must remember that they were given at intervals of three weeks ; and that the lecturer and his assistants would be at the Museum on intervening Sundays, demonstrating its contents, and prepared to discuss any undeveloped proposition of the lectures. The following year, 1898, he again took three subjects, but did not adhere to them, often speaking the whole time on the third or Religious subject ; and dealing with the others in museum demonstrations. He began to emphasise the museum method of teaching, and to urge others to collect ; and to aid in the formation of museums. The most important of this series was " Early Christianity," which was printed, and was more definitely a challenge to current Religious thought than heretofore.

In it he stated the proposition, which he put forward more pointedly in future years, that the period of history between the Roman Empire and the Renaissance, which he characterized as the Dark Ages, was " dark " because of the belief, introduced by Christianity, in a personal Celestial Immortality, with its Heaven and Hell and possibly Purgatory. He held that all this belief was fanciful, wanting in any foundation in fact known to us ; that it had misled the human mind, directing it to objects not within reach ; and away from the betterment of our present and future life on this planet ; and moreover alien to the true spirit of Christianity, as shown in the teaching of its founder. It was a broad and decided position to take up, which of course laid him open to attack ; but which he considered well worth defence.

He did not of course suppose that the Renaissance and Reformation had abolished this deleterious creed, but that they had shaken it ; and that now that Evolution and Heredity had demonstrated the true lines on which Immortality is attained, the old Celestial form, of personal permanence in another sphere, must be abandoned. In this year, 1899, when he definitely attacked at its source one of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity (not of its founder), and unfurled the banner of a New Renaissance based on modern knowledge ; he shared the burden of the Sunday lectures with others, among whom the Haslemere Rector and the Hindhead Congregational Minister lectured on the " Holy Grail " and " Michael Faraday, scientist and saint," respectively.

We may at this point conveniently ask ourselves, what echo such challenging doctrines awoke in the neighbourhood ? There cannot be the slightest doubt that they aroused doubt

and opposition ; but it hardly came to the surface. The enlightened Rector of Haslemere was more than friendly from the first. He would sit in the audience at the lecture on Browning's text " And the gain of Earth must be Heaven's gain too," a delighted listener ; and gladly take his place as lecturer, with such subjects as " Charles Kingsley " or " Tennyson." He described Jonathan Hutchinson in his Parish magazine as " not only opening the eyes of the mind, but the eyes of the soul as well " And Canon Vernon Storr, who was Curate of Haslemere in those days, in writing of him speaks of " a wonderful life spent in the service of humanity and the cause of truth. We can't in any way measure the influence of such a life."

In 1899 and 1900 he carried his spiritual message somewhat deeper, in lectures which were not so comprehensive. He chose only one subject, though he ranged over natural History, Poetry, and Religion in the old way.

- (1) Lessons from whales, a favourite subject with him ; in which he dealt with the subject of adaptability to environment.
- (2) The inner light and the new birth ; difficult ground on which he trod with great insight. He was dealing with the foundation doctrine of Quakerism, and its after-development in Evangelicism, both of which, in his own person, he represented.
- (3) The influence of Wordsworth's poetry.
- (4) Tuberculosis and leprosy as social problems.

As on previous occasions, the lecturer did not stick to these subjects but would begin on some other subject, such as a life of George Fox, when speaking of the inner light ; or a portrait of Cornelius Agrippa when taking up Wordsworth's poetry. But Agrippa, who was a learned German of Henry VIII's day, only served as a convenient peg upon which to hang his remarks about " the superiority of woman over man," and to discuss the story of Adam and Eve.

So, too, Tuberculosis and Leprosy brought abstract religious questions down to practical problems of human illness and its alleviation, of hospitals and medical science.

It is probably a significant fact that he was never so much at a loss in any of his lectures, as in that dealing with the Influence of Wordsworth's poetry. He was deeply under that influence himself, and he could not speak of it. He would illustrate by quotation from Wordsworth at many of his lectures, but words

failed when he came to definitely formulate what his teaching was ; though it was his own creed. Perhaps he was better at illustrating than at definitely formulating it, or perhaps he had said so much that there was not much more to say. The newspaper report is bald, and seems to represent Wordsworth as a vague Pantheist, and the writer remembers it as one of the least satisfying of all his lectures.

In 1900 he took :—

- (1) The Story of Robben Island (a leper colony off South Africa)
- (2) Natural Piety, a finely developed subject.
- (3) The Wisdom of Solomon.
- (4) The Laws of Inheritance—Heredity in physical and moral qualities.

In the last he reached the real climax of his teaching. It was felt to be so at the time, and was very fully reported. During the last six years he had said out his message, leading up to this final truth, stated in the clearest possible way ; and he was never to state it so well again. In the Winter of 1905-6 he referred to the same subject in three lectures on “ the Renaissance and the New Renaissance.” This was, he felt, *the* message of his life which had come to him fifty years before with overwhelming force ; and had altered his whole outlook, giving to him power and hope.

But before we go forward in our narrative of the Haslemere work, it will be well to relate another branch of his work, at Selby, his birth-place in Yorkshire. For in 1898 he had purchased the Public Rooms of Selby, had had them altered and renovated, as a Museum and Lecture Hall ; and had started in the North of England the same course of Teaching, which he had so successfully carried out for eight years in the South.

But there were to be striking differences. In place of the unconventional Museum sheds (for they were little better) at Haslemere, with the loyal and permanent Natural History Society behind him, to serve as nucleus for his audience, itself made up of neighbours who loved and admired him ; at Selby he spoke from a Lecture Hall platform, with the magnates of the town supporting him, taking the chair for him, and proposing votes of thanks. Such formalities were never indulged in at Haslemere. His audience knew him at Selby only by repute. The generation which, fifty years ago, had known him as boy and young man, had largely passed away ; and those that still kept reminiscences of the staid Quaker family, were rather

shocked at the change in religious outlook manifested in their modern scientific representative. He drew large audiences, who enjoyed his quiet conversational style and elementary science teaching; but there was no permanent group who would uphold the museum and its work between the fortnightly addresses.

Jonathan Hutchinson would travel down from London in company with his daughter for a few days, which he would spend arranging specimens in the museum. He prepared those first five lectures of 1899 more carefully than usual, choosing their subjects so as to lead up to a discussion of current Religious creeds. It was a more definitely aggressive programme than he had ever delivered at Haslemere; and we have seen that there he took years to lead up to a climax, which in Selby he reached in the first Summer. The ground of his hearers' minds was well prepared in the former case, not only by him, but by much other teaching in the Haslemere neighbourhood, pointing to a broad view of Christianity; whereas in Selby he broke fresh ground, and soon encountered violent opposition. He would never enter into controversy (though some of his local supporters did), and there was no personal collision. In the first lecture on July 9th he spoke of Galls and Pearls, and Wordsworth's poetry; in the second of the thickness of the Earth's crust, and George Fox, and the doctrines of the Inner light, and the New Birth (a subject which he was to take the following week at Haslemere); and in the third on "The probable age of the World," and the lessons to be learnt from whales.

The opposition was smouldering during the first week or two. Among expressions of public recognition for the fine building which he had purchased for the town, were very scanty reports of these scientific lectures; with scantier references to the new doctrines being promulgated. "The religious tenets held by the Friends, and indeed by Christians generally, were for the most part adversely criticised; and in their place the Deity, as revealed in the study of Nature, was substituted." That was about all the Selby Times had to say about those profound teachings which had held Haslemere audiences during the last eight years; and which the Rector of Haslemere described as "not only opening the eyes of the mind, but the eyes of the soul as well." After the third lecture the storm burst. The Selby Times leader read, "When the very foundations of our faith are called in question, a very grave responsibility faces us. We have therefore abstained from noticing the lectures at length." On Sunday evening

both at Selby Abbey and at the Wesleyan Church (at the latter both morning and evening), sermons were preached controverting the new Teacher "A mistake in science mattered but little, but a mistake in things spiritual might be a subject of regret, not only in time, but through eternity." The vicar in the Abbey Church was dignified and reasonable, entering earnestly into the deep problems raised. The Wesleyan minister however, spoke contemptuously. "His religious teachings, as far as he had seen the specimens, were not either new, or deep, or reasoned and convincing, except to weak minds. The man who led them to prefer Wordsworth to the Book of Psalms, to relinquish their Christian beliefs, ideas, and attitudes; and adopt the better (?) course of relying upon what can be imparted from the study of God in Nature—to trust to natural instinct and the trained mind, to lead them to the best in life—may be a deal less short-sighted than the dead duck that was taken from the waters of the Ouse to his place of honour in the museum; but he was not a man of clear vision; and he was, in his judgment, neither a competent, nor a safe, religious guide."

"They might have learned talks about pearls, galls and potato flowers, and more or less definite or debatable and dubious discourses as to the thickness of the earth's crust, the age of the earth, and the hind legs of the whale. But they needed more than that for their satisfaction. As substitutes for the Christian Gospel he regarded them as poor stuff. The question as to whether a whale has evolved from a pig or a pigeon, was not in his judgement, a serious one."

In the lecture which Jonathan Hutchinson gave on the following Sunday on "The Earliest Traces of Man," he made no allusion to the pulpit references, which had attracted considerable notice; beyond mentioning that on the occasion of his previous lecture, which had aroused so much criticism, his place at Haslemere had been taken by the Rector; and on a previous occasion the Congregational minister gave the address. He did not attempt either in writing or speaking to answer his critics; but added a sixth lecture in order to go more carefully into the big subjects with which he had to deal, i.e. "Life, Death and Immortality in the light of modern knowledge," and "the Creeds of the World." These two made up the fifth and sixth lectures. He gave careful preparation to them, and they are among the clearest expositions of his creed. Moreover, they were well received and reported.

It is surely not unprofitable to shortly review at this distance

of time the lines which the controversy took. We can never promote the cause of Truth by ignoring its uncomfortable phases. We may learn lessons of great value, if we can get to sufficient distance, to see in proper perspective the lines which its advocates took up.

In Selby Abbey the problem shaped itself very much into the old controversy between Anglican and Quaker. It was not at all personal; and it was not simply science versus religion; but rather the different bases of authority for religion.

In the Wesleyan pulpit, the lecturer's science and his religion were both criticised and ridiculed; and the two sermons which were occupied with the subject, gave rise to a press controversy of some length and personal bitterness between the minister and members of his congregation, who supported the lecturer. Neither religious nor scientific questions were treated seriously enough to throw light on the problem, though the discussion gave rise to much heat. After the fourth lecture the Selby Times had another long leader disapproving, but in more cautious language; and shifting its position quite definitely onto the question of Evolution; and henceforth the controversy in the Selby press centred mainly on that point, and became extremely vigorous on both sides. The Lecturer never joined in. It is doubtful if he ever read it.

It began in the contemptuous vein: "The people of Selby 'cannot be congratulated on the education they are receiving. 'The doctor has evidently missed his vocation. Fiction is his 'forte, not science, for a lecture on Life, Death and Immortality—'without a single fact—without an argument, etc., etc.'" But in spite of such rhetoric, it is quite clear that the doctrine of Evolution—that and that alone—was at the root of the whole thing. It was equally evident that we do not need to go to Tennessee to see Fundamentalists. At last the wordy warfare died down, and the first year's course of lectures at Selby ended on a less controversial subject, "Leprosy and Lepers; The Story of Robben Island."

Early in the following year he spoke on the Boer War, which was then at its most critical stage, under the title, "Sentiments Proper to the Present Crisis." It was quite a Quaker Peace message, but he looked to knowledge as the best way to peace. "If the Boers had been a well informed people, the war would not have taken place. To the spread of education he looked as one of the greatest bulwarks of peace—the cultivation of sympathy one with another."

Not till nearly two years later did he again take up his task of



lecturing at Selby, and then on the eve of sailing for South Africa. The title of the discourse was, "The Times we Live In," and he ranged in an unconventional way, but on a very high plane of thought, over the religious and social problems of the day; as they were illuminated by the knowledge of heredity. He outlined accurately and sympathetically the tendencies of modern thought, speaking in very clear language on the responsibility of marriage and children for their future goodness in this life, and ignoring the expectation of another life.

Such outspoken utterances roused strong opposition again. "Had the teaching which Mr. Hutchinson propounded been enunciated by a stranger, it would have been rejected with scorn. But Mr. Hutchinson bears a name honoured in Selby. The piety and goodness of his parents are still remembered; and his own connection with the town secures for him our respect. We could have wished that 'hereditary transmission' had been more satisfactory." So read the Selby Times leader. There is no doubt that these Selby lectures, now at great intervals, were more outspoken and provocative than any he had given elsewhere, though the teaching was just the same.

Equally outspoken was the last of its class, which was not delivered until October 1904, after his expeditions to both South Africa and India. It was entitled, "Secular Christianity"; and was certainly very aggressive. It again challenged the vague belief in Celestial personal Immortality; urged a better use of Sunday; and spoke of the gain to Christian missions by the elimination of some current doctrines, which are a stumbling block to the heathen mind.

Again, and with crushing words did the Selby Times characterize it as, "Simply deplorable that an otherwise beautiful life should be marred by the dissemination of scepticism." It was strongly condemned by letter after letter in the press; but let us hope that it made Selby people think as they had not thought before.

A fortnight later the Unitarian minister announced his intention of speaking at the Sunday evening service on:—

"Mr. Hutchinson and his critics."

The story is not quite complete however. One more discourse in August 1906, on "Museums and what they may teach" finished his course of lectures at Selby, lasting, with big gaps, for seven years. He emphasized, as of old, the value of knowledge as the basis of sympathy and love; the counteraction of physical passion and material interests. Moreover, a museum afforded a simple and pleasant means of study.

The museum had not been thriving, and his opponents drew the moral that while he taught such soul-destroying doctrine at it, he could not expect anything else. "We say it with deep sorrow of heart, that in our opinion Mr. Hutchinson himself is the hindrance to the development of his museum as an educational institution. It is deplorable to think that a gentleman, to whom Selby is much indebted, should so sadly impair his usefulness by his periodical Sunday afternoon lectures. It cannot be denied that his addresses contain much that is interesting and instructive; and if he stopped there—well! But he must needs shatter the hopes of the Christian in regard to his future happiness, cast ridicule on the scriptures, and for bread, give his hearers a stone."

That was in August of 1906. On October 19th of that year Selby Abbey was gutted with fire. Jonathan Hutchinson wired to the vicar, "Distressed to hear of catastrophe If museum rooms can be of service they are freely at your disposal." Thither did the Abbey worshippers sadly take their way on that Sunday morning following the fire. All were sad; many were visibly moved, and there were some who were unable to repress their emotion, when the vicar referred to the destruction of their beautiful Abbey, and read out the terms of Mr. Hutchinson's telegram. The hymns, "O God Our Help In Ages past," "Through All the Changing Scenes of Life," and "God Moves in a Mysterious Way," were as appropriate to the sad vicissitudes of the Abbey, as they were to the quiet walls of the Assembly Hall, where the Quaker Physician had ranged his diagrams of the Centuries and the Geologic ages, his specimens of fossils and skulls.

Five years later in June 1913 the flags at Selby Abbey, the Town Hall, and the Educational Museum were flown half-mast. The venerable Teacher had finished his work, and was at rest.

The Selby Times which had so often "deplored" what he was doing during his lifetime, wrote one of the truest and most beautiful Obituary notices of him (among the shorter ones), that it was the pleasure of those who loved him, to read and cherish. There are touches in it which are not found elsewhere. "And so was the good work carried on into old age," it says towards the end of an account of his Educational Work at Museums. "He made Selby think, and second thoughts were best."

## *Ch XXI*

### MEDICAL WORK, 1890-1900

We have followed up the work in connection with General Education, which began in 1890, with the formation of the Haslemere museum, and have traced it down to the end of the century, at Haslemere, where it reached its climax in 1900. In the case of Selby it seemed convenient to take it up at that point when it ran parallel with the Haslemere work, and to carry it forward in the following years, when it considerably thinned out, until the end of his life. We leave the remainder of this Haslemere museum teaching, after 1900, for the narrative of his old age.

Going back to 1890, we see him at the pinnacle of his fame as a doctor, laying down the highest post which his profession could offer, the Presidency of the College of Surgeons. During his presidency he had definitely brought forward the subject of Leprosy again in long articles in the medical journals, foreshadowing what would be his principal work in definite medical study in coming years ; and seeking to give it importance in the eyes of his brother doctors owing to the high position which he occupied ; just as later he accepted the knighthood, at a time that he wished to commend the cause of Leprosy in the eyes of those who were inclined to ignore it because of its remoteness and rarity as one which did not concern the London profession. As he kept saying in future years, it affected our Colonies and India profoundly. Health laws were then passed, or not passed, which looked for their approval or otherwise to the Medical opinion of London. A medical man in India or South Africa might have an intimate knowledge of the disease in his own remote district, but he could not know about other parts of the world in the same way. He had not the advantages of access to knowledge and of discussion which the higher branches of the profession had in London ; and the problems of this disease must be solved at headquarters. And so he returned to leprosy again and again. Its study was always to the fore in his mind since early days in 1854, and ranks as one of his principal contributions to medical knowledge. It will be well however to devote a chapter to this subject later, and to pursue the current of his life after the Presidency.

And now he found himself the centre of attention from the Universities of the land, a man whom they delighted to honour.

Glasgow had already done so in 1887—did not his old friend Prof. Gairdner preside at Glasgow? And then followed Cambridge and Edinburgh, Dublin, Leeds and Oxford, all designating him Doctor of Laws or Science, and many were the ovations which he received at the hands of enthusiastic students, and eulogiums from the learned.

Scientific Societies in Paris, Berlin, and Philadelphia greeted him as honoured associate or corresponding member. But the honour which he valued above all others, and obtained earlier than any of them, was the Fellowship of the Royal Society, in 1882. He did not often attend its meetings, however, and unlike his master Paget and his friend and neighbour Geikie, he had no more intimate connection with the Royal Society. The F.R.S. came five years before the first honorary degree, the Glasgow L.L.D., and seven years after his death the Royal Society recorded in its Proceedings a summary of his life

“His most important contributions to medical science concerned ‘syphilis, in which . . . his researches made a definite landmark in ‘medical knowledge. His papers . . . were subsequently collected ‘in a clinical memoir of very great value. Their conclusions have ‘received complete verification and acceptance. Hutchinson made ‘valuable clinical and pathological studies of dental defects in ‘children. He drew attention to several manifestations of gouty ‘inheritance hitherto unnoticed, and he made an exhaustive investigation of the clinical history of Tobacco Amblyopia.

‘In his lectures on the pedigree of disease he collected and ‘elucidated many varied and important facts bearing on idiosyncrasies, (a) in disease, (b) in the reaction of different individuals ‘to various foods, (c) in the reaction in different individuals to ‘certain drugs.

‘For many years Hutchinson made careful study of the Natural ‘History of Leprosy.

‘He marshalled a large body of arguments in support of the ‘contention that the eating of decomposing fish was the essential ‘factor. He failed to secure the acceptance of his contention, and ‘this is probably the solitary instance of his failure.

‘He was one of the best Clinical Teachers of his time. He threw ‘a flood of light on the commonest diseases, and had that faculty of ‘the scientific use of the imagination, which enabled him to show ‘the relationship of one disease to another, however far they might ‘superficially seem to be apart.

Finally.

“It would be difficult to parallel a life which, almost to the end, ‘was so full of ripe and varied observation, of philosophic review, and ‘of beneficent activities, superimposed on the career of a busy and ‘successful surgeon.”

This careful valuation of his achievements in Science was written by his friend Sir Thomas Barlow. It was Sir Thomas Barlow who attended his own wife and children in their illnesses, and who survived him 32 years.

The years after 1890 were fairly occupied with his private practice, with preparation for his Clinical Museum at Park Crescent, and with many meetings and addresses throughout the country

At Birmingham, 1890 "The future of Dermatology"; at Manchester, 1891 "The Laws of Contagion", at Nottingham, 1892 "Experiments on Living Animals", at London 1892: "Names, definitions and classifications"; at Reading, 1893. "The Printing Press, etc. and Medical Progress"; at London, 1895: "Address in Surgery"; at Liverpool, 1895: "Medical Examinations." This list of seven addresses gives some idea of the range of his general medical activities. They are full of matter, pointing out the lines along which progress must lie in the future.

Speaking on the Future of Dermatology in May 1890, he says, "It is the glory of all science that, as it advances, it becomes more simple, and that, by making order where before was confusion, it renders knowledge more accessible. That which, at the first could be but dimly perceived by the experts, becomes, when duly formulated, easy of attainment to all." That conception of advancing knowledge is the exact opposite of the usual one, yet is surely true.

At Nottingham in 1892 he took up the big question of "Names, Definitions and Classifications."

"We have outgrown the nomenclature of our forefathers. It would be strange if it were not so, in fact it would imply disgrace.

"The number of species of flowering plants amounts to, I am told, 110,000

"For the multiform manifestations of the results of the innumerable influences which combine together to evoke disease in man, our names are probably not in the proportion of one per cent.

"The Surgeon may easily get along with fractures and dislocations, aneurism, Hernia and a few other cognate subjects. The Physician may be content with his phthisis, bronchitis, and pneumonia, his albuminuria, diabetes, and gout. So may the Specialist make himself happy in the success of his iridectomies, and his cataract extractions. Let us not for a moment under-rate the importance of these everyday achievements, or of that common knowledge of common things which is the *sine*

*qua non* of all of us. As soon as the Specialist tries to transcend his specialism, the Physician or Surgeon to get out of his routine, he needs a larger nomenclature, and a more complete classification "

The lecturer deprecates the use of such terms as "substantive disease," "morbid entity." The more we know, indeed, the less we are inclined to admit respecting any given disease that it is substantive and self-complete. Even in the simplest of our problems—the introduction of a specific poison into the system, we have to remember that one partner in the so-called disease is the living body of the patient, and that no two cases are exactly alike. Definitions and classifications are, in the case of medical pursuits, immeasurably more difficult than in most branches of knowledge. But that does not make them of any the less importance.

And then he brings forward objective teaching, asking that names should be descriptive "It is very difficult to let the objective faculty work uninfluenced by the shades and colours which words and names cast."

The paper is an extraordinarily well thought out statement of the whole question of names, definitions and classifications. Many a rare form of disease had its name given by him—Mrs. T's legs, or Mr. J's nose, and his description of a certain disease as like apple jelly, were remembered as characteristic of him. It was moreover under his guidance, though he did not approve of the project, that the New Sydenham Society published in 1878, after many years of strenuous effort and great expense, its lexicon of Medical Terms. Describing this, their greatest project, he says, "I was the chief culprit. It was a mistake from the beginning. The Editor died—his successor also—several others essayed the task, and for several years the project hung fire, each time occurring on the Council's agenda. Then two of our members, Henry Power and Leonard Sedgwick, took it up and completed it" It is interesting to see how, however much he might concentrate on objective illustration, "names, definitions and classifications" dogged his footsteps.

During the year 1893 he was immersed in his work at Park Crescent, arranging his Clinical Museum; but his address at Reading, that year, was concerned with the Printing Press and Library, as Aids to Medical progress; choosing as his text the well-worn plea—only to combat it—that there was too much printing nowadays. He had cited Hunter and Sydenham as having used that plea; now he cites Sir William Laurence, in the early days of the New Sydenham Society. He thoroughly

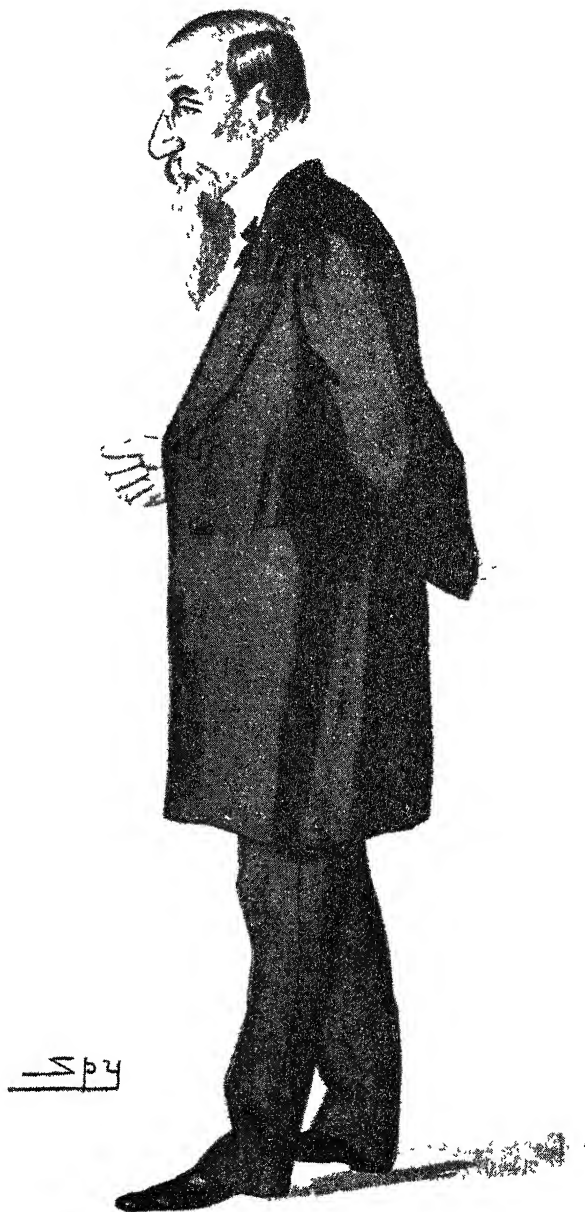
approved of modern medical journalism, comparing a current bound volume of the *Lancet* with one of fifty years ago.

"We move so rapidly now, that a book is soon left behind-hand as out-of-date; and there are manifest advantages in a mode of publication which permits of growth, and is never stereotyped. To call such literature ephemeral is to imply no sort of stigma. As well call our daily meals ephemeral. Were it not for the fear of being accused of paradox, I would say, that it is the ephemeral which is really lasting. It is from the newspaper, the magazine, and the changeful conversation of the breakfast table, that we build our opinions and develop our knowledge, quite as much as from the set phrases of books. I was once twitted by a medical friend with having changed my ground on a medical question. I thought that I had rather developed my knowledge, and I replied: "Does not the oak change its leaves, and does it not in the end beat the holly in its growth?"

Forms of literature which are in themselves not destined for permanence are our daily food; and their purpose is served when they have aided our development. But the enormous development of printing, which we cannot, and should not attempt to check, calls into existence the Public Library, and the Librarian; who is no longer a mere custodian of books, but a guide to them. He should also be a *maker* of books, selecting what is of value in otherwise useless books, and arranging it in a form convenient for those engaged in active work, who have not the time to seek out what they need. We have to study in the Library, as also in the Museum, how to bring knowledge to the cognisance of those who need it.

Doctors are engaged in the mitigation of the sufferings of mankind. They often work under heavy disadvantages as regards want of time, and pressure of engagements.

It is interesting when reviewing Hutchinson's attitude towards Medical literature, to recall that his own house was so full of books—this teacher of *Objective Education*—that he called it "the Library." His hall, his dining room, his study, his bedroom were alike lined throughout with fixed wooden shelves for books. There was hardly a foot space for wall-paper. The pleasant texture of leather backs and modern bindings precluded any such decorations, and gave a warmth and variety of colour, which was very homely. He had little respect for books however; and would cut them up unscrupulously, if it suited him to do so. Still a large and beautiful collection remained intact; and he had great pride in his



THE LECTURER

*from "Vanity Fair"*





Library He used to contrast his love of books (though he sometimes maltreated them) with Dr. Jackson's way of buying up all the newest books on his subject, whatever their cost, and discarding them as soon as they were superseded by later publications. Dr. Jackson never made a library.

In the formation of his clinical museum, Hutchinson was ruthless with books, buying up two copies perhaps of a costly work cutting them up, and placing the illustrations in large envelopes according to a classification of his own; so as to get the most complete set of illustrations of different diseases.

We have seen how in the publication of his "Clinical Illustrations" and "Archives" he adopted a form of Journalism, rather than of a complete book. He preferred it because there was no finality to it; and he could spread the publication over many years, and as fresh light was thrown on a subject, could add to his book.

"There is much to be done by the systematic arrangement of the enormous mass of medical literature," he said, when he opened his Clinical Museum in 1893. "And now Gentlemen, in conclusion, if any should think that I am attempting too much, and trying to do as an individual what had better have been left to some public body, permit me to plead the shortness and uncertainty of human life; and a sincere desire to achieve, to the very utmost, what I can for the advancement of clinical knowledge."

Our conclusion may well be that he *was* undertaking too much. A journal of the day commented:—

"It is a matter of regret that the work (of forming his Clinical Museum) was not done by a public body, for there can be no 'question of its utility.'"

The Collection was offered to the Royal College of Surgeons, but the college did not see its way to devote sufficient space to the adequate display of such drawings.

"We must be thankful to Mr. Hutchinson for the public spirit which he has shown in entering upon an enterprise of so great an extent."

Any reference that can be made here to the "Polyclinic" must be quite inadequate. His first "Clinical museum" was opened at No. 1 Park Crescent, close to Regents Park in 1893, a house that became the home of his son Jonathan Hutchinson. The leasehold of this large private house was acquired, and the

back garden or yard, situated directly over the Metropolitan Railway, then enclosed by high brick walls, was entirely covered over by a flat roof with skylights. Thus an excellently lit and extensive museum, all on one level, was formed, lined with boarding and with shelves and ledges for the display of drawings, etc. Here at once lectures and demonstrations commenced, to which medical men were welcomed. They proved most attractive and were largely attended. In 1898, the same year that he bought the public rooms at Selby and opened a newly-built school for his daughter at Haslemere, he bought the new premises at Chenies St, near Gower St. He had the help of Sir Wm. Broadbent, of Dr. J. Fletcher Little and others. He advanced the money for the purchase of the building and contributed to its support for many years.

It was much more extensive and in every way more convenient than Park Crescent, and to it he transferred his collections and teaching, calling it the Medical Graduate's College and Polyclinic. A glimpse of the scope of the work is provided in a printed prospectus of 1905 covering three months of the year, which shows fifty lectures by different doctors on various medical subjects delivered after usual working hours at 5.15 p.m.

Sir Wm. Osler writes :—

“The collection of pathological drawings which he presented to the College is probably the most extensive of its kind in any country.

‘It illustrates the whole range of medicine and surgery. The drawings are classified; one group comprising more than 5,000 are in large paper envelopes, the other, an even larger number in large cardboard portfolios. While they illustrate particularly the life-work of the Collector in Syphilis and skin diseases, there is scarcely a department of medicine that has not one or two portfolios devoted to it.

‘It is probably the most remarkable iconography on syphilis ever made, portfolio after portfolio is filled with illustrations on every variety of this protean disease.

‘Every possible phase of leprosy and lupus is here depicted.”

The collection was, after his death, acquired by the Johns Hopkins Medical School, U.S.A. and was lost to England.

Sir Wm. Osler, from whose description the above is taken, says of Sir Jon. Hutchinson that :—

“He is the only generalized specialist which the profession has produced, and his works are a storehouse upon which the surgeon, the physician, the neurologist, the dermatologist, and other specialists freely draw.”

And he ends up with —

“ It will remain a worthy monument to the zeal and perseverance of a remarkable man, a man who has secured the homage of a larger number of clinical workers than any Englishman of his generation ”

In his address in Surgery in 1895, at the Annual meeting of the British Medical Association, Hutchinson refers to the history of Surgery in the past ; and what may be hoped in the future. He speaks of John Hunter as the “ Father of Scientific Surgery,” and of his museum, that great work of his life, that triumph of genius and industry, housed under the guardianship of the Royal College of Surgeons. Then he referred to a M Roux, a Frenchman who spent a month in England studying English Surgery, and who wrote a book called “ Relation d'un Voyage.” “ I venture heartily to applaud the sagacity with which he detected a weak point in the management of the Royal College of Surgeons (‘ un vice essentiel de cette institution ’). He was amazed that an institution for the advancement of Surgery should devote most of its lectures, and the best part of its museum space, to comparative anatomy. These subjects ought, he held, to find their place in a museum of Natural History.” And Hutchinson adds :—“ Would that he could see it as it is now ! ”

“ The best part of the new wing erected at vast cost, is now nothing more than a reading room or place of study for young anatomical students ; and its walls are occupied by a collection of skulls and skeletons which have no connection whatever with our art. Instead of a museum of Clinical Surgery we have a Golgotha of Anthropology.”

Two months later, in October 1895, he took up another moot point between himself and the College—the examination system. That was at Liverpool and his address, “ On Examinations as an aid to Education,” was delivered at the opening of the Medical College.

“ The subject is one which for many years has occupied my thoughts.” Although as a student he had never experienced the weight of the modern examination system—he had never even matriculated—he had for many years been examiner to the Colleges of both Surgeons and Physicians. Nevertheless his attitude was that of sympathizing with the student, not with the examiner. He sought to eliminate the personal element in the latter : he had felt very keenly the unfairness of the viva-voce, which had always played an important part in the diploma examination for his profession. The state of health and temper of the examiner, the difference or similarity of

temperament between examiner and examined, might count for much ; and make or mar the future of a young man. He had tried to eliminate chances in his own case, by asking each candidate the same questions, and merely comparing results. He considered it grossly unfair for an examiner, having found a student's weak spot, to follow it up to his damnation. Equally unfair to ask him questions only on his strong subjects. So far as possible the personal element in the examiner must be eliminated, by having printed questions covering the whole subject, prepared beforehand and accessible to the student. These would be revised every five years, but these must be used only to select from. A student might cram up answers to the whole lot. If so, he would know his subject. There should be no alternative questions. What better way was there of learning than by setting and answering questions ? The coach was often a better educator than the dilettante lecturer. To study, with a purpose throughout, was the best way. So he would have not less but more of examinations. They should be every year, and should test a student's work by regular and short stages. The acquisition of knowledge should be an easy pleasure, and all strain should be avoided. All idea that a concentrated test of the whole capacity of a man to acquire and retain during, say five long years, the knowledge requisite for the whole of his profession was an entire mistake. Let a man take up each subject in a concentrated way, master it, and present himself annually for examination. Then let him devote his whole mind to another subject. He would forget much ; but what matter ? He would keep a clear, level mind, and gain concentration and digestion of all that he acquired. Recapitulation would restore what had quite rightly passed out of mind in the mean time ; and recapitulation was the way, and the only way, to memory. That was always Hutchinson's answer to his critics. Recapitulate all your life what you have learnt in youth. And so his main concern was for post graduate colleges and museum lectures and a Home University for the grown-up. It was a terrible mistake to imagine that education belonged to youth only ; that once having left school, or passed our final examinations, we had done with learning. There was not the slightest foundation in the human mind to support such an idea, and he combated it all his life. No-one will understand Jonathan Hutchinson, especially in these later phases of his life, when he started the Post-graduate College and the Home University, who does not realise this ! Had he not learnt nearly everything since those early days at the Selby

day school and the York Hospital, and why should not others do the same? And if such a boundless field lay open to the Post-graduate, why make so much of graduation? Let examinations be planned with the one idea of helping education. Let them be educational in themselves; a source of pleasure to the student, who there safely tests and puts by on the shelf, what has been safely acquired—no greater pleasure in life—instead of the terrible ordeal, the dreaded crisis, beyond which there might, or there might *not*, be any future at all. It is true that some students would find that they had mistaken their vocation, and have to find another, but the sooner they found out their mistake the better, in the first year if possible; instead of at the end of five wasted years.

Then younger men should be the examiners, men nearer in age to the student, more keen on learning themselves, men with more time on their hands; and, since there should be many more examinations, men whose time was less valuable; so as not to add unduly to the cost of examinations. If the questions were fixed, there was not so much need for men of great experience. Questions should require short and explicit answers, and all must be answered. A candidate should know the whole of his subject. There must be no specialization in pass-examinations.

And if such a system admitted a larger number to the profession all the better, if they were well educated. Our object is, not to pluck, but to ensure education. Hutchinson would, in both his medical and other books revert to the method of questions to test study; and both at the Haslemere and Selby Museums he instituted examinations for children in accordance with a special method. They knew the questions, and might get their knowledge anywhere, from parents or teachers or books; with one exception. They must not ask the Museum Curator; not because he did not know, but simply because he was otherwise occupied. There were ten examination papers, each with twenty questions, and the candidate must work them all up, since he did not know which of the twenty papers he would get. In so working he would learn a good deal more than the bare answer to the question. When he thinks he is ready he presents himself at certain times at the museum, and sits there writing answers to the one paper chosen for him by lot out of the twenty. If he fails once he may come again; and again, choose by lot his paper; but the examination must close by a certain day. In this way the element of chance in the choice of a paper by lot is eliminated, since the candidate can,

if time permits, present himself twenty times and pass triumphantly on the easiest paper.

The most important part of the examination came at the end, in the shape of objective teaching, since the candidate must identify sundry objects presented to him, portraits, fossils, flowers, etc. These also were all on view before the examination, and might be handled and sought out anywhere in the museum. The examination itself was held under the teacher's supervision, and no books or notes or questions were permissible then. Finally, there was a Christmas entertainment for all who had passed. Their names were posted up on a Roll of Honour in the museum, and a prize of some good book was given.

The experiment was a fascinating one, and has been continued since Jonathan Hutchinson's death. It is not troublesome or really expensive to carry out. The book prizes are quite cheap to procure, and are in themselves educational. The correction of such systematized answers is a very simple matter, and the fact that the examination goes on at any time puts no special pressure on the museum authorities. It prompts an immense amount of interest and gives much pleasure to lots of children; who work in groups and thoroughly enjoy the whole thing. It is comparable to the newspaper competitions of the present day, but is thoroughly educational, and free from the gambling spirit which often accompanies them. Probably many people were amused at this final development of his efforts, and he would enjoy the laugh

We mention it here because it throws much light on his systematic efforts to improve the examination system of the Medical profession, a system which he knew too well; and to lighten the burden on the mind of the young man whom he would render more learned than ever before; but in such a way that he would carry his learning with pleasure. We see in these simple museum experiments with children the solution of the viva-voce problem. In medicine objective knowledge of anatomy, of disease, is so important, apart from book knowledge, that the viva-voce could hardly be avoided. The chances incident to the personal element could however be reduced if the student wrote his answers after seeing the object, as the children identified the shells and skulls on the tray.

“ I tell you men won't notice,  
When they do they'll understand.”

And it was to get people to notice that he would have examinations.

He eagerly justified his principles of examination, writing an article on the subject in the "Nineteenth Century." In fact, in spite of this playful venture, he took the matter very seriously, and it is one of the last to which his mind applied itself.

Another cause to which he devoted himself, regardless of current opinion, connecting his purely medical work with his education of children in an interesting way, was "The State feeding of elementary school children."

He publicly recommended the provision of one good meal at least, provided out of public funds, for all the children whom the State compelled to attend school. His friends were shocked at his *Communism*, utterly subversive of Society. "More mischievous in short-sightedness than crime itself," "promoting self-indulgence," "disintegrating to character." But Hutchinson stuck to his guns.

At the same time this question of feeding was entirely in line with all that he felt most deeply as to the duties of parenthood. Few men have felt so keenly the responsibilities of parenthood, both from his position as one of a large family, and with his own family of ten children; but also on account of the immense importance which he gave to Inheritance in the development, not only of physical, but of spiritual life. And yet it was too evident that this responsibility was not equally shared. There was a glaring inequality of conditions between those members of the community who have to rear children, and those who have not. Parents are not, as some seem inclined to regard them, the enemies of society, but its prime benefactors; and they deserve help in all directions in which it can be judiciously given.

Probably very few children are actually in want of the bare necessities of life. But to enable a child to profit by school instruction, something more than the bare necessities is most desirable. A warm, comfortable breakfast, with tea or coffee, would enable him to feel bright and happy at his school tasks. To attempt to exact that attention, which alone can originate memory, from a pupil exhausted by want of proper food, is cruelty; and, moreover, the frequent recurrence of this strain on the system will tend in time to enfeeble the brain and retard its development.

The discussion in the Polyclinic Journal is well worth reproducing as illustrating the doctor's healthy views on questions of family life. He had seen enough of vice, and ill-health the result of vice, to urge that young people should marry and have children; that the avoidance of marriage



causes immorality. "We regard with disgust artificial means to prevent having children. Such practices are prejudicial to both moral and physical health. If prudent people avoid having children, the more careless will take their place. There is no reason for reducing population. It is the children that are 'de trop'; and on them do the sufferings fall. Their loss is perpetuated in stunted uneducated lives, and they hand on their loss to their children, in future generations.

"The wages of a man with six children are the same as those of a bachelor, and he suffers accordingly. It is an inhuman doctrine that counts a couple responsible for the number of their children. Prolificacy is a matter neither man nor woman can wholly control. Nothing but a love of luxury makes us think children anything but a blessing."

After his discomfiture in the medical circle of the Polyclinic, where he hoped to rouse support from the Profession, looking on it as a physiological question, he turned five years later to the public, giving a lecture at the Guildhall in 1905, and also at Cliffords Inn, writing to the Times and also to the Nineteenth Century Review. In the latter he developed his plans considerably, advocating the two hours interval between morning and afternoon school being occupied, not only by a substantial meal, but with organized games, and a display of pictures, and simple specimens in the Dining Hall, which would be annexed to every National School as a recreation room for wet days; which would save the children from wet feet incurred in tramping home to dinner, and would give their teachers far greater hold on them through their leisure hours. The fulfilment of these beautiful ideas is in the future; but let us say, that they were by no means unreasonable. They would add to the mere intellectual book-work side of education an element sorely needed, and that will call more and more for its supply; i.e., discipline in recreation, and voluntary objective teaching, as well as the essential of good food, and stimulants to mental exertion. If the State insists on day school for all citizens, there is nothing on principle against its providing a modified form of boarding school.

## Ch. XXII.

### LEPROSY

" My special interest in the subject of Leprosy began in 1855, in consequence of my having observed some cases in London Hospitals. The very peculiar character of the malady impressed me strongly, and forced the conviction that it must be due to some one well specialized cause.

" In 1863 I wrote for the London Hospital Reports a paper, which foreshadowed most of my present conclusions. At this date there were very few well-informed persons who believed in personal contagion. The cases to which I refer had been admitted without scruple into the Hospital wards; and a very general impression prevailed that the disease must be connected in some way with dietetic habits. A study of its geographical distribution convinced me, that neither climate nor race could have anything to do with it, and the observation that it prevailed almost exclusively on islands, on the shores of continents, and along the courses of rivers, soon led to a strong conviction, that it must be in some way connected with the eating of fish.

" This conviction was much strengthened by the fact, that a popular impression to the same effect, had been entertained in many different regions. From that date onward I have been a firm believer in what I have termed, for convenience, 'the fish hypothesis,' but not without having been obliged to allow it to receive from time to time important modifications."

The above paragraphs taken from the preface to Jonathan Hutchinson's book, "*On Leprosy and Fish-eating*," published in 1906 puts very shortly his position on what is perhaps the most important single phase of his medical work. His scientific interest in this aristocratic malady, the first disease perhaps to have a name of its own, the disease which was the common symbol of sin with the Jews, absorbed his mind throughout his life, coming to the surface in lecture and essay and book, and in vigorous discussion; which, beginning thus with his early professional days, went on until the last few years of his life. He brought it before medical men wherever his position in the profession gave him the opportunity—in his London Hospital reports—during his editorship of the *British Medical Journal*—in his Hunterian professorship lectures—during his presidency of the Royal College of Surgeons. He made the Post-graduate College at Chenies St. a battlefield for his theory in 1903, when Lord George Hamilton (Secretary of State for India)

took the chair, and again, in the same year, took up the subject, in what was perhaps the climax of his efforts with the profession, at the meeting of the British Medical Association at Swansea.

But he did not stop there. It was the subject of his Presidential address before the South Eastern Union of Scientific Societies in 1902. He lectured in his museums at Haslemere and Selby on the subject, and wrote on it in the Home University and in the Friends Quarterly Examiner.

In 1909 he submitted a paper on Leprosy for the Bergen Conference in Norway; and in 1912 (only a year before his death), he wrote a paper for the Society of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene, entitled "The Present Position of the Leprosy Question."

After such a list of effort extending over fifty-seven years one can but recall the words of Browning, "No Task begun shall ever pause for Death."

In November 1864 he gives a report in the British Medical Journal, of five cases of true Leprosy, "a disease rarely met with in this country and never arising here."

"Food is the most potent influence, the offending article of diet being fish; as the disease only occurs near the sea."

The Journal comments that: "His conjectures may almost be termed conclusions, so clear seems the chain of reasoning on which they are founded."

In 1869 he went with his wife to Norway, where leprosy was still a serious problem; and there met the Norwegian doctors, who were endeavouring to deal with it—Dr. Daniellsen, Dr. Boeck, Dr. Bidentap and others.

Writing in August 1869 to his wife:—

"I am gloriously glad we went to Norway. Every day increases my conviction that I have solved the difficulty as regards the cause of leprosy, and that I shall be able to convince others of it too. It will be a grand thing done, worth a life's labour, and I am exceedingly thankful to have been the means of doing it. I have been feeling almost excited about it, and could fancy myself just a little inspired, so wonderfully have the difficulties cleared away.

"I purpose to present a paper on the subject to the first meeting of the Medico-Chirurgical Society. In the meantime I have to get up the history of the gradual change of habits of diet in England and Europe; and there are also many geographical details to go into."

He enjoyed a life-long friendship with Dr. Hansen of Bergen, the great authority on Norwegian leprosy, who was in 1874 to discover the bacillus of the disease.

In 1889 and 1890, when President of the College of Surgeons, he wrote long articles on Leprosy with elaborate tables of statistics. He was amusingly sceptical about some of the evidence which patients would give, and which sometimes was opposed to that which formed the basis of his theory. One patient said to him :—" And now the next man you talk to from ——— will tell you something quite different from what I have done. Don't believe him ! "

" I replied, that he might make himself easy ; for that I had long ago adopted the rule, to believe only what I thought likely to be true."

In 1900, when the Medical Graduates met for their *Conversazione* in July, he lectured on Robben Island, off South Africa ; where the lepers of the Colony were compulsorily segregated, and in December of the following year he sailed to South Africa on the Kildonan Castle, to investigate leprosy on the spot.

It was but natural, that a mind that had applied itself to the study of Syphilis, should not neglect Leprosy.

Jonathan Hutchinson had proved himself the authority on that curse of civilization in its dregs—Syphilis ; now in his old age he was to attack, with a lifetime's knowledge and experience, that most typical of diseases, Leprosy. It was Leprosy that caused its victim to be an outcast to society, to be forcibly incarcerated for life without appeal—Leprosy the hideous, the offensive, the loathsome, the utterly hopeless, the death in life.

Its cause is rendered specially mysterious, because it takes many years, after it is acquired, to declare itself. And when it does declare itself, it takes many years to work the piecemeal destruction of the body, before it finally destroys the life. It may, in favourable circumstances, exhaust *itself*, before that final stage is reached. In other words if not curable—for its ravages remain—it may be arrested, and the patient live.

To this problem the " Naturalist " brought a vast accumulation of facts gathered from all over the world and from all ages, resolved, by the aid of knowledge, to arrive at an understanding and a solution, and armed with an inveterate optimism and a patient industry.

There was this powerful reason for optimism, that, where the disease had once been general over Europe, it had almost completely died out. Why should it not do so elsewhere ? If only we knew the cause !

As to its being contagious, there was little evidence in favour of such an idea. Lepers had been avoided from reasons of

disgust and superstition, not because of risk. Husband and wife, parent and child, lived together without risk, though one might be a leper. One member of a large family might be a leper, yet the disease did not spread. An Englishman might come back from India with the disease upon him, and live in London; yet there was no attempt at, and no need for, segregation. Again and again did Hutchinson emphasize this. His position was accepted, yet not acted upon.

He himself moved among and touched Lepers freely, as of course did other doctors and nurses; and nothing happened.

The mystery that shrouded the disease caused this question of contagion never to be cleared up; and Lepers were still segregated, sometimes forcibly, on Islands, and in Isolation Hospitals. It was against the cruelty which he believed was often involved in such a policy, that Hutchinson used his most strenuous efforts, and met with the most concentrated opposition. Legislation, initiated and enforced by white men, was often applied to natives; who little understood, and bitterly resented it. Policemen putting it in force had been shot; and bitter had been the life-long partings from some loved one in all the attractiveness of youth, but on whom the distinctive scar had been discovered. Hutchinson knew the medical and nursing professions and the hospitals well enough not to be too tragical about the lot of the poor patients in them; but he valued the cheerfulness and freedom of home life above anything that an Institution could offer; especially when the Institution involved, in spite of comfort and medical aid, a sense of grievance, of hopelessness, of deprivation of those activities which home could provide even to a partial invalid. And there was no need for it! It was only in modern times, and in one or two districts, that the powers of the State were invoked to compel the Lepers to congregate together in hopeless misery. The Lazar houses of the Middle Ages were not compulsory. In fact it was the greatest mistake to imagine that Mediæval Leprosy had died out because of segregation, which never existed. Norwegian Leprosy, the principal survival of Mediæval Leprosy, although decreasing somewhat under modern treatment, involving segregation, did not compel that isolation. It was quite voluntary, and only partial; and the decrease might be due to quite other causes.

But if Hutchinson came into somewhat violent controversy with the advocates of segregation, that was not the main issue between him and the members of his profession. He had been early convinced that the cause of Leprosy was *the eating of*

*decayed fish*. Next to Diagnosis (and Hutchinson was the greatest living diagnostician), came *Cause*. Without knowing the cause, any treatment meant acting in the dark.

"The Essential Cause of Leprosy is unknown," says the *Encyclopædia Britannica* of Hutchinson's early days. A later verdict would be that "the *bacillus lepræ* is the sufficient cause."

Hutchinson was fond of quoting from Shakespeare that :—

"Every godfather can give a name."

Those minute innumerable bacillus-rods within the leprous growth which had been there all the time in every leper, had at last found a godfather in Hutchinson's friend, Dr Hansen of Norway. That was in 1874, and for some time thereafter Hutchinson, with a secret confident hope within his breast, was willing to let the question rest. But that hope never matured. It was nothing less than that the *Bacillus Lepræ* would be found making its home in the body of putrid fish, and so would definitely connect the disease (of which the "cause" had now been discovered) with that human habit, which appeared to be generally found in association with Leprosy, i.e., indulgence in the taste for fish that had gone bad.

So for a while this seeker of :—

"The light of Truth while Truth the while  
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look,"

remained silent. Then thirty years afterwards he turned again to the old problem, and published his book on "Leprosy and fish eating."

It is a popular book, intended for the general public as well as for the profession ; and it is intensely interesting. We live in the age of crossword puzzles, when detective stories and criminal trials engage our capacity for weighing evidence and putting two and two together. For us, "Leprosy and Fish Eating" should be as engrossing as any detective story.

Hutchinson spoke with an authority second to none. He spoke unequivocally, without the slightest hesitation or doubt.

Others spoke of intermarriage, heredity, as well as of contagion. They used the vague term "Telluric influences," whatever that meant. It was endemic—seemed to belong to localities—it was formerly known as "the disease of Egypt, of the Nile and nowhere else" as Lucretius says : it was "*Elephantiasis Græcorum*," or "*Lepra Arabum*" or "the Chinese disease." It used to be "European" and was so no longer. But now it was "*Bacillus Lepræ*" wherever it might flourish, according to the modern doctor. But Hutchinson said that whatever it might

be called it was *caused* by eating bad fish, and nothing else ; that it could be transferred from a leper through mother's milk or through food, but probably not otherwise.

It is far too long, and too important a problem to attempt even a summary of the evidence here, much less pass judgment on a question that requires expert medical knowledge. During his later years, Jonathan Hutchinson appeared to champion single-handed a cause in which he had the whole medical profession against him. That is only partially true however.

It was rather a case of a life-long and world-wide student propounding an all-embracing proposition which others, dealing with the disease in their own special localities, were unable to accept. They had no such proposition, no general solution as to the cause of Leprosy ; but they denied his. And we must leave it at that, venturing merely to offer the point of view of an uninstructed layman, who is here only interested in it as it affects the Biography of Jonathan Hutchinson

If some element hostile to our health does not come into our system through the air we breath or by touch, it will probably come by food or drink. Safeguarded by law, and by constant washing and cooking, we accept such food only which is able to pass the barrier of our senses of taste and smell. We reject with disgust what will not pass that test, and broadly speaking it is a sound judge of what is wholesome. It is true a taste can be cultivated, can by long use be even perverted, can become gradually trained to pass as suitable what is really dangerous.

Fish is, under many circumstances, the most tasteless animal food we consume. When high or putrid it may have the strongest taste and smell. The fried-fish shop is proverbial for its far-reaching smell, to some tastes acceptable, to others intensely repugnant

Again, " Fisheries " provide a means of subsistence all the world over, a method of hunting for food in the water that persists among civilized man in ages when hunting on dry land has long ago given place to Agriculture and Pasturage. Man cannot live where there is not water and where there is water there fish swarm. Whereas wild life on land gives place to the human species so far as its higher forms are concerned ; in the element of water the fish population shows no sign of giving place to the human. It is difficult to name any other form of food so all pervading, which could possibly be the cause of a world-wide disease, it such cause is to be sought in food.

The result of any hunting expedition, more especially on the sea, will be to produce a great quantity at one time, which will

call for preservation of the surplus, till a later opportunity for consuming it arrives

Hence the preservation of fish by drying, smoking, salting, or otherwise, has constantly been practised long before the practice of preserving fruit or vegetables had become general. Such fish has been eaten many months or years after it was caught, preserved from decay by some more or less efficient method. And the human palate has been enabled to accustom itself, on account of the general tastelessness of fish, to a moderate degree of decay, which it would not tolerate in any other flesh diet.

Now, given circumstances in which the provision of food is not subject to individual selection and taste—and how particular the individual is in this respect<sup>1</sup>—and where moreover, cheapness is essential, the normal safeguards against poisons may become ineffective. Given a large community of slaves, or of labourers with little freedom in their employment, fed wholesale by their employers on the cheapest terms consistent with efficiency; employed moreover, as in mining, in producing something totally apart from food, and the probability is that the meat diet will be largely fish, stored for long periods before consumption, and the premonitions of smell and taste be overcome. That may well have been the state of things in Ancient Egypt (where the disease is supposed to have begun), and in the modern Transvaal, where it shows the most threatening aspect of increase.

Again, given a free civilized community accustomed to a varied and interesting diet, in which meat and fish play their regular daily part, condemned by arbitrary rules to desist from the meat, but allowed the fish, for one fifth of all the days of the year, and that one day in five spread fairly uniformly; and you have a state of things where preserved fish is certain to be used, under circumstances that may be dangerous, unless the preservation is efficient. Preservation by freezing and by the use of chemicals was not known in the past. Salt was used freely, but only in those places where it was procurable, which was often difficult.

It is obvious that the fish will be required when it is out of season, or it will be required inland or otherwise where it is normally unprocurable. These difficulties may be overcome by the use of an inferior article

This is the case of the Catholic rules as to fasting on Fridays and in Lent. It is illustrated by the prevalence of Leprosy in Catholic Mediæval Europe and in some Catholic communities at the present day.



Again take the case of a very monotonous or tasteless or deficient diet, where a certain amount of fish constitutes the only form of flesh, and gives taste and palatability to the whole ; and we again have the likelihood that the fish will be allowed to become tasty through being " high " ; and the inhibitions that taste would normally present are overcome at the risk of food poisoning. That is the case on the coast of Norway, where through poverty and climate a varied vegetable diet is difficult to obtain, and where fish is very plentiful. It is the case in India also, where a monotonous rice diet, combined with poverty, demands the tasty addition which dried fish may provide.

All these three conditions of life were the subject of Jonathan Hutchinson's investigation with regard to the prevalence of leprosy ; and his task was complicated by the very contrasts which presented themselves. The inhabitant of the cold sea coast of Norway, as also of the hot river plain or mountain valley of India ; the islander in the Pacific as also the dweller on the inland plateau of South Africa ; the slave gang in Ancient Egypt, as also the devout Catholic burgher of a Mediæval town ; all suffered from the same fell disease ; all proclaimed the same cause. Not contagion, not heredity, not locality, nor climate, was sufficient cause.

If it was a food, and it could be nothing else, it must be universally accessible. It must be found where it was not produced. And if a food of universal consumption, it could not be that food in its normal condition ; since the disease was by no means universal, but characteristically local. It *must be food that had gone bad*. And if it had gone bad how was it that the normal inhibition of taste did not hold ? 'Was there any article of diet that was consumed when in a high condition, in fact stinking with badness. There was only one answer to this question, and it was Hutchinson's answer—Fish.

Everywhere, in the past as the present, men had pointed to bad fish as the cause of leprosy. If the verdict of the Medical profession was largely against him, the popular verdict was on his side.

Nor did the Medical profession put forward any other cause. If it spoke vaguely of heredity, contagion, " telluric influences," it had not much belief in such as the essential cause. And failing to find a cause, it followed more or less half heartedly the remedy of segregation, always combined with the obvious improvement of the patient's surroundings as regards food, cleanliness etc.

Now Hutchinson proclaimed *the cause* from the house-top, and propounded the remedy. Bad fish must be prohibited as diet. Salt as a preservative must be untaxed, and its free use encouraged, instruction in and supervision of the preservation of food be adopted; artificial rules as to diet on fast days must be abolished or modified; and above all the cruel farce of segregation—imprisonment for life away from the patient's home life, with its invaluable amenities—be for ever abandoned. He undertook long exhausting journeys to South Africa and India, at a time of life when most men rest, asking for the opportunity for lecturing and public discussion at the principal universities, and meeting with, and depending for information upon, doctors who he knew did not agree with his views.

"Some of My Opinions" is the title of a pamphlet which he furnished in answer to the request of a German Journalist.

### *Curability of Leprosy.*

That the majority of leprosy patients will recover if placed under favourable circumstances, I firmly believe. Those circumstances are, a liberal supply of good food, and absolute abstinence from fish. Recovery will be much helped by the internal and external use of Chaulmoogra oil.

### *Explanation of the Incurability of Leprosy in Norway.*

Let us note that fish is the common article of diet in Norwegian leper houses; and is the principal one in the houses of the lepers. When a leper is discharged as cured from the Bergen hospital (Dr. Daniellsen discharged not a few), he returns to his peasants-fisherman's home, eats decomposing fish, and relapses.

### *Leprosy a form of Tuberculosis.*

That the bacillus of tubercle and that of leprosy are differentiated forms of the same organism has long seemed to me to be exceedingly probable. They are in most features remarkably similar, and their clinical results are closely parallel. May it not be possible that these bacilli are the developed and differentiated forms of a common organism?

### *Credo.*

1. That the eating of badly cured fish is the one sole cause of the origin of Leprosy, and that it is not contagious, either by touch, breath, or insect bite

2. That Leprosy may be communicated from one individual to another, (1) by an infant taking milk from a leprosy mother's breast, or (2) by a person eating food which has been contaminated by a leper's hands.

## Ch. XXIII.

### A SYNOPSIS

With the end of the century we have reached a stage, when we may conveniently look back on the past 72 years, and endeavour to form a portrait of so diverse a character in small compass. We are helped in this task by some autobiographical notes, which Jonathan Hutchinson jotted on an invitation card to a dinner, and which was found among his papers

On more than one occasion at complimentary dinners he outlined his life's experiences, laying stress on any valuable influences that had come his way. And it is just possible that this precious relic of a card, from which we can reconstruct his own estimate of his life, was made for purposes of a speech. Such is hardly likely, and no speech, that we have records of, fits it

There were two sides of Jonathan Hutchinson's nature, rarely found in such vigour. In him they were combined—the Science and the Poetry—in a way that it would be difficult to equal. It was the *Poetry* in his nature that made him outline his life in these ten sentences—

- “ (1) Born North but not North enough.
- ‘ (2) The Letter ‘H.’
- ‘ (3) The Society of Friends.
- ‘ (4) My great discovery.
- ‘ (5) A grain of Glory mixed.
- ‘ (6) A great aptitude for patience.
- ‘ (7) To thine own self be true
- ‘ (8) Be true to the dream of thy youth.
- ‘ (9) Fondness for Biography.
- ‘ (10) Fondness for Poetry.

And he added as an after thought :—

- ‘ (11) Don't forget culture.
- ‘ (12) Don Quixote.”

The working out of these enigmatical chapter-headings he has left to us. We must be excused if we take liberties with them, i.e., interpret them in ways that we know quite well that he would never have done. But in the main we will try to follow up his own thoughts in writing them down. Most of them are clear enough. It is when we come to speak of “ The Grain of Glory mixed with humbleness,” that we shall say what in modesty *he* could not have said ; while as to No. 8,

"The Dream of thy youth," like all dreams our interpretation must be somewhat vague and evanescent

The object of this life has been to set forth the "Religio Medici" of the 19th century, with his belief in a Biological rather than a Astronomical Immortality.

(1) BORN NORTH BUT NOT NORTH ENOUGH.

Jonathan Hutchinson was born at Selby, in Yorkshire, in 1828. In 1850 he moved to London, where he lived for sixty years. He died in 1913 at his country home of Haslemere, in Surrey.

He was a Yorkshireman, strong physically, tough, and durable. He never seemed to get tired. He turned from one form of work to another, and found his relaxation in the change. He never needed play. A cold-water bath, and the colder the better, was his favourite form of exhilaration, indulged in every day. Had he been born a Scotchman instead of a Yorkshireman he had been still more a power of physical and mental energy.

Moreover the two great achievements which revolutionized the Surgical profession in his time came from Scotland; and although he was in the van with regard to Anæsthetics and Antiseptic Surgery, he yielded the first places to Simpson and to Lister—to the Edinburgh School. A month or so after Simpson first used Chloroform at Edinburgh he, as a youthful student at York Hospital, saw Dr. Allen use it in amputating a toe; and records in his diary, Nov. 28th, 1847: "It succeeded most admirably—the patient was quite unconscious of the operation."

When, thirty years later, Listerism invaded the London medical world, it found Hutchinson practising, with very satisfactory results, an antiseptic treatment of wounds by means of spirits of wine and lead lotion. Speaking in 1879 he said:—"At the London Hospital one of my colleagues has employed Lister's methods, but his mortality has never been lower than my own." And then he adds alluding to Lister's great work:—

There can be but one opinion as to the gratitude due from mankind to the genius, perseverance, and enthusiasm to which we owe it.

After all Lister was a London man, derived from Yorkshire, and not a Scotchman at all. Hutchinson placed his own inborn energy of character first in importance, and ascribed it to his Yorkshire birth—North if not North enough.

And was not the immortal Hunter born North of the Tweed?

## (2) THE LETTER "H."

The second element in his scheme of Autobiography is "The Letter 'H'." Does it stand for Haslemere, the beautiful Surrey home during the second half of his life, where he owned large estates and built many houses, and where he set up his model museum? Does it stand for George Herbert, one of the earliest and purest of his poetic loves? It was Herbert's poems that he gave to the young lady, who was soon to be his wife, on her twenty-first birthday!

It can stand for nothing less than John Hunter, the man whom he followed in all his study of "Nature" (Physis) in the making of a true Physician.

"Jonathan Hutchinson was a man with a truly Hunterian mind. 'In the broad scope of his work, in the untiring zeal with which he studied the natural phenomena of disease, in his love of specimens and collections, Jonathan Hutchinson bears a strong likeness to the immortal Hunter. No individual contributor in this country has made so many careful observations upon so many diseases.'"

That is the testimony of Sir Wm. Osler.

He was a member, and later was President, of the Hunterian Society. He gave the Hunterian oration before the Royal College of Surgeons in 1891, and he was ultimately Trustee of the famous Hunterian Collection at Lincoln's Inn Fields. In 1888 he drew up a report for the Royal College of Surgeons following in the steps of James Paget, proposing a large extension of the Museum, and a cataloguing, labelling, and rearranging of the whole collection; including recommendations on the best way of building a new wing. There was no one so conversant with the Hunterian collection, or so ardent for its future development. In 1891 he offered to the College his unique collection of Clinical illustrations, but it was declined; and two years later he opened his own Clinical museum at Park Crescent.

The International Association of Medical Museums in their Bulletin No 5, 1915, say—

"What he did in the organization and development of the objective side of medical, and indeed of all educational methods, stands apart, as a thing unrivalled, even in that England which was the home of Hunter and Paget, and which has been the cradle of the greatest teaching collections of the world."

And here by way of parenthesis let us say that the heading of this should have been "The Letters H. and P. The debt that he owed to his first master in London, James Paget, is incalculable. It is personal, which that to Hunter is not. Paget's

portrait always hung in the study of his pupil. He owed to Paget not only zeal for medical knowledge and for museum arrangements, but the example of a noble character.

There is not the slightest doubt that Jonathan Hutchinson consciously followed in the footsteps of John Hunter. One has only to read the Hunterian Oration of 1891, in which he sets out the life of the founder of modern English surgery, to see paragraph after paragraph which might apply almost equally to either man.

“ ‘Hunter was an early riser.’ ‘He was capable of contenting himself with but short hours of sleep.’ ‘One of Hunter’s secrets of strength was his patience.’ ‘He was not one of those who draw a strong distinction between business and pleasure’ ‘As regards his fellow men and their published opinions, he was self-confident in the highest degree. before nature and her facts he stood in humble self-distrust.’ ”

“The source of Hunter’s success lay in his combination, in one person, of the qualities of thinker and observer.”

But *throughout* this Hunterian Oration it reflects the Hutchinsonian ideals in their purest form.

It was not an accident that he should begin that oration by noting that two great Botanists, Grew and Ray, were both born in the same year, 1628, exactly 100 years before Hunter. He did not add that exactly 100 years after Hunter, in 1828, was born Hutchinson. He would undoubtedly have liked to for there was no secret whatever about his emulation of great and good men. He loved Biography, drank deep at the inspiration of other men’s lives, and gloried in them. He was a disciple of Hunter.

In his first address as President of the Hunterian Society he says that the Student of Physic should delight to contemplate the heroism of men like *Haller*, *Hunter* and *Harvey*. There can be little doubt why he chose the letter “H” as one of the symbols of his own life.

### 3. THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

In passing to the third item of his autobiographic scheme, we realize the great gap that separates him from John Hunter, though it draws him near to several other doctors and scientific men. The Religious Society of Friends produced, far out of proportion to its numbers, many who became eminent in science. Fothergill and Lettsom, Lister and Rickman Godlee are names that occur to one in the 18th and 19th centuries. Some left the Society, but Hutchinson jealously guarded his membership all his life; though after the middle of his life he

ceased to attend its meetings. For others, if not for himself, he fully appreciated the importance of membership of a Religious Society or Church, and never encouraged, or furthered in any way, leaving such. He was most scrupulous not to speak against Religion or any Religious body, however much he might differ from their tenets. His Sunday lectures were held at times that did not clash with services. His Sundays were fully occupied, but he was careful never to give others unnecessary Sunday work.

His student life had been moulded by a very excellent book, Todd's Student's Guide, and he gave it to his sons to read when they reached College age. Religious reading was his daily food throughout life, and it was as a member of the Society of Friends, that he had learned Christianity.

The story of his ancestors in the Society is told elsewhere. The immediate surroundings of the Selby home were rich in family life if somewhat narrow. A serious earnestness of life, industry, scrupulous truth, were acquired more or less by all, and the long and often silent meetings on Thursday and Sunday were times for strengthening conviction and purpose. The result was strength of character, and a stern simplicity of life.

Entries in the medical student's diary pointing to this tendency are very numerous—one must suffice.

Just after his twentieth birthday one Sunday evening he writes after meeting :—

“My attention was directed to the search after Truth and to the ‘universally obtaining duty of everyone to uphold, advocate, and practise, that which he is convinced is true, however contrary to custom, disagreeable, and apparently disadvantageous to his and others’ interests it may be, leaving all consequences in implicit faith to the God of all Truth.”

He adds .—

“Some of the peculiarities of Friends next came under review as, how far they were connected with truth; and on this subject I was favoured to see, more clearly I think than on any previous occasion.”

Loyal faithfulness to the Light revealed to him was of the very essence of his Quakerism; the form which that light took must be reserved for the next heading, called, “My great discovery,” but it was coming gradually, through all the years of studentship.

One of the great sayings of his later life—perhaps the greatest—was what he said to the London Hospital students in 1882. “The secret of noble life lies in belief, and the characteristic

of all noble minds is the vigour with which they believe that which is true." The Society of Friends gave him that vigour, and it was a great debt.

#### 4. MY GREAT DISCOVERY.

He once said in joke to the writer that his most important discovery was that of a skeleton in the cliff at Hunstanton, prehistoric so he pretended it; though there was no evidence that it had not been buried in strata below the level that the man may have lived on. It figures in a summer holiday museum at Hunstanton, and was lost to fame.

"My Great Discovery" was not a material thing like a museum specimen—it was not a method of education such as his Museum objective system—it had nothing to do with disease, such as Syphilis or Leprosy.

It came to him in all its power shortly after marriage. He communicated it to his close medical friend, Mr. Waren Tay, and to his eldest son; he often discusses it with Hughlings Jackson. He opens his mind to his wife. After her death he embarks on his great Mission to teach the Truth that has given strength, cheerfulness, and patience to his life; tentatively at first, by simile, by indirect reference, and mainly by the objective teachings of Nature—more boldly later, as he felt his hearers could bear it—that the Christian Hope found its fulfilment in our day (whatever form the message might have for a future age), in a realization of the meaning of Evolution or Heredity.

To him it was no mere question of the historic value of the first chapters of Genesis. The whole doctrine of Immortality—the Christian hope—was in question, and he came to answer it definitely, and with full conviction, during the last twenty years of his life, seeking to bring others to the same Hope.

The matter is a very big one, and can be considered from several points of view. We can see it in its small beginnings in his early diaries, and again in his letters to his wife; as also in the reports of lectures at Haslemere and Selby, but he wrote out in an old family manuscript book the whole matter, and his own words will be the best to tell it in.\* But first we must say a word about his grandfather Jonathan Hutchinson of Gedney, whose beautiful spirit lived on in his grandson. He was a well known minister of the Society of Friends in the beginning of the nineteenth century, and a great friend of Joseph John Gurney. It was not through practical "Testimony" or Philanthropy

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\* See Addenda.



that the "Good man of Gedney" is known to us, but by his ministry, both in visiting friends privately, and in public meetings, a witness to a Spiritual Religion finely touched with poetic thought. He was a successful farmer, and a refined country gentleman. His letters were so much valued that three collections were printed, and quotations appear from them in the periodicals of the Society some years after, as though Jonathan Hutchinson of Gedney was a leader in pure Quaker thought in his time. His mantle descended to his disciple, Joseph John Gurney, and again to Joseph Bevan Braithewaite, perhaps the three most influential men in the religious thought of the Society throughout the nineteenth century.

In his twentieth year the medical student records that he read his grandfather's letters "regularly." He cherished them all through his life, loving especially their deep mystical expressions.

One may make a few quotations from them, but the present generation must be warned that it cannot possibly put itself back into the thoughts and expressions of a hundred years ago, any more than it can put itself back into its clothes, without a sense of incongruity. Writing of his solitary rides, he says that he was—

"Enabled to offer sacrifice in the secret and solemn sanctuary of the heart, . . . to worship the Creator of all things in the august temple of the universe; when, divested of all narrow and selfish considerations, we feel so forcibly our intimate union and connection with all the workmanship of the Divine hand, that without reluctance we can say to corruption:—'Thou art my father, and to the worm thou art my mother and my sister.'"

Telling of a quiet week-day meeting at Gedney, when only his three children, John, Lydia and Rachel made up the whole of it, he says:—

"When a little before the conclusion I thought it safe for me to tell them how much I had been desiring that they, my dear children by nature, might become the Lord's children by adoption:—that when we should no longer assemble together as we then did, when I should sleep with my fathers, they might be preserved wherever they go, and blessed in whatsoever they do. On rising from my seat to depart, I found myself so much affected that, letting my children pass on before me, like one formerly, I almost unconsciously turned my face to the wall and poured out a secret libation to the God of the Spirits of all flesh."

No-one probably has so fully appreciated his grandfather as did Jonathan Hutchinson the London doctor; but these two

extracts must serve to show the close spiritual affinity between the two generations. Writing in 1901 on this subject he says :—

“ The differences in creed and faith between the two, although they may, at first flush seem considerable if not paramount, are perhaps much less important than many suppose. They are differences in phraseology and in modes of thought and belief, rather than in the thoughts and beliefs themselves.”

At York Medical School the young student had come under the teaching of Dr. Laycock, and had from him greedily learnt about heredity. In 1859 was published Darwin's *Origin of Species*, and it dawned on the rising young London doctor that this epoch-making advance of knowledge made possible an entirely new belief in Immortality.

The old beliefs were passing. The belief in Purgatory had been abandoned at the Reformation. Astronomy did not locate Heaven in the stars. The doctrine of Eternal Torment, if not the very existence of a Hell, had been, or was to be, assailed by Maurice and Farrar ; the very world of Spirits seemed to be degenerating into so called “ Spiritualism ” and table-rappings. Could we, in the light of the new knowledge of Heredity, retain our belief in the Spiritual world as the world of the affections, the sympathies and the moral sense, as fully as did the earlier generation ; while keeping before our eye a material picture of our children, and our children's children in the future, continuing our life on a higher, happier, better, plane than ourselves, because of our efforts ; and looking back to their fathers in loving reverence even as we do to ours ?

In Heredity nothing is ever lost. It is there somewhere, though we may not be able to trace it. The same kind of law maintains with regard to Heredity as to the Conservation of Energy in regard to Physics. Jonathan Hutchinson vehemently combated any theory that acquired characteristics could not be transmitted to offspring, proving that in his own department of disease, as also in such a familiar example as that of “ pointer ” dogs it did not hold true.

That change, variation, improvement came through inheritance, and could come in no other way if it is to be permanent he realized as fully for our human nature as, e.g., for a horticulturist's sweet-peas. It gave a new responsibility to every act and thought. All life was full of prayer ; for the future of those we loved most, depended on us. And a new dignity was given to human life. Death could never demonstrate the vanity of Life again. Nor could Death need human ingenuity and imagination to postulate another life for the dead elsewhere,

in some near or infinitely distant time. The new life, life beyond life in endless succession, was already there. Human reverence for the past and for the future were enhanced—all selfish calculation on personal immortality, lost in the love and nurture of children.

Collateral relationship was almost as precious as direct descent, since we realize that we are "one family here." The same absorbing thought enhances our love of, and sympathy with, all plant and animal life around us, and all nature is full of lessons for us.

It was love of Nature and love of his wife and children, that brought him to his "great discovery." "My own conversion came through thee," he writes to his wife in 1871.

"If thou could comprehend the facts as I do, thou would without 'pain, grief, or wrench, believe as I believe, and find an intense 'happiness in doing so. It is, as I have often urged, a growth of 'faith and no lapse of it, any more than it is a lapse of faith in the 'heathen, who ceases to put trust in an idol, when he sees that it 'has no real power."

It was the conviction that the belief in personal immortality, in a material body, and a localized Heaven, had lost all power for good in religion, and was a hindrance and a stumbling block that made him turn, when the time for his conversion came. In 1851 he had written to his father as to taking up a practice somewhere that the "only important considerations" were that "its duties and interests are actually to prepare for another world, which at an uncertain, but not distant, period he will enter"

Writing in 1878 he says:—

"I believe more and more firmly and hopefully in the continuance of life. It is a grand doctrine of comfort and I long to 'preach it. What is bodily death when your influence, your life, 'all that was really you must live for ever?"

'The change of life from parent to child is only in a sort of larger 'sense changing one's clothes. The outward flesh changes, . . . 'but the spirit remains the same. We are all for ever and for ever, 'if we could but see."

Such was his "great discovery," and it gave him Faith, Hope and Love; a gospel of Patience, which all his study of History, Biology and Geology only strengthened, the deeper he went, and the broader he spread the good news.

### (5). A GRAIN OF GLORY MIXED.

We have traced so far the character of the Physician in four of its aspects. the natural vigour of the Yorkshireman, the

acquisitiveness of the naturalist, the inward spirituality of the Friend, and "My Great Discovery." In this fourth stage we have moved onto fresh ground. It is not his antecedents and his environment, that are making the man. Here in the fourth item of our list he has grasped his own. He is the bearer of a message. It is a light which, if for a time it be put under the bushel, will ultimately have to be put in the candlestick. It is true that just as he owes debts to his Yorkshire forbears, to the Naturalist John Hunter, to his revered grandfather Jonathan Hutchinson, so he owes his great discovery to Darwin. He owed it to Darwin and those who had led up to the full knowledge of Evolution; and always acknowledged the debt. But his creed was his own. He had little to say about the revised story of creation, and the inadequacy of the Genesis narrative, nor about the methods of Evolution through the survival of the fittest. He read Evolution as heredity. It enhanced the Christian conception of the Divine fatherhood; it sanctified all human relationships; it gave a new dignity to human life; and conquered death; it scattered superstition to the winds.

The new discovery possessed his whole nature, and sooner or later it must out. Then would be the time that the retort should come, "Physician heal thyself." It was not likely that the Prophet would be accepted, least of all in his own country—and he was not. Could he face the desert? Could he stand alone? Was he sufficiently master of himself to face loneliness? He saw in front of him a New Renaissance dawning, would he follow in the steps of Paracelsus—or of Erasmus. Would the enthusiast of an idea beat his wings in vain against the stolidness of Conservatism; and retire in pride and rage? Or would he sink into apathy and lose heart? The answer is given in the text from George Herbert's Church Porch

"Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high,  
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be,  
Sink not in spirit: who aimeth at the sky  
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.  
A grain of glory mixt with humbleness,  
Cures both a fever and lethargickness."

The student of Nature, the lover of Truth, the contemner of Authority, must not venture on the calling of the teacher—and Jonathan Hutchinson was the Teacher above everything—unless he is prepared to prescribe for himself. He must meet the retort, "Physician heal thyself."

The fever of youthful enthusiasm, the idleness and discouragements of isolation, must be *cured* by the subtle

combination of humbleness with a grain of glory. The aim may be as high as we will, if only the behaviour be low. The higher the aim the lower the behaviour. "Who aimeth at the sky shoots higher much than he that means a tree" It is dangerous work talking about humbleness (Jonathan Hutchinson always left out the "h" like a true Yorkshireman), lest it be dissipated on the breath. There is more solidity in a grain of glory, even in a castle in the air than in that virtue whose very nature it is, that those who boast it, miss the low entrance to "the Kingdom," which it is.

That the cure succeeded will be the witness of all who knew the Physician through his long life of quiet patient endeavour and strenuous industry. The work that he left unfinished, his leprosy problem, his Post-graduate College for London, are the best evidence of his never flagging work, and of his calm trust in the result.

Sir Frederick Treves says of him :—

"He was not eloquent nor did he make a practice of rhetoric, but adopted a slow quiet solemn and modest manner which was most impressive and effective. He made his teaching interesting by the ingenuity of his arguments, by apt illustrations, and vivid metaphors, and by an occasional quaintness of expression which impressed the memory. Above all were a solemnness and simplicity of utterance which was almost monastic."

And again :—

"His manner was curiously modest, while his habit of keeping his eyes turned to the ground when lecturing would have marred a less able speaker. He was not brilliant in his delivery, for he affected the simplest form of speech.

"Whether he spoke for one hour or two, he held the attention of his audience to the end."

It was the same with his Museum lectures on general subjects, he talked rather than lectured, weaving together with masterly skill the most apparently diverse subjects; he wandered on in a homely fashion, enlisting the interest of his hearers for a full hour and a half, because wrapped up in his subject and without a thought for himself.

#### (6). A GREAT APTITUDE FOR PATIENCE.

It is a hard thing to keep "heights that the soul is competent to gain."

We have seen that his ambition to take his place in the higher ranks of the profession had been attained; and had given place

to another ambition : to be a teacher whose influence for good would reach to the antipodes, who would make knowledge popular and accessible.

Nearly all his great addresses date from after the year 1878 ; and at first we find him thinking on such subjects as " The Imagination," " Keats," " The Gospel of Patience," " Wisdom and Knowledge," and " The uses of Knowledge."

Speaking of Carlyle he says : " There was a great failing in his attainments ; one which marred the happiness of his life, and which not only robbed him of the reward which was his due, but considerably diminished the usefulness of his teaching. He had not learned what we may, I think, without irreverence, style the Religion of Patience.

" By patience I mean, not the mere passive virtue of endurance, which indeed is not unfrequently no virtue. I mean rather the ability, when we have done out best, under all possible circumstances, to rest undespairingly and trustfully for the results. Dare I venture for one moment to assume the prophet's mantle I would foretell that the worship of Patience in this exalted sense is one upon which the present age is about to enter. It is one to which all the scientific studies of modern times point us. Alike in Geology, in the history of animal life, and in that of the progress of human society, we are presented with lessons which teach us that creations and cataclysms are rare, and that we must put our confidence in the long result of Time."

" What is meant by the patience which the world is now in need of learning, and respecting which Carlyle so definitely failed, is the power on all subjects to receive all facts without prejudice, to accept the work, imperfect though it may appear, which is done by others ; to be hopeful and trustful under all circumstances, to bear our lot in life, when unalterable, without resistance and without complaint. Other things being equal, patience gives, to the character which possesses it, an enormous advantage, for it shields the mind from a thousand sources of turmoil and discouragement."

Speaking of the influence of opinion and creed upon mental health, he next turns to the fact that patience is based on Hope—hope for things that are so sure to come that we can afford to wait for them.

" Darwin based the progress of the past on the facts of Nature ; and Nature will go on in the future as it has done in the past. We may expect confidently the same kind, perhaps the same rate, of progress in the future as in the past."

And then the lecturer turns to Browning as the high priest of " Life-Patience."

“ He teaches us the continuity of time and the absolute permanence of all moral force. ‘ The gain of earth must be heaven’s gain too ’— ‘ in other words, the gain of time must be also the gain of eternity.”

What we learn from Darwin of the physical world, we learn from all modern poets of the Spiritual.

“ If now I were to sum up in one sentence what I have been suggesting it would be this The secret of all noble life lies in belief, and the characteristic of all noble minds is the vigour with which they believe that which is true. Try to attain belief in the reality of all things, so shall you never want for motives ; so shall you be able to live and work without hurry and without sloth. Finally, permit me to commend to you this formula—prize strength, love beauty, practise self-denial, and be patient.”

History does not record the feelings with which the students went home that October evening in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty two

Five years later his wife died—“ My loss ” is all he enters in his life register. “ Mrs Bunyan ” had not yet followed her husband, but the blow was borne in silence, which developed into a further dedication of the twenty-six years that yet remained to revealing the secret of noble life “ Try to attain belief in the reality of all things.” He had prized strength, he had loved beauty, he had practised self-denial. It remained above all in those last twenty-six—perhaps the most beautiful—years of his life to be patient.

Visitors to the Haslemere Museum would be taken to the Geological gallery where along a wall 110 feet long were drawn out the 35 millions of Geologic years, “ This is my gospel,” was his way of expressing his belief in the reality of the mighty past and the equal future. That was the basis of his hope and of his patience.

#### (7). TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE.

But the carrying out of the task remained to be done. The self had been developed, the great aptitude for patience had been acquired, but the work remained in large measure to be done. There was no precedent for it, this teaching of the great spiritual truths of life, based on the facts of Nature ; at least not in quite the form that a modern Physician, imbued with the knowledge of Evolution, must set about the task.

There must be no looking back into a sad past, no attempt to compromise, no leaning on others. The vigil might be a lonely one, but the work would be begun and continued.

So the old barns and sheds of his home at Haslemere were filled up with shelves and ledges for specimens and drawings,

and the first museum came into being. Farming was given up and the stock sold, and on days when shooting parties had been the vogue, the professor was to be seen cleaning, arranging, labelling countless specimens of fossils, skeletons, shells and portraits. It was a vast job but a delightful one, for he was full of hope. He would henceforth teach the Reality of things in the way that he had learnt it.

July 22nd 1891 was a memorable day, for then he, for the first time, showed his collections to the Haslemere Natural History Society, and a fortnight later gave the first of his museum lectures—lectures that were to continue year by year in many places for the next twenty years. Five years later new museum premises were built and opened at Haslemere town, and the lectures and demonstrations began there.

His Haslemere museum was delightful in its unostentatious simplicity and in its well-ordered illustrations of all phases of life. The buildings were simplicity itself; very inexpensive and extensive. He boasted how little they had cost, in order that an educational museum might be easily made an adjunct to every village in the country. A vast geological shed, full of fossils and illustrations of prehistoric monsters, a historic gallery carrying down the story of man from the earliest ages to the present time, and illustrated with objects such as mummies and weapons and endless pictures, and thirdly and most interesting of all, the great central gallery illustrating all forms of Nature, from fungi to the human skeleton. Stuffed birds and animals, beautiful specimens from the ocean, flowers both dried and freshly gathered; every form of Nature's children was shown and arranged in relation to each other to prove the unity of life, and to delight the eye.

And the designing of the buildings, and of the cases, simple and economical but specially adapted to their purpose, was all the Professor's work, as much so as the Space for Time charts, extending the length of the Geological and Historical galleries. His children helped him, but they were young and inexperienced. He was the soul of it all, and the unwearied worker. He attended the sales of curiosities in London and bought what served his purpose. He encouraged the collecting of specimens in the neighbourhood; and, from the impetus which he gave, arose one of the most valuable collections of prehistoric flint implements and pottery in any local museum.

He acquired a splendid collection of drawings of Haslemere in the past, and of photographs illustrating houses and people connected with the place.



Later the same process was repeated at his native place, Selby; but not so completely. He did not shrink from the building work, nor from the duplication of specimens; nor from the fact that he must entrust his museum to a curator for the whole time, since it was only for a week-end now and then that he himself could be at Selby.

And while he was engaged with these museums of General Educational subjects he was building up a Medical Museum in London using a collection which he had accumulated all his professional life, and very largely adding to it. As at Haslemere the premises which he had first used he found inadequate, as his ideas expanded, and as success attended his footsteps. He acquired new and valuable buildings, again built extensively and fitted everything up for his special purpose. And concurrently with the actual museum arrangement went on a certain amount of journalism in connection with it. The publication of "The Centuries," an outline of History through all time, came out to help the History charts in the museum.

A weekly magazine of general education known as the "Home University" was started and ran for a year; and, after an interval of a few years, a similar magazine called the "Museum Gazette," devoted more to Nature study, had a similar short-lived existence. Both were largely written and wholly inspired by Jonathan Hutchinson, and were intended to carry into the homes of those who did not come to museum lectures, that daily search for knowledge which was to him the high road to Wisdom.

Similarly in connection with his Medical Post-graduate College in London a periodical magazine accompanied the display of Museum specimens and illustrations.

In all this work, after the first six or seven years, i.e., in 1897, he had the help of a skilled Curator, Mr. E. W. Swanton, who had permanent charge of the Haslemere museum, and who gave invaluable help in the Selby museum as well as in the London Medical ones. So large a scheme could not have been done single-handed, but that it was conceived, begun, and carried through for so many years alone is a perennial wonder to all who witnessed it. The hopefulness, the industry, the patience, were in accord with his motto, "To thine own self be true."

#### (8). BE TRUE TO THE DREAM OF THY YOUTH.

Schiller's motto was, "Keep true to the dream of thy youth." In a beautiful old leather-bound manuscript book of his favourite



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poetry, which he presented to his newly-wedded wife, he copied out the whole of Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior," and as a footnote to the line :—

"The plan that pleased his boyish thought." he wrote Schiller's Motto

He repeated it as the eighth of his life headings, after he had written "To thine own self be true," "Be true to the Dream of thy youth" What did he mean? Was his dream simply a dream of ambition? Whatever his boyish thoughts may have been his ambition to rise to the top of the medical profession certainly never entered his head until long after boyhood. His "great discovery" did not come till after marriage.

He would probably, himself, have been at a loss to explain what he meant. The dreams of one's youth are as difficult to describe and analyze as any other dreams

He once asked his wife in a letter what Coventry Patmore meant by, "The child's unheeded dreams," and answered his query by adding :—"Does it mean that the sweet impressions of early childhood, unconsciously received, are a source of inspiration to the heart throughout after life?"

Not that childhood is the *foundation* of the edifice of after-life; but that it is the *plan* to which the builder may at any time refer—a vision of the whole, but still no more than a vision and a dream.

Childhood, youth, manhood—the first as it were a microcosm of the last; the last being the real thing; the first a dream. Youth is the transition stage, the time of introspection, when the grown-up child must know himself, when he faces manhood open-eyed to all the beauty of the world, and when the noblest aspirations fill his being. If the youth may turn his back on childhood in the first days of manhood, there will come a time when he will consciously seek again the vision, now only dreams of childhood, and seek to keep his wearied life true to that.

Of Jonathan Hutchinson's childhood there is little record. The first letter that we have of his—aged six—reads, in very large copybook hand :—

"My dear Father,

'My rabbits have got out, and I have lost two of them, we have 'not got any lambs, and the cow has not calved yet. My love to 'you all.,

'from your affectionate son,

'JONATHAN HUTCHINSON, JR."

We may well think that the effort of this first essay in writing may have induced a note of pessimism, to dwell on the want of happy young animal life, rabbits lambs and calves, but at least one knows what it is he likes. His words tell of his—

“ first affections . .  
 ‘ Which, be they what they may,  
 ‘ Are yet the fountain-light of all our day ”

Another early letter—aged sixteen—tells of having blistered his hands rowing on Derwent Water, of having got drenched through, and of having collected a lot of rare flowers of which he gives the Latin names.

So often what a child says or writes is what he has been taught or told, what he thinks he *ought* to say. It does not reveal his dreams. It is only when you get Jonathan off his guard, when his parent’s careful training is not in evidence, or his master’s eye is not on him, that we get at :—

“ Those obstinate questionings  
 Of sense and outward things,  
 Fallings from us, vanishings ,  
 Blank misgivings of a creature  
 Moving about in worlds not realized.”

His mottoes are perhaps significant of early aspirations, though we can hardly call them dreams.

“ Labor omnia vincit

“ Jonathan Hutchinson Jun ,  
 “ Selby ”

is carefully written in all his school books.

During the wayward years after leaving school, he would alter it to “ Amor omnia vincit ” But other things than a sincere affection occupied his young mind. There was that Quaker hat and the plain speech, about which he had such respectful conversations and such serious correspondence with his father.

And one day in 1847 he read in Sallust—he was studying Sallust for matriculation in London—“ Cato *esse quam videri* bonus malebat, ita quo nimius gloriam petebat eo magis sequebatur.”

The words “ *esse quam videri* ” were a revelation. They solved his difficulties, they remained his motto all his life. He would prefer what Cato “ preferred,” wherever there lay a difficult choice. Mottoes do, in some sense, partake of the nature of dreams.

His early diaries are full of quotations in German, French, Latin, Greek and English, prose and poetry, and in their selection we undoubtedly read the boy himself, if it is but a waking dream." Here and there a page is torn out, and we know that it would have told the tale of Love. There was a gentle girl, hidden in a Quaker bonnet, in Selby meeting by name Jane Eliza, but he called her "Zuleika." He copied out poems in his secret diary in her honour.

"I'll lightly hold the lady's heart  
That is but lightly won  
I'll steel myself to beauty's art  
And learn to live alone."

He was seventeen when he thus determined on a solitary existence.

"The reason we have so many unhappy marriages is that girls  
'are better at making nets than cages,"

he wrote soon after. He copied out the whole of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," and no wonder!

On a Saturday afternoon in 1846 he writes :—

"After dinner, feeling very lazy, again wasted a little time reading  
'Byron's 'Bride of Abydos' for the, I-dare-not-say, whatth time."

On May 5th he writes :—

"Shakespeare says —  
'Most friendship is feigning  
'Most loving mere folly.'"

"Though certainly my loving is far from folly, yet, etc., etc.,"

And again on the 13th, Thursday :—

"Monthly meeting ;—had the pleasure of seeing a large party of  
'Selby friends, went over the Minster with some of them in the  
'afternoon, out of respect to Father's wishes refused to comply  
'with reference to taking off the hat, and was consequently re-  
'quested to withdraw."

The day had its compensations however for : he continues :—

"Charmed to meet Zuleika at the Inn. During the evening, to  
'my inexpressible delight, we were left alone some time, and at  
'leaving, notwithstanding that cousin Margaret's keen eyes were  
'upon me (my Cousin Margaret is my favourite cousin he wrote to  
'his betrothed ten years later), I offered her my arm and enjoyed the  
'pleasantest walk up Micklegate which ever fell to my lot, for  
'which daring act I expect to be well ridiculed next time Margaret  
'and I meet. However, compared to the pleasure of such a walk  
'the ridicule of the whole world would be nothing."

And on the 21st of the same month he writes :—

“Coming home had the pleasure . . . Unfortunately was not ‘near enough to distinguish my Zuleika.

Such were the happy dreams of youth.

Again his diary records :—

“With regard to my usual studies I have this week been exceedingly remiss, not having read a word of either German, French or History. For this idleness I have, I hope, some little excuse, ‘my thoughts having been very much occupied.’”

(They were not occupied, however, with what follows) —

“The disagreeable consequences of the change in the shape and proportions of my covering for the head, which with great sorrow I perceive has offended and grieved Father exceedingly,—then again Mr. Williams is at home and, bye the bye, a great bore. The weather has been excessively hot, and boating and bathing have taken up some time.

‘These I am sensible are but lame excuses. The truth is I have been lazy, as next week is the Quarterly Meeting, and I am intending to go to Selby this evening, I fear I shall not make any great improvement.’”

There is no diary entry for Sunday, but what befell him at home is told on Monday

“Arrival at York about half-past 8, having spent a very pleasant ‘first day at home, saw ‘Zuleika’ at meeting, after which I had the ‘pleasure of shaking hands with her,—

The matter came to a head on Thursday, Sept. 22nd, 1847, when he enters in his diary :—

“Attended Meeting this morning. Daniel Hack appeared in ‘the ministry with the text ‘Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust ‘also to him and he shall bring it to pass.’ His sermon (and I ‘know not why) has made a great impression on me ; the latter part ‘of his text has been in my ears ever since. I have just asked and ‘obtained leave of absence for two days, and intend to start for ‘Shotley Bridge first thing to-morrow morning.”

(Shotley Bridge was the home of the young lady after her family had left Selby) The next page is of course torn out, or we should know how the young wooer’s project sped.

Two months later the matter came up again and at least three pages are torn out, and again he takes refuge in copying a love poem by Moultrie in his diary.

Forget thee ! If to dream by night and muse on thee by day,  
If all the worship deep and wild an ardent heart can pay,  
If prayers in absence breathed for thee to heavens protecting  
power,

If winged thoughts that flit to thee a thousand in an hour.

If busy fancy blending thee with all my future lot,  
 If this thou call'st "forgetting," thou indeed shall be forgot.  
 Forget thee ! Bid the forest birds forget their sweetest tune.  
 Forget thee ! Bid the sea forget to swell beneath the moon,  
 Bid thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's refreshing dew,  
 Thyself forget thine own dear land with its mountains wild and  
 blue.

Forget each old familiar face each long remembered spot,  
 When these things are forgot by thee, then thou shalt be forgot.  
 Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace still calm and fancy free,  
 For God forbid thy gladsome heart should grow less glad for me.  
 Yet while that heart is still unwon, oh bid not mine to rove,  
 But let it muse in humble faith and uncomplaining love,  
 If these preserved for patient years at last avail me not,  
 Forget me then—but ne'er believe that thou shalt be forgot.

On Jan. 9th, 1848, he writes in his diary.—"How often second thoughts are best. A little serious consideration on a very important step has completely changed my intentions." "I awoke, and behold it was a dream," a dream of childhood.

Writing later to his wife he records how much good this attachment, lasting two years, did him; and expressing a wish that his eldest son might have a similar experience. "Don't neglect friendship," he would say. We may "learn love."

And here we may perhaps be permitted to tell of the remarkable and life-long friendship with the great brain-specialist J. Hughlings Jackson. They were both Yorkshiremen, both educated at York Medical School. but their friendship was not professional. Dr. Jackson has aptly been called his "crony." The two were constantly together in work and holiday. Their tastes were not very similar.

Dr Jackson had no great love of the country and did not care for shooting or even walking. He did not mix with society and had none of Hutchinson's call to give popular lectures. He had no great love of poetry and his friend would chaff him on his limited knowledge of Wordsworth. Novels (which Hutchinson never read) he interleaved with the deepest philosophical books in his reading. They had been close friends in early years, and when Hughlings Jackson was married in 1865 to his cousin, it was Jonathan Hutchinson who gave the bride away. "We got them well married yesterday and had a very pleasant day. Both bride and bridegroom looked remarkably well and happy. I bungled a little in the performance of my paternal duties, and was so zealous that I got in the bridesmaid's way, but still we got through it. I have a huge lump of cake for the children and the bride's bouquet for thee."



It was the tragedy of Dr. Jackson's life that his wife died a few years after. His life ever afterwards was shadowed by that loss, but he found companionship with his old friend. When he died in 1911 his obituary in the *British Medical Journal* was written by his friend.

Another matter that one may class with his "primitive" loves and friendships, if only because it cannot be classed in the serious part of his life, is his love of fun. Mere fun was part of his nature as a boy. He constantly laments his exuberance of spirits. Frivolity is his besetting sin; and as constantly does he seek repentance. In after life he was always fond of a joke, and guilty of many a bad pun and worse riddle. He always read "Punch," and was much interested when his portrait appeared in *Vanity Fair*.

Perhaps we have not hit off the nature of his youthful dreams in merely telling of his early loves, his early follies, his early repentances.

One remarkable phase of his mind was very obvious to those who listened to him in after life, which it is difficult to class and may here figure as truly a dream of youth. It is that broad sympathy with all that is outside what one may call one's environment—"The Great World" as he would style it. The expression occurs constantly in his lectures. All that he knew of man and nature he loved, but "the Great World" he did not know. That he loved also, with a yearning to get outside the trammels of experience and be free. As a boy he struggled with the narrow ways of Quakerism, the plain language and the odd-shaped hat; and longed to be free. Respectfully he strove with his father over that matter. He would have tried to break every limitation which made him peculiar from the rest. He would know everything in his own profession, and everything in general knowledge, and of what he could not know—the residue—he would say, "All forms of life seek the sun and the light. Let us thankfully trust the 'Great World.'" This trust was the very spirit of optimism in scientific garb.

He was following a true instinct then when he placed at the head of his attributes of life to be "True to the dreams of thy youth." "Delight and liberty, the simple creed of childhood, whether busy or at rest."

"The child is father of the man  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each in natural piety."

Writing in his sixtieth year he says that Wordsworth did not know what he himself meant by the "The Intimations of Immortality derived from childhood," that he could never have written out his thoughts in prose. And yet if one does not *know* these deepest truths of our nature, we feel them. We feel them, though their expression surpasses the ordinary language of prose. We feel them in their beauty—their expression of that primal sympathy which is the first and purest form of love.

### (9) FONDNESS FOR BIOGRAPHY

Arising out of his sympathy with the Great World is his "Fondness for Biography." One often thinks that the basis of all Religion must be the lives of good men that have gone before; and that the best preparation for running the race set before us is to live in the atmosphere of that "Cloud of Witnesses" which compasses us all about.

It was Jonathan Hutchinson's custom to choose for his lectures at Haslemere in the Nineties, four subjects, the last of which was probably a man's life; chosen not so much for interesting incident as for his teaching. He would choose Wesley or George Fox, Milton or Goethe. His tastes were catholic and his presentation of a man's character fresh and always interesting. He would draw up a chart of the man's life on a single foolscap sheet, which by starting at his tenth year enabled him to give a line for each year and get the whole in on one side so that it could be seen at a glance. He would fill in important events in the life; and, in a separate column, contemporary events. He must have made hundreds of such charts, and they constitute an extraordinarily vivid way of learning history. Men's lives *are* the basis of all history; and while he started with charts of the centuries, such diagrams were a mere skeleton of real history and had to be clothed with the flesh and blood of biography, great men's—representative men's—lives.

He did not stop with Historic Centuries or Biographical life-charts, but went on to draw up a life register for the individual, that each one might learn to number his days. The system was marvellously complete, and shows the same thoroughness of execution, as breadth of design.

Natural History in no sense usurped the place of man in his scheme of study, but must never be studied apart from man. So we find the Sunday afternoon lectures of 1896 having for their subjects.

- June 7th      The thickness of the earth's crust.  
                  Moa and Aepyornis.  
                  Elephants.  
                  John Wesley.
- June 21st     Probable age of the world.  
                  Man before history.  
                  The potato  
                  George Fox

And so on.

What shall we say of this system of teaching? We know the modern tendency to make example and pattern a substitute for Christian doctrine. Considering the various types of character which religious teaching has to apply itself to, is not the choice, Sunday after Sunday, of different men to illustrate different types as examples of good life, a far sounder, more fruitful, method than the attempt to make one life apply as pattern for all sorts and conditions of men? Those who listened to the sympathetic way in which he dealt with Wesley and George Fox, with Cowper and Durer, will never forget those Sunday afternoons. To most the Biographical ending to the afternoon's talk on the green bank of the museum, was the principal pleasure and uplift of the occasion. He himself showed the breadth of sympathy which such a system would engender, and the boundless scope of which it was capable. It is true it involved study on the part of the teacher; but nothing excessive, nothing beyond the reach of any well-educated minister. And Jonathan Hutchinson meant his lectures to be a pattern of what Sunday addresses—sermons—should be in a modern religious society, in which Science was frankly accepted as the very basis of the Religious life—Science—that is to say, knowledge of the facts of Life—the Life of the Past and the Present, Vegetable, Animal and Human Life, dealt with reverently as a Unity; such knowledge as is the only source of wisdom

Was Jonathan Hutchinson a Positivist? He read with pleasure the Positivist Calendar. He was a personal friend of Dr. Bridges and of Frederic Harrison, but he was not a Positivist. He looked for the Divine in man and in all nature but he did not worship man, and he would have made little of the differences between modern thinkers, and much of their common quest. The fact that Comte and Hutchinson approached the religious problems of the Nineteenth century from such widely separated standpoints as Roman Catholicism and Quakerism, would account for the differences of name in

the object of worship. The Quaker would substitute Love for Humanity.

(10). FONDNESS FOR POETRY.

It is evident that this Scientist lived in the very atmosphere of poetry. Poetry was the very air he breathed. His earliest diaries are full of poetry, some of it sentimental; all of it, except Cowper, far below the stuff of which his spiritual nature was made in mature life. He read Byron again and again (although discouraged by his parents) and admired him immensely.

In 1898 he heads an essay in the Home University, "Books Better Forgotten—Byron"; describing him as "sensual, hopeless, spirit-crushing," and sincerely regretting that anyone should read such writings full of impiety and vulgarity.

People read Byron only because the new light had not come from Wordsworth, Keats, Carlyle, Ruskin, Browning and Tennyson

He sincerely loved Cowper, as his father and his grandfather had done before him. It was an enthusiastic love, and a love that never waned; though he was critical of Cowper's narrow outlook, and left it far behind. He quarrelled with Cowper's disparagement of knowledge in comparison with wisdom, but that perhaps was a question of terms.

Quietly, and in the deeper recesses of his inner life, and in early married life, he enjoyed George Herbert's quaint and beautiful teaching.

Let there be not the slightest doubt that he read poetry for its teaching, not for its form; and he would hardly distinguish between Carlyle, Ruskin, or Emerson, and Poets properly so called, such as Wordsworth and Browning. He read them all for the same purpose, and for the same reason as he would read his Bible; for the inspiration that they would give him for Life.

He had sheets of extracts from Browning and Mrs. Browning and Wordsworth printed, and would enclose them in letters to his friends

In 1877 he writes:—

"I am more and more delighted with the evidences of thought in 'all Browning's expressions. Has that respecting the 'learning 'love'

' For Life with all it yields of joy and woe, and hope and fear—  
' Is just our chance of the prize of *learning love*,

' struck thee? It is very true, we do often learn to love.

' 1869. The second volume of the Ring and the Book is out. I have read it twice through, so thou may infer that it is at any rate interesting. Some parts are magnificent specimens of English composition, full of human passion and intense feeling. The ingenuity and power of imagination displayed are really marvellous. It certainly is not didactic. Browning trusts his lesson to come from the natural delineation of human impulse and motive. 'There is a slight sense of waxwork about some of Tennyson's characters, while Browning's are all living men and women.'

Writing in 1877 he says :—

'I have reread most of *'Dramatis Personæ'* and with increased enjoyment and appreciation, which is something to say. The James Lee bits are very beautiful. One needs to return to a book from time to time to fully understand.'

The position in which he placed Browning as Pontifex in the worship of life-patience is worked out in the 1882 address at the London Hospital. And with Robert Browning he classed Mrs. Browning, whose poetry he admired perhaps as much as her husband's. They were the powerful inspiration of his middle life.

His admiration for Shakespeare was a matter of course. He calls the appreciation of Shakespeare "a very fair touchstone of character. Never lose an opportunity of seeing Shakespeare's plays whenever they are acted," was his advice. But he did not wait for them to be acted. Writing at the age of nineteen he says, quoting Lamb. "You always enjoyed Shakespeare till you saw it acted"; and he adds, alluding to a reading of, "As You Like It" by Calvert, which he had just heard: "If acting be not very different from this reading I should think the remark likely to be just, for I never found so few beauties in this exquisite play as this evening."

With regard to the last two items of his biographical notes, "Don't forget Culture" and Don Quixote, we can say little of the latter except that the Spanish Knight's romance was a favourite book especially in old age. With regard to the former, Culture, his life would have been distinctly poorer had he not faced the many dinners, conversaziones, inaugural addresses and speeches, the meetings of literary and artistic societies which might seem incongruous in a life so devoted to study and so plain and Quakerly. He gave many dinners at his own house and attended more. While he criticised their extravagance and disliked them he defended them as promoting friendship and breaking down barriers between professional men who might otherwise entertain rivalries and antagonisms. He was not

naturally sociable, and in later days inclined to live a silent retired life. But he cultivated sociability and entertained freely and on a scale that tried the family's resources considerably.

His inaugural addresses at the annual opening of the London Hospital medical school are remarkable for the "culture" they display. The earnestness of their delivery and richness of literary and poetic allusion make them a thing apart from what such addresses generally were, and they explain in some measure the affection which he inspired in the students who heard him.

At one of the earliest he solemnly told these young men working in a Hospital in the midst of Whitechapel slums, that they were called upon to make our world so healthy, so sound and so beautiful that the angels would have pleasure in visiting it. We have heard of angelic visitants, but not for purposes of pleasure-seeking.

THE LAST YEARS, 1900-13

We have somewhat arbitrarily chosen to break off our account of the Haslemere Educational work at the end of the century ; while, purely for purposes of convenience, we have carried on the account of the Selby lectures to the end ; in order to include in one account the three lectures which were given there after 1900. We propose to go back now to Haslemere, taking up the story again in 1900, the year in which his teachings reached its climax in the final lecture of that year, on "The Laws of Inheritance—heredity—in physical and moral qualities."

But before doing this, we want to introduce a new personality who unquestionably, if unconsciously, influenced profoundly those last sunset years of life.

In the end of 1897 had come to Haslemere a new Rector, the Rev G. H. Aitken. He had been schooled in the religious thought and work of the Rev. Samuel A. Barnett, whose work in the East End of London had brought him into contact occasionally with the Surgeon at the London Hospital, which adjoined his parish of St. Jude's. The poor folk of the East End, of Mile End Road, and Whitechapel, whom Canon Barnett, helped by his wife, worked for so devotedly in their beautiful Services at St. Jude's, in their battle against slums, in their educational work at Toynbee Hall, and in their efforts to beautify this sordid city life by the influence of fresh flowers and a picture gallery of their own : these people were the same as Jonathan Hutchinson was attending medically for twenty three years in the London Hospital. Different as their works were, they had much in common ; and Canon Barnett and his wife were welcome guests at the Haslemere home of Jonathan Hutchinson.

There was a personal link in Ernest Hart, the Editor of the British Medical Journal, whose work in 1869 Hutchinson took over ; and who was Canon Barnett's brother-in-law. And now there came to Haslemere, to take over the important post of rector of the Parish, the man who had been Canon Barnett's right-hand man in the parish of St. Jude's ; and who looked to Canon Barnett as the master-influence of his life. George Herbert Aitken (how fascinating are the coincidences of names

and how much they often tell of the spiritual influences at work in parents' minds when the looked-for child comes into the world !) "spent 19 years at Haslemere, amid an intellectual society, and there inspired, guided, and Christianized various streams of thought among active-minded men." These are the words in which the Archbishop of Canterbury summed up his work. Another friend, his successor at the Rectory, says of him :—"He . . . was a driving force behind nearly all the progressive measures undertaken for the good of this district. He had a fearless love of Truth ; and though he could present new truths without hurting the susceptibilities of the babes in Christ, he was always to be found on the side of the liberty of prophesying."

It hardly needs saying that from the first, there was not the least real antagonism between the teaching of the Parish Church and that of the museum. The Rector would sit listening with delight to the message of the Professor, that "The gain of Earth must be Heaven's gain too." When the latter was away at Selby for a Sunday the Rector took his place, with a delightful talk on "Kingsley," or "Lowell" or "the Holy Grail."

With such a man at the helm in Haslemere, the whole atmosphere was changed. It is impossible to estimate the influence which either man had on the other. It was unseen, yet none the less real, and profoundly important. Unseen, and yet most obvious in the harmony which these two strong leaders of men, so different in their outward attitude, so united in the Spirit, were able to produce.

Mr. Aitken was in the very front rank of those who sought to apply to the New Testament that courageous and reverent, if critical, study which had been applied so successfully and completely to the old Testament.

Seven years after his coming to Haslemere he had helped to organize a Declaration on Biblical Criticism by Anglican Clergymen, and had obtained the signatures of 1700 Clergy to it ; an act which, in the words of a French contemporary, had "occasioned in the English speaking world as much noise as had been caused amongst 'us' (the French) by the two little red books of M. Loisy." Many had welcomed the "Declaration." A teacher had written to Canon Barnett concerning this document :—

"Among teachers, many think what few say. In all humility 'calling themselves Christians, they welcome the beginning of a 'Revival on a foundation as broad.'"



At the end of the "Declaration" it quotes a correspondent:—

"It is no longer a question of plus and minus—of quantity—as it was at the Reformation, but of a new standpoint, in which *all* the old questions, as once formulated, become irrelevant. We want an intellectual presentment of a completely new quality. And till then we need patience, toleration, liberty, and courage. The change we are going through is momentous, because more thorough than at the Reformation."

Engaged in such a momentous movement himself—"more momentous because more thorough than at the Reformation"—it is no wonder that George H. Aitken found a fellow worker in the man who based the need for change on the newly revealed Truths of nature. The one approached the common problem from the side of a highly organized Church, with its theology and dogma; the other from a study of natural phenomena, and of the remedies for disease. Both found a common ground in poetry. Both were deeply versed in the literature of the Bible. Both felt profoundly the need for a new Renaissance of Thought, a new Reformation of Life.

And here one may interpose a question:—Was Jonathan Hutchinson interested in what is called Biblical criticism? and the answer is, "not very much." He would welcome freedom of action for Bible study and ask for a great deal more than was usually granted. He accepted the findings of Biblical scholars, but did not attempt by his own study to contribute to their results. He once spoke shortly and guardedly (to the writer) of a book that he had read on the Allegorical interpretation of the Gospel narrative; but he rather shrank from such investigations, and refused to disclose the book itself.

One cannot help suggesting that there had been some collaboration (it is probably quite imaginary), between the Rector and the Professor, when in December 1905 the latter launched out on an entirely new title for his old subject of the revolutionary nature which Evolution would effect in Christian thought; when he gave to three consecutive lectures the title of "The Renaissance." That was just after the "Declaration" was issued to which we have above referred, in which the change to be effected by a truer understanding of the New Testament is referred to as more fundamental than the Reformation.

He grouped together the Renaissance—the New Birth of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—with the New Renaissance of our own times. It was part of one and the same movement, which came about very gradually, and by the exertions of all,

not by the exhortations of any one prophet. In just the same way he had grouped together the Dark and the Middle Ages, as a development under similar influences. Humanism and Renaissance go together, and we are only now living in the dawn of a full Humanism.

In the first of the three lectures he quoted J. A. Symonds :—

“ Humanism consists mainly of a just perception of the dignity of man as a rational volitional and sentient being, born upon this earth with a right to use it and enjoy it.”

“ A gradual metamorphosis of the intellectual and moral state of Europe.”

“ An intellectual process whereby spiritual energies, latent in the middle ages, were developed into actuality ; and formed a mental habit for the modern world.”

“ In the main we mean by it the recovery of freedom for the human spirit after a long period of bondage to oppression, ecclesiastical and political orthodoxy, a return to the liberal and practical conceptions which the nations of antiquity had enjoyed.”

In thus emphasizing the part that Humanism played in the movement called the Renaissance he did not in any way welcome a return to the thought of Paganism. He blamed the Classical revival for having given, in our educational systems, an exclusive pre-eminence to the acquisition of the Latin tongue, which was hurtful to other branches of knowledge.

He called the second and third lectures, “ The *New Renaissance*,” regretting the clumsiness of the expression, “ A *second New Birth*.” The first of these two is wholly taken up with a discussion of the Bible, in a more complete way than perhaps he ever allowed himself at any other time. One cannot help seeing the influence of the Rector, or at least of the most recent movements in the Church, when he spoke of—

“ The emancipation now so rapidly in progress in all branches of the Church (i.e., with regard to the Bible) as a foremost feature in the New Renaissance ”

“ The mind which would be receptive of new aspects of truth must free itself from the bondage of literalism in regard to a book, many parts of which have the most unquestionable claims on our love and reverence.”

He began the third of this important trio of 1905, by restating the importance of the New Testament for purposes of Religious instruction. “ But we must escape from the tyranny of texts.”

It was absolutely necessary that this freedom should first be secured, or there could be but little advance in other directions. The first Renaissance was largely due to the popularization of the Bible, the second, although a further

step in the same direction, must be based upon the renunciation of Bibliolatry.

Then he launched onto his subject of Inheritance —

“Individuals have the power of reproducing their like; they have also the power of self-modification. To this proved and everyday observable fact of ability to reproduce their like, we give the name of inheritance; and whilst we admit that a parent, whether animal or vegetable, can only transmit such qualities as are matters of actual parental possession, we assert that all modifications, assumed by a parent during individual life and prior to parentage, must take their share in influencing the result. *This last assertion is the keystone of the arch of progress*”

“Modifications, endless in variety, have been assumed and transmitted; and hence the varied, and for the most part beautiful, aspects which life presents to us in the present day.”

“It is necessary here to say a few words as to moral, as well as physical evolution. This has proceeded under precisely identical laws.”

“It is quite obvious that the beginnings of all human virtues may be traced in the lower animals, as well as in the various developments of the savage races. The moral sense not only does not rest on the Ten Commandments, it has happily experienced great development since they were inscribed.”

“Moral beauty is the out-flowering of material development. Although by no means always found in individual instances in close association with intellectual attainments or beauty of form; yet speaking in general terms, this association is observed. One does not expect high morality from an idiot, and it is obvious that none is possible without brains”

The lecturer went on to raise a protest against the assumption that the New Renaissance would imply the prevalence of Agnosticism, if that word was to be held equivalent to an avowal of ignorance of the Divine Laws under which we live.

“A man must feel that, in view of evolution, a new dignity is given to human life, a new responsibility put upon his own shoulders and at the same time a new crown of glory offered to his enchained gaze”

“That crown is eternal life, a life neither distant in time nor remote in space, nor to be spent under the cloudless sky of some mysterious heaven, but here on earth, in immediate realization of all the sacred hopes which we have cherished, surrounded by the glorious objects which we have learned to love, and amid the tears and the smiles of our fellow men. This is terrestrial immortality; this it is to realize the deep significance of the declaration, that no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself, and further—using the word in a spiritual, impersonal, and non-idolatrous sense—that whether we live or die we are the Lord’s.”



THE KNIGHTHOOD



This fine group of lectures, from which we have just given extracts, will serve to demonstrate that, if 1900 is a kind of climax of his lecturing activities, it is by no means the end ; nor has his fire died down, nor his natural spirit abated.

In fact some of the most interesting lectures on his own visits to South Africa and India, in the study of Leprosy, on local celebrities and local events, and on the history of Haslemere, belong to the new century. Moreover he lectured during the winter as well as the summer, having had a new lecture Hall built, well lit and heated, added to the end of the long library. Here local societies such as the Gardener's Society, and the Art Society, held their annual shows ; and the Museum became more and more a centre of local activities.

In 1903 a wonderful find was made, in some fields being laid out for building, of an early Celtic burial ground. The Curator of the museum was allowed to superintend the excavations and the museum acquired what is its most interesting local exhibit. Further excavations were made at intervals during the next two years ; and in 1906 Jonathan Hutchinson read a paper before the Society of Antiquaries on the subject.

Perhaps the largest audience which he ever attracted was to a lecture on "Early Man in Haslemere."

The museum also contained a magnificent exhibit of flint implements, numbering many thousands. It also acquired a unique collection of water-colour drawings of early Haslemere, before the time of Railways, showing the old Market Hall, the semaphore station, the old houses. To these were added, from time to time, photographs of all the interesting houses in the neighbourhood, while a study of the ancient iron foundries and glass manufacturing made the museum a good illustration of the Locality, as well as an Educational Institution.

Jonathan Hutchinson welcomed all this. He lectured on three local worthies, Gilbert White, Stephen Hales, and William Cobbett in 1901, and on "Samplers," in connection with a remarkable exhibition of this primitive and old-fashioned form of art, which his daughter had arranged. He lectured to gardeners on Potato Blight, on disease of Chrysanthemums, and Edible Fungi, besides special subjects of Natural History.

Very occasionally politics occupied him—Russia and Count Tolstoi, during the Russo Japanese War.

In 1908 he took "Cuckoos," "Giraffes," "Australian Mammals," "Some British Mammals," on four several afternoons. He did not by any means keep off the broad principles of life when choosing details such as this ; but it was

clear that the old range of discursiveness, when four separate subjects occupied the afternoon, was becoming limited, the fire was dying down

In June of that year it was publicly announced that the King had been pleased to bestow a knighthood on the professor, which, in view of his Quixotic campaign for the prevention of bad fish-eating in Leprosy communities, he was glad to accept.

The Quaker Professor of eighty years donned court dress and a sword, and became *Sir* Jonathan, but he never troubled to dethrone the "Mr." on his brass plate. It had served for nearly sixty years, and might serve for the remaining five, if such should be vouchsafed.

Two lectures in the Haslemere Museum followed the knighthood, in the Autumn of that year, 1908; and then they came to an end. The Warrior rested. The donning of that outward sword was the signal for the laying down of a more powerful weapon, which he had wielded for so long, the weapon of the Teacher, the Sword of the Spirit.

Two lectures also elsewhere marked that last year of activity, one in Edinburgh, on Feb. 5th, on medical subjects (an extempore address), and the other at Ipswich, on Museum Education.

"Believe me" (began the octogenarian), "I count it a high honour to give a lecture in the clinical classroom of the world-renowned Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh."

He has a boy patient before him, with a disease which he calls "urticaria pigmentosa."

"The diagnosis is written on the patient back and front

'I have to beg you to regard this name as a mere name. It means little or nothing.

'There are two kinds of diagnosis: the one nominal, which assigns a name, the other essential, which seeks to assign the cause or essential nature of the condition named. As far as possible we must seek the second and refuse to be content with the first.

'Those earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,

'Who gave a name to every fixed star,

'Had no more pleasure in their shining nights

'Than those who walk and know not what they are.'

'And so it may happen in dermatology, that those who employ names, have no insight as to causes, nor zeal to search for them.

'In this case the 'mast-cells' are the structures chiefly concerned, 'We may regard the malady as a sort of insurrection against law and order on the part of these mast-cells. The brown spots which you see scattered over the boy's body may be taken as so many 'mast-cell lunatic colonies, in which, without rhyme or reason, 'proliferation has become the order of the day. I invite you to

‘think more kindly of these unfortunate cells, and to believe that they must have experienced in the first instance much provocation. The practical suggestion which I make as to the nature of that provocation is, that it was a bite, or rather the puncture, of some blood-sucking insect, and that in almost all instances the insect to be incriminated is the *cimex* or bug. Yet not one in ten thousand who are thus bitten would develop *urticaria pigmentosa*. There must be present idiosyncrasy in the patient. All diseases result from complex causation, and unless we recognize the complexity we shall certainly get wrong.

‘You will find great difficulty in obtaining information as to the appearances of recent bug-bites. They are not figured *sub-nomine* in any atlas. Not one person in a thousand has ever seen them”

The lecture has all his old originality of form, and is on a theory also which he had made his own. While the first half was on this subject of a skin disease, which he somewhat contemptuously dismissed as “mere bug-bites,” the second half was on Leprosy. It ended with a reference to South Africa:—

“where leprosy is increasing so rapidly, that there is not sufficient accommodation for the lepers in their isolation houses.” “Yet instead of regulating their fish factories and placing their salted fish under supervision which it urgently needs, the Government is proposing to build new leper houses. I do not wish to be rude, but it seems to me to be a case of the Wise Men of Gotham and the Cuckoo. At any rate it is surely time that we should seriously ponder the two facts, that the disease is quickly dying out in Norway, where segregation is merely nominal, and terribly increasing in South Africa, where segregation has been rigorously enforced.”

In his address at Ipswich, later in the same year, he went over the same ground that he had so often traversed during the last twenty years, the value of Museum (objective) Education. He describes his Haslemere Museum once more, surveys the vastly enlarged sphere of education; pleads for freedom from “self-deception, the substitution of words for real knowledge.” He deals with the practical difficulties, the fear of expense, more particularly; advocating museum depots for loaning and changing specimens, and skilled travelling curators who would put a museum in order at periodical visits, thus standardizing their work and saving the expense of skilled resident curators.

The last of his lectures at Haslemere was in the summer of 1908, on “the Romans in Britain.” The year following, at the Annual Conversazione of the Natural History Society, at the museum, with Sir Archibald Geikie, P.R.S., its president, in the chair, he spoke for a short time after the president; but



although, in each of the two following years he joined the Society in its rambles on his Inval estates, explaining in the old fascinating way the common objects of the countryside, he never again lectured.

He had finally given up his London house, and his work for post-graduate Medical men at his museum in Chenies St., and had retired to rest at Haslemere

In 1910 he resigned the post, which he had held continuously for forty years, of consulting surgeon to the Pensions Commutation Board, and their Chairman wrote the following gracious acceptance

"The Board call to mind the fact that you have been connected with it from its start in 1870, and that during the whole of that period there is no record of a case having arisen in which your judgment was at fault. In the opinion of the Board there could be no higher commendation; and they therefore confine themselves to wishing that you may long be spared to enjoy your well earned retirement."

His eighty-third birthday in 1911 was made the occasion of congratulations from the Royal College of Surgeons and from his friends, among whom, in these last years, we must mention Sir Wm. Osler of the University of Oxford; who often visited him at Haslemere, and who wrote of him at this time as follows:—

"Uppermost in my mind was a feeling of satisfaction, that the 'old race of physician-naturalist was still represented in our ranks, and represented so worthily. The contemplation of a life so full, so busy, so useful, and withal so calm and even, could not but arouse feelings of discontent at the 'petty done, the vast undone' in one's own life."

"The Society of Friends has given many good men to Medicine, of whom Fothergill in the eighteenth century, and Lister in the nineteenth, may be named as the most distinguished; but among them all no one has more fully exemplified the special virtues of its members,—single-minded devotion to duty and a keen sense of responsibility to their fellow creatures,—than the man whose activities I have but in part attempted to portray."

Thus wrote Sir William Osler. It is interesting to note that Sir William Osler was descended from an American branch of the Hutchinsons of Lincolnshire. It is not quite clear that it is the same family as that of Jonathan Hutchinson, but being Quakers of the same name, and living within a dozen miles of one another it is more than likely. Sir Wm. Osler's ancestor, Ann (Marbury) Hutchinson, a great Transcendentalist preacher, and champion for the freedom of Spiritual Religion, suffered some persecution and exile at the hands of the New England

Colonists, went to live in Red Indian territory, and one night was massacred with all her family, except one son, Edward Hutchinson, who was the ancestor of Sir Wm. Osler.

Jonathan Hutchinson had need of new friends in these days ; for in 1911 there passed away his close life-long friend, J. Hughlings Jackson. He was seven years younger than Hutchinson, was a Yorkshireman, and had learned medicine at the same York Hospital, following him to St. Bartholomew's and the London Hospitals. Though their interests in medicine looked different ways (Jackson was a Fellow of the College of Physicians), they shared in common a deep reverence for facts, keen powers of observation, and a determination to seek and use all clinical opportunities.

Jackson lived three years in the Hutchinson family when first he came to London, and many were the walking tours and holidays they had spent together. Many also were the jokes that they made at one another's expense. "His sense of humour was of the keenest, and his innate drollery, finding vent in most amusing and fanciful ideas, contributed in no small degree to make of him a delightful companion." His portrait decorates the entrance hall of the Royal College of Physicians.

Jonathan Hutchinson had, in 1911, retired from London, giving up his Gower St. house. He had ceased to lecture, but did not cease to observe, and make notes on the common objects which he encountered on his strolls round the "Library." In 1910 he had published in the B. M. Journal his last (incomplete) work, an essay on Palæogenesis, of which doctrine he was the chief exponent.

"Palæogenesis serves as an explanation of several forms of disease, showing that we are physically, as well as morally, the heirs of all the ages." He showed illustrations of palæogenetic face patterns in piebalds, with illustrations from sheep, horses and from negroes, at the annual Meeting of the British Medical Association in 1910. In 1912 he reprinted his article on the subject.

He was studying the forms that cankers on diseased wood take, with a view to throwing light on cancer ; the disease for which he had in the far distant past been so skilful an operator, and so eminent an authority.

And so the quiet days went on till the end, and on the evening of June 23rd, a month before his eighty-fifth birthday, he fell asleep, after several days of extreme weakness. He was laid by the side of his wife, in the corner of the old churchyard at Haslemere. Twenty-six years ago he had written on the

white marble cross that marked her grave the text :—"The Spirit was made flesh and dwelt among us." Now was added his own name, and the quotation from Wordsworth which he had expressly chosen :—"A man of hope and forward-looking mind."

Speaking of him a few days after, the Rector of Haslemere said :—

"He carried deep in his consciousness that sense of the mystery of life, of the pre-eminence of what is spiritual, of the supreme worth of Love and Hope and Faith, which is the foundation of all religion. To him the vision had come, the voice from the Glory of God had spoken. . . .

'That was the secret of his life, that was the charm which attracted you in the quiet dignity of his manner, in the courtly sympathy with which he listened to anyone who approached him, and weighed the worth of everything which even the simplest among his visitors had tried to say.

'The extraordinary gentleness of his face was what struck you as you looked at him, yet that 'dominance of earnest eyes,' which we recall so well as we think of him, spoke not only of reverence and spiritual insight, but also of a strength of will, a depth of purpose, a resolute devotion, which never failed."

"When you remember how dear to him were Nature and thought, how orderly his mind was, above all, how deep and wide his humanity, it is not wonderful that his favourite among the poets was Wordsworth; nor that he found in *his* writings the best expression of his own deepest thoughts on religion and on life.

'Upon his desk after his death were found some lines from the Ode on the Intimations of Immortality. . . .

'What though the radiance which was once so bright  
'Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
'Though nothing can bring back the hour  
'Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower,  
'We will grieve not, rather find  
'Strength in what remains behind :  
'In the primal sympathy  
'Which, having been, must ever be :  
'In the soothing thoughts that spring  
'Out of Human suffering :  
'In the faith that looks through death  
'In years that bring the philosophic mind."

It is usual to speak of Jonathan Hutchinson as an eminent surgeon, who in his old age took to popular lecturing as a hobby. It was not so that those at Haslemere, who knew him best, viewed him. Of his achievements in the London (or for that matter of the world) medical profession they knew only

by hearsay. They knew him as the teacher, the friend, the servant of his fellow-men, who in an age of doubt and uncertainty and concealment of one's convictions, had fearlessly spoken out the deepest truths, however much they seemed to clash with preconceived opinions and doctrines; and had so presented them, with such completeness and so convincingly, that doubts and difficulties disappeared, and agnosticism gave place to knowledge and love. He had brought this new Light down to the reach of the worker as well as of the intellectual, a religion within the reach of all.

## APPENDIX—A CREED.

By J. Hutchinson.

“ My grandfather Jonathan Hutchinson’s three sons all remained true to the form of religious faith professed by their forefathers, and were throughout life consistent or even zealous members of the Society of Friends. In youth two at least and perhaps all three had encountered the same temptations to scepticism which he had himself passed through. They are perhaps common to all young men. In their instance this class of doubts never took any deep root, and all three settled down in early life to an orthodoxy of creed which was never disturbed in later life.

“ It has been otherwise however with their descendants, and not a few, perhaps a good half, of his grandsons, now (1901) most of them old men, have found spiritual rest under creeds expressed in very different terms from those which their grandfather would have delighted to use. They, like their revered ancestor, have been plunged in early life into the deep waters of the river of doubt, but unlike himself they have landed on the other side, and have found the bank to which they were directed as pleasant and as profitable as he found that to which he returned.

“ The differences in creed and faith between the two, although they may at first flush seem considerable if not paramount, are perhaps much less important than many suppose. They are differences in phraseology and in modes of thought and belief, rather than in the thoughts and the beliefs themselves.

“ The sublime language in which their ancestor acknowledged that he adored one great First Cause, incomprehensible and un-named, expresses the attitude which also their own creed assumes. But they have undoubtedly gone further than he did in their forbearance to attempt to express spiritual truths by material symbols. To them the spiritual world, the world of the affections, the sympathies and the moral sense, is as real as it was to him, but it is, if I may venture to say so, more really and actually spiritual.

“ This change has been facilitated, indeed it has only been made possible, by the advance of knowledge. A new kind of immortality has been revealed in the new recognition of the facts of heredity and descent; and a new dignity has been

given to human life. Briefly, we have ceased to look forward to Heaven as a final home, and have turned our thoughts and energies to the attempt to realize heavenly life on earth. We have ceased to entertain a celestial creed, and have sought to find lasting satisfaction in our lot on earth.

“To be explicit, the creed which is satisfactory to many at the present time is one which differs from that of my grandfather in the absolute rejection of the Jewish Scriptures as being of any other than human origin. It values the Bible very highly indeed as containing the expressions, often in sublime language, of the conceptions of devout men on the all important problems of morality, and of the relations of the human to the divine, of the corporeal to the spiritual, of the present to the future. It rejects utterly the fables and allegories with which these writings abound; and regards as little less than idolatrous the account there given of the personality of God.

“It believes, as matters of fact and demonstration, that the world has existed through almost countless ages; and that man has been developed by slow degrees of progress from animals lower in the scale. It believes in the fact of progress through natural forces, and that life is continuous through hereditary descent of child from parent. In its view, death is not in any sense a proof of the vanity of life, but simply one of its events; and one too of most beneficent action, since it provides for the perpetual recurrence of youth.

“It follows from the dismissal into the realm of fable, of the story of the garden of Eden and the temptation and fall of man; and from the attempt to conceive of the Deity in a wholly spiritual manner, that all idea of offering sacrifice is also repudiated. The conception of a half human God, exacting penalties and propitiated by sacrifices, is regarded as a relic of the idolatrous phase through which all human religions pass.

“I am aware that there may possibly be those, who will read my narrative, who may be able to consider what has just been said without pain; but who would yet shrink, as from a wound; from expressions which might seem to disparage their ideals of Jesus and of Paul.

“I have undertaken however to be explicit and truthful, and it is necessary to say plainly that they and other New Testament characters take position as religious enthusiasts in a credulous age. This does not detract in the least from the beauty and sublimity of the moral sentiments which they inculcated. It puts aside only the dogmas of Christianity, but leaves its life—the great doctrine of Love—untouched.”



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